



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

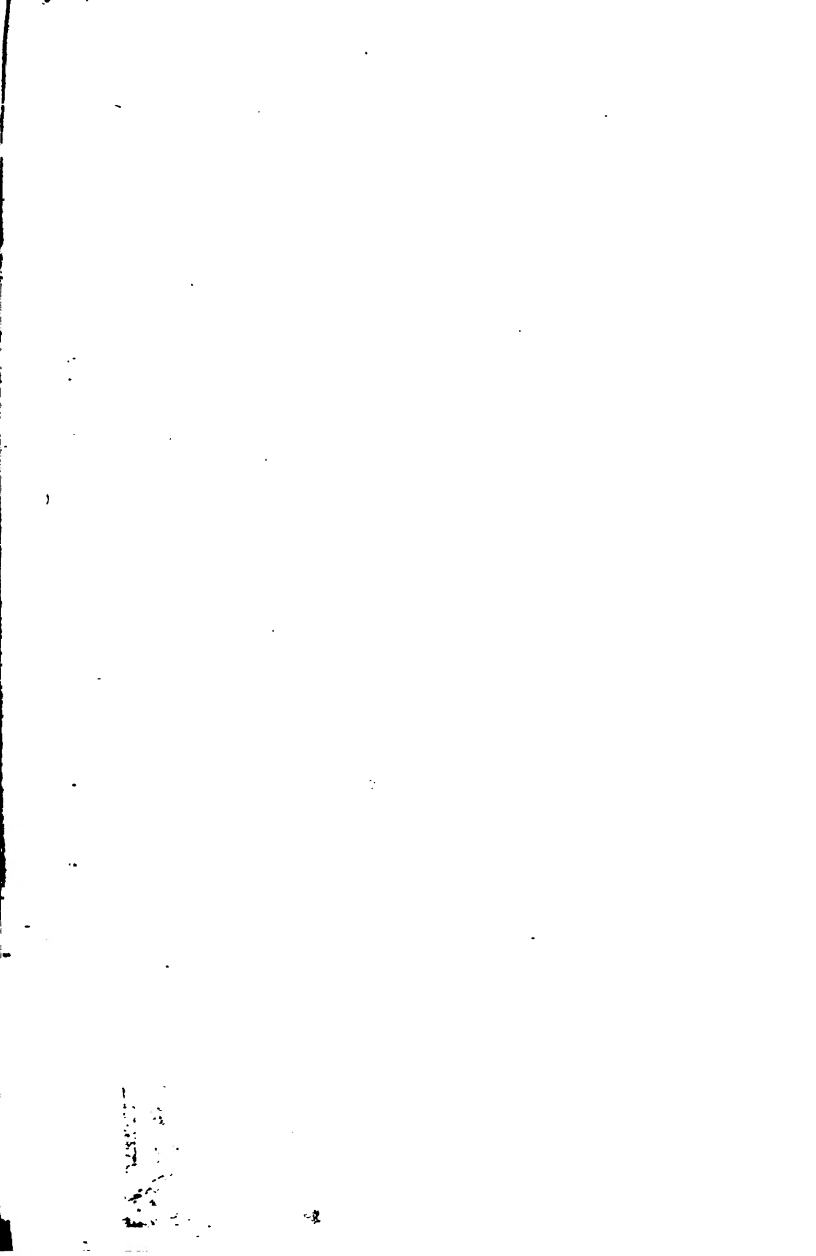
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

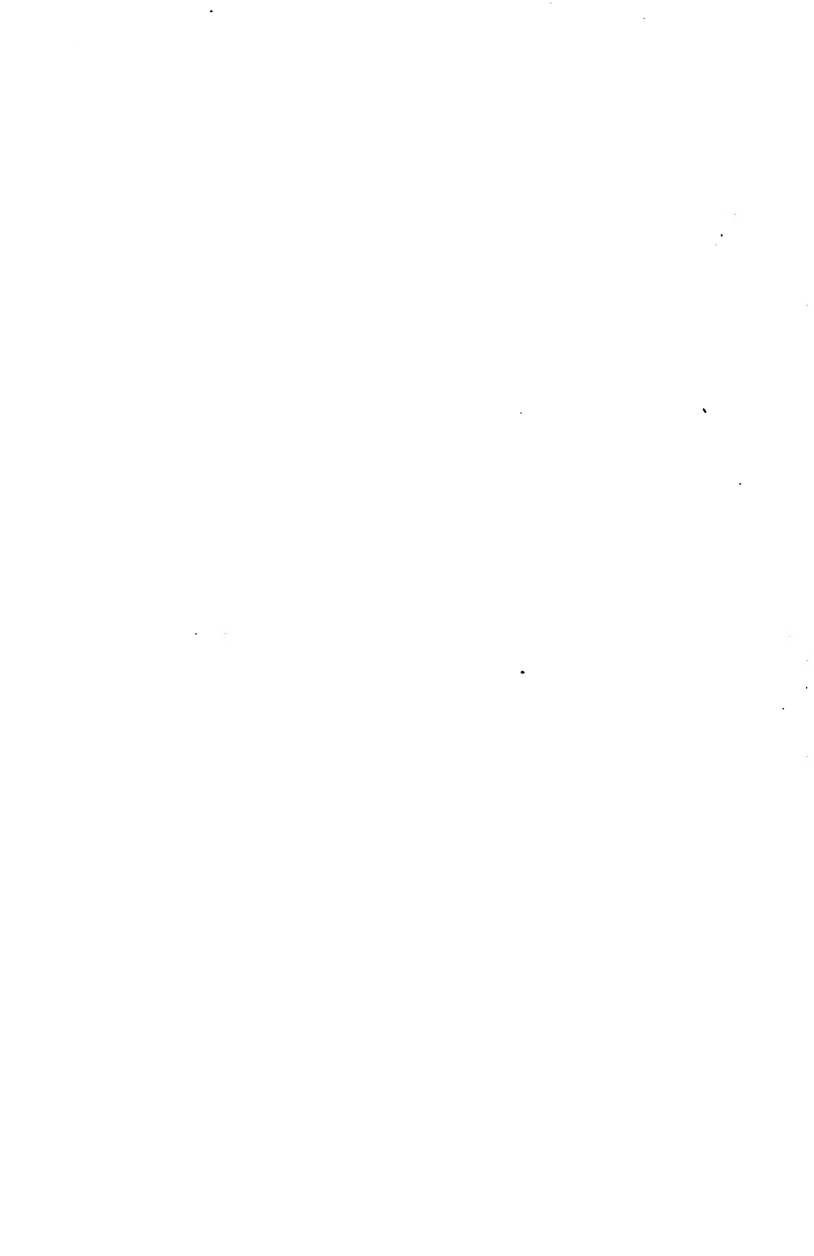
12V  
19462.56.25 A



**Harvard College Library**

THE GIFT OF  
FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

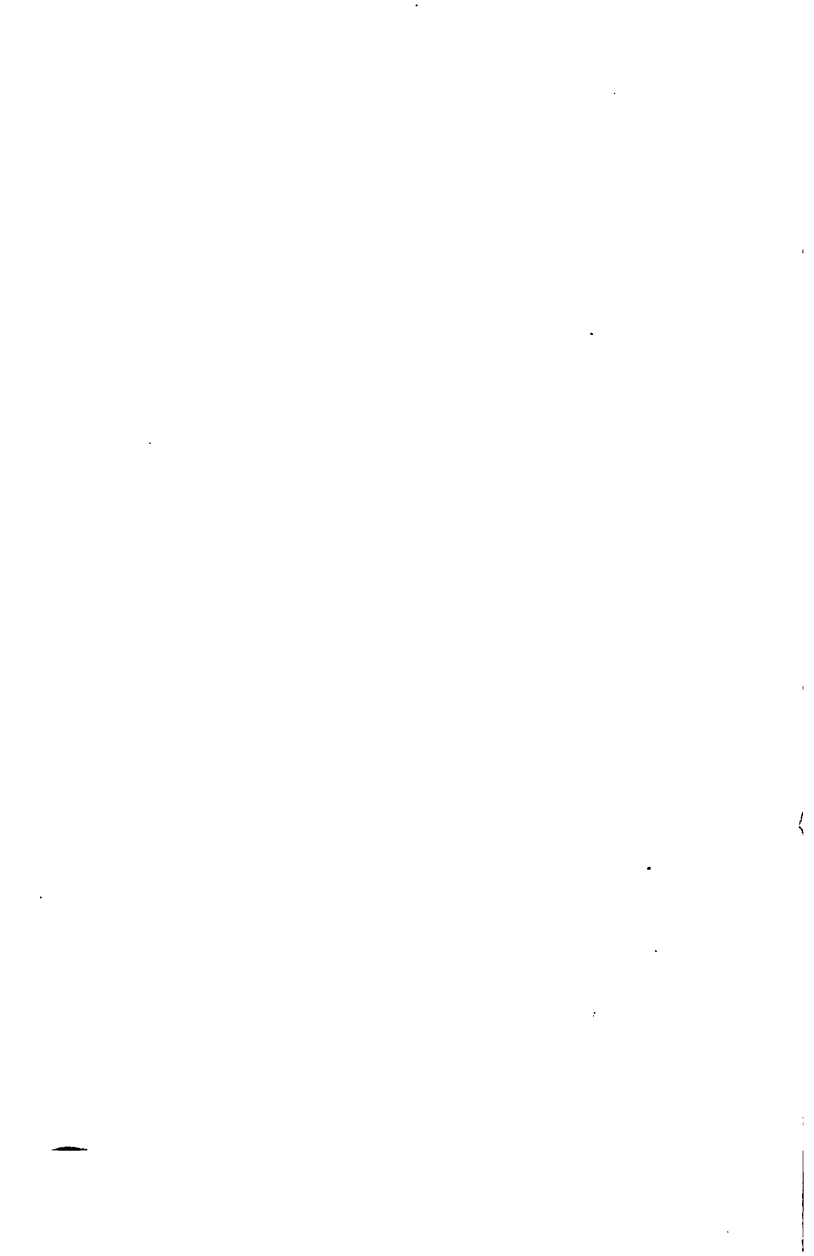




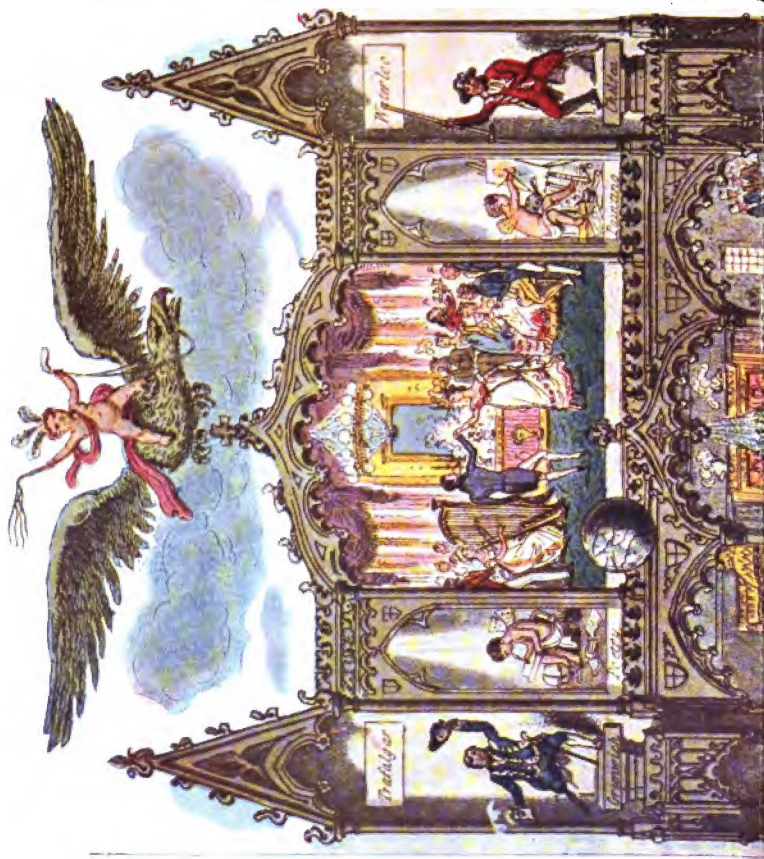


**THE ILLUSTRATED POCKET LIBRARY  
OF PLAIN AND COLOURED BOOKS**

**THE ENGLISH SPY**











# THE ENGLISH SPY

AN ORIGINAL WORK, CHARACTERISTIC, SATIRICAL,  
AND HUMOROUS, COMPRISING SCENES AND  
SKETCHES IN EVERY RANK OF SOCIETY,  
BEING PORTRAITS OF THE ILLUS-  
TRIOUS, EMINENT, ECCENTRIC  
AND NOTORIOUS

DRAWN FROM THE LIFE  
By BERNARD BLACKMANTLE  
THE ILLUSTRATIONS DESIGNED  
BY ROBERT CRUIKSHANK

VOL. I

A NEW EDITION

METHUEN & CO.  
LONDON

✓ 19462.56.25 X

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
THE GIFT OF  
FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY<sup>T</sup>

May 16, 1930  
(2 vols)

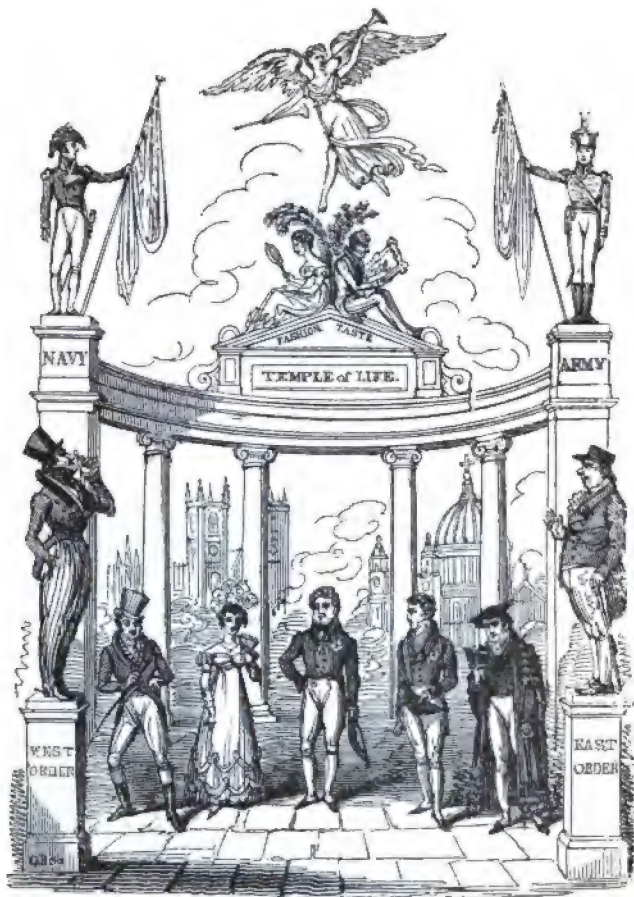
NOTE

**T**HIS Issue is founded on the Edition  
published by Sherwood, Jones & Co.  
in 1825.

*First published by Methuen & Co. in 1907*







Designed by Robert Cruikshank.

Engraved by G. Bonner

### THE FIVE PRINCIPAL ORDERS OF SOCIETY.

The King—*Corinthian* ; an elegant Female—*Composite* ; the Nobleman—*Doric* ; a Member of the University—*Ionic* ; and the Buck of Fashion—*Tuscan*. On the left hand may be seen a specimen of the *Exquisite*, a new order in high estimation at the west end of the Town ; and on the right hand stands an old order of some solidity in the eastern parts of the Metropolis. *Fashion*, *Taste*, and *Fame*, are emblematical of the varied pursuits of life ; while the *Army* and *Navy* of the country are the capitals that crown the superstructure, combining the *ornamental* with the *useful*.

THE  
**ENGLISH SPY:**

**An Original Work,  
CHARACTERISTIC, SATIRICAL, AND  
HUMOROUS.**

COMPRISING  
SCENES AND SKETCHES IN EVERY RANK OF SOCIETY,

BEING  
**PORTRAITS**

OF THE  
**Illustrious, Eminent, Eccentric, and Notorious.**

DRAWN FROM THE LIFE  
BY BERNARD BLACKMANTLE.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS  
DESIGNED BY  
ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.



By Frolic, Mirth, and Fancy gay,  
Old Father Time is borne away.

---

LONDON :  
PUBLISHED BY SHERWOOD, JONES, AND CO.  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1825.

Let me have good proof of your greediness to devour my labours, and I will dish up such a meal for you in my next volume, as shall go nigh to produce extermination by *surfeit*. One favour, alone, I crave—give me *abuse* enough; let no squeamish pretences of respect for my bookseller, or disguised qualms of apprehension for your own sacred persons, deter the *natural* inclination of your hearts. The slightest deviation from your *usual course* to independent writers—or one step towards *commendation* from your *gang*, might induce the public to believe I had *abandoned my character*, and become one of your *honourable fraternity*—the very *suspicion of which* would (to me) produce irretrievable ruin. *Your masters*, the *trading brotherhood*, will (as usual) direct you in the course you should pursue; whether to approve or condemn, as their *peculiar interests* may dictate. Most *sapient* sirs of the secret *banditt* of the *screen*, inquisitors of literature, raise all your *arms* and *heels*, your *daggers*, *masks*, and *hatchets*, to revenge the daring of an *open foe*, who thus boldly defies your *base* and *selfish* views; for, basking at his ease in the sunshine of public patronage, he feels that his heart is rendered invulnerable to your *poisoned shafts*. Read, and you shall find I have not been parsimonious of the means to grant you *food* and *pleasure*: errors there are, no doubt, and plenty of them, grammatical and typographical, all of which I might have corrected by an *errata* at the end of my

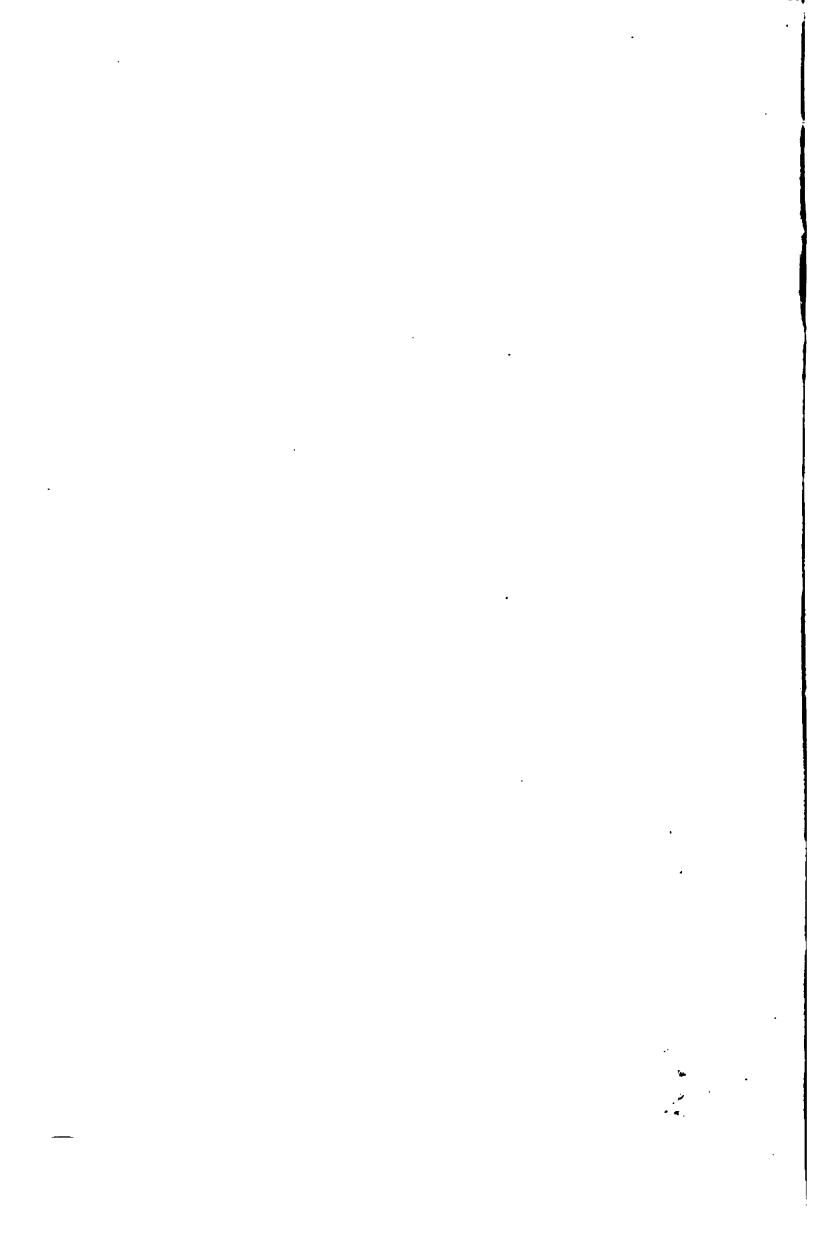
volume ; but I disdain the wish to rob you of your office, and have therefore left them just where I made them, without a single note to mark them out ; for if all the *thistles were rooted up*, what would become of the *asses* ? or of those

“ Who pin their easy faith on critic’s sleeve,  
And, knowing nothing, ev’ry thing believe ? ”

Fully satisfied that swarms of *literary blow flies* will pounce upon the errors with delight, and, buzzing with the ecstasy of infernal joy, endeavour to *hum* their readers into a belief of the profundity of their critic erudition ;—I shall nevertheless, with Churchill, laughingly exclaim—“ Perish my muse ”

“ If e’er her labours weaken to refine  
The generous roughness of a nervous line.”

BERNARD BLACKMANTLE.



# CONTENTS.

---

|  | Page |
|--|------|
| INTRODUCTION . . . . .   | 3    |
| PREFACE, IN IMITATION OF THE FIRST SATIRE OF<br>PERSIUS . . . . .  | 5    |
| REFLECTIONS, ADDRESSED TO THOSE WHO CAN<br>THINK.  |      |
| Reflections of an Author—Weighty Reasons for writing—<br>Magister Artis Ingeniique Largitor Venter—Choice of Subject<br>considered—Advice of Index, the Bookseller—Of the Nature<br>of Prefaces—How to commence a new Work . . . . . | 7    |
| A FEW THOUGHTS ON MYSELF . . . . .   | 14   |
| A SHANDEAN SCENE, BETWEEN LADY MARY OLD-<br>STYLE AND HORATIO HEARTLY . . . . .  | 17   |
| SCHOOL-BOY REMINISCENCES. ON EARLY FRIEND-<br>SHIP . . . . .   | 22   |
| CHARACTER OF BERNARD BLACKMANTLE BY<br>HORATIO HEARTLY . . . . .   | 25   |
| ETON SKETCHES OF CHARACTER . . . . .   | 32   |
| THE FIVE PRINCIPAL ORDERS OF ETON—DOCTOR,<br>DAME, COLLEGER, OPPIDAN, AND CAD. A<br>Sketch taken opposite the Long Walk . . . . .  | 42   |
| ETON DAMES; AN ODE, NEITHER AMATORY, ILL-<br>NATURED, NOR PATHETIC . . . . .   | 43   |

## ELECTION SATURDAY.

A Peep at the Long Chambers—The Banquet—Reflections on parting—Arrival of the Provost of King's College, Cambridge, and the Pozers—The Captain's Oration—Busy Monday—The Oppidan's Farewell—Examination and Election of the Collegers who stand for King's—The aquatic Gala and Fireworks—Oxonian Visitors—Night-Rambles in Eton—Transformations of Signs and Names—The Feast at the Christopher, with a View of the Oppidan's Museum, and Eton Court of Claims . . . . . 49

AN ETON ELECTION SCENE . . . . . 58

HERBERT STOCKHORE, THE MONTEM POET  
LAUREATE.

A Sketch from the Life, as he appeared in the Montem Procession of May, 1823. By Bernard Blackmantle and Robert Transit . . . . . 59

THE DOUBTFUL POINT . . . . . 67

LIFE IN ETON; A College Chaunt in praise of private Tutors . . . . . 68

APOLLO'S VISIT TO ETON . . . . . 76 and 89

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD ETONIAN . . . . . 78

ETON MONTEM . . . . . 96

FAREWELL TO ETON . . . . . 105

MY VALE . . . . . 108

## THE FRESHMAN.

Reflections on leaving Eton University—A Whip—Sketches on the Road—The Joneses of Jesus—Picturesque Appearance of Oxford from the Distance—The Arrival—Welcome of an Old Etonian—Visit to Dr. Dingyman—A University Don—Presentation to the Big Wig—Ceremony of Matriculation 113



# CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE.

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Architectural Reminiscences—Descriptive Remarks—Similitude between the Characters of Cardinal Wolsey and Napoleon . . . . . | 129 |
|---|-----|

## THE DINNER PARTY.

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Bernard Blackmantle's Visit to Tom Echo—Oxford Phraseology—Smuggled Dinners—A College Party described—Topography of a Man's Room—Portrait of a Bachelor of Arts—Hints to Freshmen—Customs of the University . . . . . | 132 |
|---|-----|

## COLLEGE SERVANTS.

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Descriptive Sketch of a College Scout—Biography of Mark Supple—Singular Invitation to a Spread . . . . . | 146 |
|--|-----|

## TAKING POSSESSION OF YOUR ROOMS.

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Topography of a vacant College Larium—Anecdotes and Propensities of Predecessors—A Long Shot—Scout's List of Necessaries—Condolence of University Friends . . . . . | 151 |
|---|-----|

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| THE EXCURSION TO BAGLEY WOOD . . . . . | 157 |
|--|-----|

## WESTERN ENTRANCE INTO THE METROPOLIS.

### A descriptive Sketch.

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| General Views of the Author relative to Subject and Style—Time and Place—Perspective Glimpse of the great City—The Approach—Cockney Salutations—The Toll House—Western Entrance to Cockney Land—Hyde Park—Sunday Noon—Sketches of Character, Costume, and Scenery—The Ride and Drive—Kensington Gardens—Belles and Beaux—Stars and fallen Stars—Singularities of 1824—Tales of Ton—On Dits and Anecdotes—Sunday Evening—High Life and Low Life, the Contrast—Cockney Goths—Notes, Biographical, Amorous, and Exquisite . . . . . | 164 |
|--|-----|

## THE OPERA.

|  |
|--|
| The Man of Fashion—Fop's Alley—Modern Roué and Frequenters—Characteristic Sketches in High Life—Blue Stocking Illuminati—Motives and Manners—Meeting with the Honourable Lillyman Lionise—Dinner at Long's—Visit |
|--|

|  | Page |
|--|------|
| to the Opera—Joined by Bob Transit—A Peep into the Green Room—Secrets behind the Curtain—Noble Amateurs and Foreign Curiosities—Notes and Anecdotes by Horatio Heartly . . . . . | 198  |

### THE ROYAL SALOON.

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Visit of Heartly, Lionise, and Transit—Description of the Place—Sketches of Character—The Gambling Parsons—Horse Chaunting, a true Anecdote—Bang and her Friends—Moll Raffle and the Marquis W.—The Play Man—The Touter—The Half-pay Officer—Charles Rattle, Esq.—Life of a modern Roué—B—the Tailor—The Subject—Jarvey and Brooks the Dissector—"Kill him when you want him" . . . . . | 205 |
|---|-----|

### THE SPREAD, OR WINE PARTY AT BRAZEN-NOSE.

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| A College Wine Party described—Singular Whim of Horace Eglantine—Meeting of the Oxford Crackademonians—Sketches of Eccentric Characters, drawn from the Life—The Doctor's Daughter—an old Song—A Round of Sculls—Epitaphs on the Living and the Dead—Tom Tick, a College Tale—The Voyagers—Notes and Anecdotes . . . . . | 221 |
|--|-----|

|                                      |     |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| THE OXFORD RAKE'S PROGRESS . . . . . | 233 |
|--------------------------------------|-----|

### TOWN AND GOWN, AN OXFORD ROW.

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Battle of the Togati and the Town-Raff—A Night-Scene in the High-Street, Oxford—Description of the Combatants—Attack of the Gownsmen upon the Mitre—Evolutions of the Assailants—Manceuvres of the Proctors and Bull-Dogs—Perilous Condition of Blackmantle and his Associates, Eglantine, Echo, and Transit—Snug Retreat of Lionise—The High-Street after the Battle—Origin of the Argotiers, and Invention of Cant-phrases—History of the Intestine Wars and Civil Broils of Oxford, from the Time of Alfred—Origin of the late Strife—Ancient Ballad—Retreat of the Togati—Reflections of a Freshman—Black Matins, or the Effect of late Drinking upon early Risers—Visit to Golgotha, or the Place of Sculls—Lecture from the Big-Wigs—Tom Echo receives Sentence of Rustication . . . . . | 246 |
|--|-----|

|                           |             |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| TOWNE AND GOWNE . . . . . | Page<br>263 |
|---------------------------|-------------|

### THE STAGE COACH, OR THE TRIP TO BRIGHTON.

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Improvements in Travelling—Contrast of ancient and modern Conveyances and Coachmen—Project for a new Land Steam Carriage—The Inn-yard at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross—Mistakes of Passengers—Variety of Characters—Advantages of the Box-seat—Obstructions on the Road—A Pull-up at the Elephant and Castle—Move on to Kennington Common—New Churches—Civic Villas at Brixton—Modern Taste in Architecture described—Arrival at Croydon; why not now the King's Road?—The Joliffe Hounds—A Hunting Leader—Anecdotes of the Horse, by Coachee—The new Tunnel at Reigate—The Baron's Chamber—The Golden Ball—the Silver Ball—and the Golden Calf—Entrance into Brighton . . . . . | 274 |
|--|-----|

### THE PROPOSITION.

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Family Secrets—Female Tactics—How to carry the Point | 287 |
|--|-----|

### SKETCHES AT BRIGHTON.

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| The Pavilion Party—Interior described—Royal and Noble Anecdotes—The King and Mathews . . . . . | 292 |
|--|-----|

### CHARACTERS ON THE BEACH AND STEYNE, BRIGHTON.

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| On Bathing and Bathers—Advantages of Shampooing—French Decency—Brighton Politeness—Sketches of Character—The Banker's Widow—Miss J—s—Mrs. F—t—Peter Paragraph, the London Correspondent—J—k S—h—The French Consul—Paphian Divinities—C—L—, Esq.—Squeeze into the Libraries—The new Plunging Bath—Chain Pier—Cockney Comicalities—Royal Gardens—The Club House . . . . . | 305 |
|---|-----|

### METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.

|   |
|---|
| Heartly, Echo, and Transit start for a Spree—Scenes by Daylight, Starlight, and Gaslight—Black Monday at Tattersall's—The first Meeting after the Great St. Leger—Heroes of the Turf paying and receiving—Dinner at Fishmongers' Hall—Committee of Greeks—The Affair of the Cogged Dice—A |
|---|

|   | Page |
|---|------|
| Regular Break-down—Rules for the New Club—The Daffy Club, or a Musical Muster of the Fancy: striking Portraits—Counting the Stars—Covent Garden, what it was and what it is—The Finish—Anecdotes of Characters—The Hall of Infamy, alias the Covent Garden Hell . . . . . | 327  |

### VISIT TO WESTMINSTER HALL

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Worthies thereof—Legal Sketches of the Long Robe—An Awkward Recognition—Visit to Banco Regis—Surrey Collegians giving a <i>Lift</i> to a <i>Limb</i> of the Law— <i>Out of Rule</i> and <i>in Rule</i> —"Thus far shalt thou go, and no further"—Park Rangers personified—Visit to the Life Academy, Somerset House—R. A—ys of Genius reflecting on the true Line of Beauty—Peep into the Green Rooms of the two Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden—Bernard Blackmantle reading his new Play and Farce—The City Ball at the Mansion House—The Squeeze—Civic Characters—Return to Oxford—Invite to Cambridge—Jemmy Gordon's Frolic—Term ends | 355 |
|---|-----|

# ILLUSTRATIONS

## IN THE

### ENGLISH SPY.

WE hope it will be generally admitted that few volumes have a more decided claim upon the public patronage, in respect to the novelty and variety of design, as well as the number of illustrations, than the one here presented to the reader. To speak of the choice humorous talent engaged in the work would only be to re-echo the applauding sentiments of the reviewers and admirers of rich graphic excellence. Cruikshank and Rowlandson are names not unworthy a space upon the same roll with Hogarth, Gilray, and Bunbury : to exhibit *scenes of character in real life*, sketched upon the spot, was an undertaking of no mean importance ; particularly, when it is remembered how great the difficulty must have been in collecting together *accurate portraits*. The work, it will be perceived, contains thirty-six Copper-Plates, etched, aqua-tinted, and coloured, by and under the direction of the respective artists whose names appear to the different subjects, the principal part of which are the sole production of Mr. Robert Cruikshank. The Wood Engravings, twenty-eight in number, besides the *Vignettes*, (which are numerous), are equally full of merit ; and will be found, upon examination, to be every way worthy the superior style of typographical excellence which characterises the volume.

#### I.

### THE FRONTISPIECE

Is intended to convey a general idea of the nature of the work ; combining, in rich classic taste, a variety of subjects illustrative of the polished as well as the more humble scenes of real life. It represents a Gothic Temple, into which the artist, Mr. Robert Cruikshank, has introduced a greater variety of characteristic subject than was ever before compressed into one design. In the centre compartment, at the top, we have a view of a *Terrestrial Heaven*, where Music, Love, and gay Delight are all united to lend additional grace to Fashion, and increase the splendour of

the revels of Terpsichore. In the niches, on each side, are the twin genii, *Poetry* and *Painting*; while the pedestals, right and left, present the protectors of their country, the old Soldier and Sailor, retired upon pensions, enjoying and regaling themselves on the bounty of their King. In the centre of the Plate are three divisions representing the *King*, *Lords*, and *Commons* in the full exercise of their prerogatives. The figures on each side are portraits of Bernard Blackmantle (the English Spy), and his friend, Robert Transit (the artist), standing on projecting pedestals, and playing with the world as a ball; not doubting but for this piece of *vanity*, the *world*, or the *reviewers* for them, will knock them about in return. On the front of the pedestals are the arms of the *Universities of Oxford and Cambridge*; and in the centre *armorial shields* of the *Cities of London and Westminster*. The picture of a *modern Hell*, in the centre, between the pedestals, has the very appropriate emblems of *Misery* and *Death*, in the niches on each side. Crowning the whole, the *Genius of Wit* is seen astride of an eagle, demonstrative of strength, and wielding in his hand the lash of *Satire*; an instrument which, in the present work, has been used more as a *corrective of vice* than *personal ill-nature*.

to face page

## II.

## THE FIVE PRINCIPAL ORDERS OF SOCIETY. vii

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

The King—*Corinthian*; an elegant Female—*Composite*; the Nobleman—*Doric*; a Member of the University—*Ionic*; and the Buck of Fashion—*Tuscan*. On the *left hand* may be seen a specimen of the *Exquisite*, a *new order* in high estimation at the *west end of the Town*; and on the *right hand* stands an *old order* of some *solidity* in the *eastern parts* of the Metropolis. *Fashion*, *Taste*, and *Fame*, are emblematical of the varied pursuits of life; while the *Army* and *Navy* of the country are the capitals that crown the superstructure, combining the *ornamental* with the *useful*.

## III.

FIRST ABSENCE, OR THE SONS OF OLD ETONA  
ANSWERING MORNING MUSTER-ROLL.

25

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

A view of the school-yard, *Eton*, at the time first Absence is called, and just when the learned Doctor Keat is *reviewing* the upper school. (*Portraits*.)

to face page

## IV.

## THE OPPIDAN'S MUSEUM, OR ETON COURT OF CLAIMS AT THE CHRISTOPHER. 49

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Bernard Blackmantle and Robert Transit sitting in judgement after Election Saturday, apportioning the remuneration money to the different claimants of the surrounding trophies.

## V.

## ETON MONTEM, AND THE MOUNT, SALT HILL. 96

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

An accurate sketch of this ancient customary procession made upon the spot.

## VI.

## THE FIRST BOW TO ALMA MATER. 118

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Bernard Blackmantle's Introduction to the Big Wig on his Arrival at Oxford.

## VII.

## FLOORING OF MERCURY, OR BURNING THE OAKS. 131

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

A scene in Tom Quadrangle, Oxford.

"If wits aright their tale of terror tell,

A little after great Mercurius fell,

\* \* \* \* \*

Gownsmen and Townsmen throng'd the water's edge

To gaze upon the dreadful sacrilege :

\* \* \* \* \*

— there with drooping mien a silent band

Canons and Bedmaker together stand :—

\* \* \* \* \*

In equal horror all alike were seen,

And shuddering scouts forgot to cap the Dean."

## VIII.

## COLLEGE COMFORTS. 151

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Taking possession of your rooms. Bernard Blackmantle taking possession of his rooms in Brazennose. Scout's list of wants. Standing the quiz of the *Togati*. *Visible propensities* of your predecessor. *The day of purification*.

## IX.

CAP—ING A PROCTOR, OR OXFORD BULL-DOGS  
DETECTING BRAZENNOSE SMUGGLERS. 152

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Tom Echo and Horace Eglantine lowering the plate-basket, after the College-gates are closed, to obtain a supply of *fresh provision*, are detected by the Procter and Town Marshal with their *Bull-Dogs*: in their alarm the basket and its contents are suddenly let fall upon the Proctor, who is not *able to understand* the joke.

## X.

THE ARRIVAL, OR WESTERN ENTRANCE INTO  
COCKNEY LAND. 164

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Portrait of high and low life Dandies and Dandyettes.

## XI.

THE GREEN-ROOM OF THE KING'S THEATRE, OR  
NOBLE AMATEURS VIEWING FOREIGN CURI-  
OSITIES. 198

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Portraits of ten noble and distinguished patrons of the opera, with those of *certain* daughters of Terpsichore. (*See work.*)

## XII.

THE ROYAL SALOON IN PICCADILLY, OR AN HOUR  
AFTER THE OPERA. 205

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Heartly, Lionise, and Transit in search of Character—the gambling Parsons—Legs and Leg-ees—*Tats men* and *touters*—Moll Raffle and Bang.

## XIII.

## OXFORD TRANSPORTS, OR UNIVERSITY EXILES. 235

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Albanians doing penance for past offences. *A Scene sketched from the Life.* Horace Eglantine is proposing "*the Study of the Fathers*," a favourite College toast, while Tom Echo is enforcing *Obedience* to the President's *proposition* by *finishing off a Shirker*. Dick Gradus having been declared *absent*, is



taking a *cool nap* with the *Ice-pail* in his arms and his head resting upon a Greek Lexicon : in the left hand corner may be seen a *Scout* bearing off a *dead Man*, (but not without hope of *Resurrection*). Bob Transit and Bernard Blackmantle occupy the situation on each side of Dick Gradus ; in the right-hand corner, Horace's servant is drawing the *last Cork* from the parting bottle, which is to welcome in the *peep o' day*. *In justice to the present authorities it should be stated, that this is a Scene of other times.—Vide A. H.*

## XIV.

SHOW SUNDAY, A VIEW IN THE BROAD WALK,  
CHRIST CHURCH MEADOWS, OXFORD. 244  
(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Portraits of the Togati and the town, including *big wigs*, *nobs*, and *dons*. Among the more conspicuous are Dr. Kett, Lord G. Grenville, Dr. Grovesnor, Alderman Fletcher, and Mr. Swan.

## XV.

TOWN AND GOWN. 246  
(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Battle of the Togati and Town *Raff* of Oxford, a night scene. —Bernard and his Friends, Horace and Tom, distributing uestice among the *Bargees* of St. Clement's.

## XVI.

BLACK MATINS, OR THE EFFECTS OF LATE  
DRINKING UPON EARLY RISERS. 269  
(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

*A Most Imposing Scene.*—Time seven o'clock in the Morning, the last bell has just tolled, and the University Men have just *turned out*, while the hunting-frock, boots, and appearance of some of the party, proclaim that they have just *turned in* ; all are eager to save *fine* and *imposition*, and not a few are *religiously disturbed in their Dreams*. The admirable disorder of the party is highly illustrative of the Effect produced by an *Evening Wine Party* in College Rooms. *Vide Ch. Ch.*

## XVII.

GOLGOTHA, OR THE PLACE OF SCULLS. 272  
(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Tom Echo receiving sentence of *Rustication*. The *Big Wigs* in a *Bustle*. Lecture on disobedience and chorus of the

Synod. Reports from the Isle of *Bull dogs*. Running foul of the *Quicksands* of *Rustication* after having passed *Point Failure* and *The Long Hope*. Nearly blown up at *Point Nonplus*, and obliged to *lay by* to *refit*. to face page

## XVIII.

THE EVENING PARTY AT THE PAVILION,  
BRIGHTON.

296

(BY G. M. BRIGHTY.)

Interior of the Yellow Room—Portraits of His Majesty, the Duke of York, and Princess Augusta, Marquis and Marchioness of Conyngham, Earl of Arran, Lord Francis Conyngham, Lady Elizabeth and Sir H. Barnard, Sir H. Turner, Sir W. Knighton, Sir E. Nagle, and Sir C. Paget, sketched from the Life.

## XIX.

THE KING AT HOME, OR MATHEWS AT CARLTON  
HOUSE.

298

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

A scene founded on fact; including Portraits of the King, Mathews, and other celebrated persons.

## XX.

A FROLIC IN HIGH LIFE, OR, A VISIT TO BILLINGS-  
GATE.

303

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

A very extraordinary whim of two very distinguished females, whose Portraits will be easily recognised.

## XXI.

## CHARACTERS ON THE STEYNE, BRIGHTON.

309

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Portraits of illustrious, noble, and wealthy Visitors—The Banker's Widow—A Bathing Group—The Chain Pier, &c.

## XXII.

TOM ECHO LAID UP WITH THE HEDDINGTON  
FEVER, OR AN OXONIAN VERY NEAR THE  
WALL.

323

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Symptoms of having been engaged too deeply in the *study* of the *fathers*. Portrait of a well-known Esculapian chief.

to face page

## XXIII.

MONDAY AFTER THE GREAT ST. LEGER, OR  
HEROES OF THE TURF PAYING AND RECEIVING  
AT TATTERSALL'S. 329

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

This sketch was made upon the spot by my friend Transit, on the Monday following the result of the last Great St. Leger in 1823, when the *Legs* were, for the most part, in *mourning* from the *loss* of their favourite Sherwood. Some *long faces* will be easily recognized, and some few round ones, though *Barefoots*, not easily be forgotten. The *Tinkers* were many of them *Levanters*. Here may be seen the *Peer* and the *Prig*, the *Wise* one and the *Green* one, the *Pigeon* and the *Rook* amalgamated together. It is almost unnecessary to say, the greater part of the characters are *portraits*.

## XXIV.

EXTERIOR OF FISHMONGERS'-HALL, ST. JAMES'S  
STREET, WITH A VIEW OF A REGULAR BREAK  
DOWN. 331

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Portraits of the *Master Fishmonger*, and many well-known *Greeks* and *Pigeons*.

## XXV.

INTERIOR OF A MODERN HELL. (*Vide the affair of  
the coggled dice.*) 334

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Portraits of upwards of twenty well-known *Punters* and *Frequenters*—*Greeks* and *Pigeons*, noble and ignoble—The *Fishmonger* in a fright, or the *gudgeon* turned *shark*—*Exposé* of *Saint Hugh's Bones*—*Secrets* worth knowing. (*See work.*)

## XXVI.

THE DAFFY CLUB, OR A MUSICAL MUSTER OF  
THE FANCY. 339

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Interior of Tom Belcher's Parlour. Heartly and Bob in search of Character. *Striking* likenesses of *Boxers*, *Bettors*, &c.—with a pen and ink Sketch of a *Noted-one*—a *fine School for Practical Experience*. (*For key to Portraits—see work.*)

## XXVII.

## PEEP O' DAYS AND FAMILY MEN AT THE FINISH. 342

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

A Night Scene near Covent Garden—Coffee and comical company.

## XXVIII.

## FAMILY MEN AT FAULT, OR AN UNEXPECTED VISIT FROM THE BISHOP AND HIS CHAPLAINS. 345

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

A Scene near Covent Garden, in which are introduced certain well-known Characters and Bow-street Officers: including Messrs. Bishop, Smith, Ruthven, and Townshend.

## XXIX.

## THE HALL OF INFAMY, ALIAS OYSTER SALOON, IN BRYDGES-STREET, OR NEW COVENT GARDEN HELL. 354

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Portraits of the old Harridan and her *Flash man* Tom. Sketches of *Sharps* and *Flats*, *Green ones* and *Impures*. Done from the Life.

## XXX.

## WESTMINSTER HALL. 361

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Portraits of well-known Worthies of the Bar.—The Maiden Brief.—Dick Gradus examining a Witness.

## XXXI.

## SURREY COLLEGIANS GIVING A LIFT TO A LIMB OF THE LAW. 364

Interior of the King's Bench Prison—Rough-drying a Lawyer.

## XXXII.

## R—A—YS OF GENIUS REFLECTING ON THE TRUE LINE OF BEAUTY AT THE LIFE ACADEMY, SOMERSET HOUSE. 365

(BY T. ROWLANDSON.)

Bob Transit's first appearance as a student. Sketching from the Life. Outlines of character. How to grow rich but not great. Secrets worth *knowing*, and Portraits of all the *well-known*.

to face page

## XXXIII.

BERNARD BLACKMANTLE READING HIS PLAY IN  
THE GREEN-ROOM OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE. 366

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Portraits of Messrs. C. Kemble, Fawcett, Farley, Jones, Farren, Grimaldi, Macready, Young, T. P. Cooke, Chapman, Blanchard, Abbott, Cooper, Yates, and the English Spy; Mrs. Davenport, Miss Chester, Miss M. Tree, Miss Love, and Mrs. Davison.

## XXXIV.

BERNARD BLACKMANTLE READING HIS FARCE IN  
THE GREEN ROOM OF THE THEATRE ROYAL,  
DRURY LANE. 367

(BY T. WAGEMAN.)

Portraits of Elliston, Dowton, Harley, Munden, Knight, Liston, Oxberry, Sherwin, Gattie, Wallack, Terry, G. Smith, and Barnard, Miss Stephens, Mrs. Orger, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Harlowe, and the English Spy. The Likenesses are all studies from the life.

## XXXV.

## THE CITY BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE. 368

(BY R. CRUIKSHANK.)

Portraits of the Duke of Sussex, the Lord Mayor (Waithman) and Lady Mayores, the Sheriffs Laurie and Whittaker, Aldermen Wood and Curtis, Sir Richard Phillips, Messrs. Hone, Patten, with other well-known Characters.

## XXXVI.

## JEMMY GORDON'S FROLIC. 369

A Cambridge tale. *Vide* Peter House.

---

*Illustrations on Wood, from original designs by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Gilray, and Finlay, engraved by Bonner and Hughes.*

## VIGNETTE ON TITLE PAGE.

Old Father Time borne away on the shoulders of the Genii, Frolic, Mirth, and Fancy.

|   |      |
|---|------|
|   | Page |
| I. The Author's Chamber—Index, the bookseller, and Bernard Blackmantle, projecting a new work . . . . . | 7    |

|  | Page |
|--|------|
| 2. Horatio Heartly reading the "ENGLISH SPY" to Lady Mary Oldstyle . . . . .   | 17   |
| 3. A correct view of Eton College from the playing-fields . . . . .  | 32   |
| 4. The five principal orders of Eton—Doctor, Dame, Colleger, Oppidan, and Cad. A Sketch taken opposite the Long Walk . . . . .           | 42   |
| 5. The Cloisters, Eton College . . . . .   | 58   |
| 6. Herbert Stockhore, the Montem Poet Laureate, a Sketch from the Life as he appeared in the Montem Procession of May, 1823 . . . . .    | 59   |
| 7. Accurate View of the Interior of Eton College Hall . . . . .  | 96   |
| 8. Interior of Eton School Room . . . . .  | 105  |
| 9. The Oxonian reclining, an emblematical design . . . . .   | 111  |
| 10. Five characteristic orders of Oxford . . . . .   | 113  |
| 11. Portrait of Mr. B—the classical Alma Mater Coachman of Oxford . . . . .  | 128  |
| 12. View of Christchurch College . . . . .   | 129  |
| 13. A Bachelor of Arts drinking of the Pierian Spring . . . . .  | 136  |
| 14. View of Bagley Wood with the Gipsy party. An extraordinary fine specimen of art, by Bonner . . . . .                                 | 157  |
| 15. Mother Goose, a portrait . . . . .   | 162  |
| 16. Kensington Gardens, Sunday Evening. Portraits of well-known fashionable eccentricities . . . . .                                     | 164  |
| 17. Vignette.—The Subject and the Resurrection Jarvey, or "Kill him when you want him" . . . . .   | 220  |
| 18. Albanians starting for a <i>spre</i> , or Tom Tick on the road to Jericho . . . . .  | 233  |
| 19. Waiting for bail . . . . .   | 240  |
| 20. The <i>Don</i> and the fair <i>Nun</i> of St. Clement's. An Oxford scene . . . . .   | 243  |
| 21. The University Rake's Progress . . . . .   | 273  |
| 22. The newly invented Steam Coach . . . . .   | 274  |
| 23. View of the Pavilion, Brighton, from the London Road . . . . .   | 286  |
| 24. A Night Scene, or, a <i>rum start</i> near B—H—l . . . . .   | 304  |
| 25. The <i>Widow's</i> ultimatum. A <i>cutting</i> joke, with a most affecting catastrophe . . . . .                                     | 313  |
| 26. College Frolics, or catching <i>Crabs</i> at Ch. Ch. . . . .   | 325  |
| 27. <i>Roués</i> rusticated in Surrey, or, the first glimpse of <i>Banco Regis</i> . . . . .   | 363  |
| 28. <i>Term ends</i> —Adieu to <i>fagging</i> —The High-street, Oxford—The <i>Togati</i> in a bustle—The <i>merry good bye</i> . . . . . | 370  |

## THE ENGLISH SPY.

---

Nor rank, nor order, nor condition,  
Imperial, lowly, or patrician,  
Shall, when they see this volume, cry,  
"The satirist has pass'd us by :—"  
But, with good humour, view our page  
Depict the manners of the age.

Vide WORK.





## INTRODUCTION.

“The proper study of mankind is man.”

### A RHAPSODY.

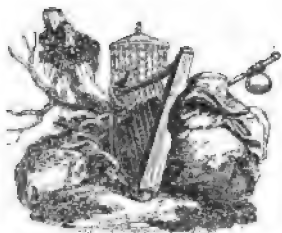
LIFE's busy scene I sing ! Its countenance, and form,  
and varied hue, drawn within the compass of the eye.  
No tedious voyage, or weary pilgrimage o'er burning  
deserts, or tempestuous seas, my progress marks, to  
trace great nature's sources to the fount, and bare  
her secrets to the common view.

In search of wonders, let the learn'd embark,  
From lordly Elgin, to lamented Park,  
To find out what ? perhaps some river's course,  
Or antique fragments of a marble horse ;  
While I, more humble, local scenes portray,  
And paint the men and manners of the day.

Life's a theatre, man the chief actor, and the source  
from which the dramatist must cull his choicest  
beauties, painting up to nature the varied scenes  
which mark the changeful courses of her motley  
groups. Here she opes her volume to the view of  
contemplative minds, and spreads her treasures forth,  
decked in all the variegated tints that Flora, goddess  
of the flowery mead and silvery dell, with many  
coloured hue, besprinkles the luxuriant land.

Here, reader, will we travel forth, and in our jour-  
ney make survey of all that's interesting and instruc-  
tive. Man's but the creature of a little hour, the

phantom of a transitory life ; prone to every ill, subject to every woe ; and oft the more eccentric in his sphere, as rare abilities may gild his brow, setting form, law, and order at defiance. His glass a third decayed 'fore reason shines, and ere perfection crowns maturity, he sinks forgotten in his parent dust. Such then is man, uncertain as the wind, by nature formed the creature of caprice, and as Atropos wills, day by day, we number to our loss some mirth-enlivening soul, whose talents gave a lustre to the scene.—Serious and solemn thoughts be hence away ! imagination wills that playful satire reign :—by sportive fancy led, we take the field.



# PREFACE,

IN IMITATION OF THE FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

---

## DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND.

*Author.* HOWEVER dangerous, or however vain, I am resolved.

*Friend.* You'll not offend again ?

*Author.* I will, by Jove !

*Friend.* Take my advice, reflect ;  
Who'll buy your sketches ?

*Author.* Many, I expect.

*Friend.* I fear but few, unless, Munchausen-like,  
You've something strange, that will the public strike :  
Men with *six* heads, or monsters with *twelve* tails,  
Who *patter* flash, for nothing else prevails  
In this dull age.

*Author.* Then my success is certain ;  
I think you'll say so when I draw the curtain,  
And, *presto* ! place before your wond'ring eyes  
A race of beings that must 'cite surprise ;  
The strangest compound truth and contradiction  
Owe to dame Nature, or the pen of fiction ;  
Where wit and folly, pride and modest worth,  
Go hand in hand, or jostle at a birth ;  
Where prince, peer, peasant, politician meet,  
And beard each other in the public street ;

Where ancient forms, though still admired,  
 Are phantoms that have long expired ;  
 Where science droops 'fore sovereign folly,  
 And arts are sick with melancholy ;  
 Where knaves gain wealth, and honest fellows,  
 By hunger pinch'd, blow knav'ry's bellows ;  
 Where wonder rises upon wonder—

*Friend.* Hold !

Or you may leave no wonders to be told.  
 Your book, to sell, must have a subtle plot—  
 Mark the Great Unknown, wily \*\*\*\*\* :  
 Print in America, publish at Milan ;  
 There's nothing like this Scotch-Athenian plan,  
 To hoax the cockney lack-brains.

*Author.* It shall be :

Books, like Madeira, much improve at sea ;  
 'Tis said it clears them from the mist and smell  
 Of modern Athens, so says sage CADELL,  
 Whose dismal tales of shipwreck, stress of weather,  
 Sets all divine *Nonsensia* mad together ;  
 And, when they get the *dear-bought* novel home,  
 "They love it for the dangers it has overcome."

*Friend.* I like your plan : "art sure there's no offence ?"

*Author.* None that's intended to wound common-sense.

For your *uncommon* knaves who rule the town,  
 Your M.P.'s, M.D.'s, R.A.'s and silk gown,  
 Empirics in all arts, every degree,  
 Just Satire whispers are fair game for me.

*Friend.* The critic host beware !

*Author.* Wherefore, I pray ?

"The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."  
 Let them bark on ! who heeds their currish note  
 Knows not the world—they howl, for food, by rote.



## REFLECTIONS,

ADDRESSED TO THOSE WHO CAN THINK.

*Reflections of an Author—Weighty Reasons for writing—Magister artis ingenique largitor Venter—Choice of Subject considered—Advice of INDEX, the Book-seller—Of the Nature of Prefaces—How to commence a new Work.*

AUTHOR (*solus*). I must write—my last sovereign has long since been transferred to the safe keeping of mine hostess, to whom I have the honor to be obliged. I just caught a glance of her inflexible countenance this morning in passing the parlour door; and methought I could perceive the demon aspect of suspicion again spreading his corrosive murky hue over her furrowed front. The enlivening appearance of my golden ambassador had for a few days procured me a faint smile of complacency; but the spell is past, and I shall again be doomed to the humiliation

of hearing Mrs Martha Bridget's morning lectures on the necessity of punctuality. Well, she must be quieted, (i.e.) promise crammed, (satisfied, under existing circumstances, is impossible): I know it will require no little skill to obtain fresh supplies from her stores, without the master-key which unlocks the flinty heart; but *nil desperandum*, he who can brave a formidable army of critics, in pursuit of the bubble fame, may at least hope to find wit enough to quiet the interested apprehensions of an old woman. And yet how mortifying is the very suspicion of inattention and disrespect. I have rung six times for my breakfast, and as many more for my boots, before either have made their appearance; the first has indeed just arrived, with a lame apology from mine hostess, that the gentleman on the first floor is a very impetuous fellow, requires prompt attention, gives a great deal of trouble—but—then he pays a great deal of money, and above all, is very punctual: here is my *quietus* at once; the last sentence admits of no reply from a pennyless author. My breakfast table is but the spectre of former times;—no eggs on each side of my cup, or a plate of fresh Lynn shrimps, with an inviting salt odour, that would create an appetite in the stomach of an invalid; a choice bit of dried salmon, or a fresh cut off the roll of some violet-scented Epping butter;—all have disappeared; nay, even the usual allowance of cream has degenerated into skimmed milk, and that is supplied in such *cautious* quantities, that I can scarce eke it out to colour my three cups of inspiring bohea.

(*A knock at the door.*) That single rap at the street door is very like the loud determined knock of a *dun*. The servant is ascending the stairs—it must be so—she advances upon the second flight;—good heavens, how stupid!—I particularly told her I should not be in town to any of these people for a month. The inattention of servants is unbearable; they can tell fibs

enough to suit their own purposes, but a little *white one* to serve a gentleman lodger, to put off an impertinent tradesman, or save him from the toils of a sheriff's officer, is sure to be marred in the relation, or altogether forgotten. I'll lock my chamber door, however, by way of precaution. (*Servant knocking.*) "What do you want?" "Mr. Index, sir, the little gentleman in black." "Show him up, Betty, directly." The key is instantly turned; the door set wide open; and I am again seated in comfort at my table: the solicitude, fear, and anxiety, attendant upon the apprehensions of surprise, a bailiff, and a prison, all vanish in a moment.

"My dear Index, you are welcome; the last person I expected, although the first I could have wished to have seen: to what fortunate circumstance am I to attribute the honor of this friendly visit?"

"Business, sir; I am a man of business: your last publication has sold pretty well, considering how dreadfully it was cut up in the reviews; I have some intention of reprinting a *short* edition, if you are not too exorbitant in your demands; not that I think the whole number will be sold, but there is a chance of clearing the expenses. A portrait by Wageman, the announcement of a second edition, with additions, may help it off; but then these additional costs will prevent my rewarding your merits to the extent I am sensible you deserve."

"Name your own terms, Index, for after all you know it must come to that, and I am satisfied you will be as liberal as you can afford." Put in this way, the most penurious of the speculating tribe in paper and print would have strained a point, to overcome their natural infirmity: with Index it was otherwise; nature had formed him with a truly liberal heart: the practice of the trade, and the necessary caution attendant upon bookselling speculations, only operated as a check to the noble-minded generosity of the

man, without implanting in his bosom the avarice and extortion generally pursued by his brethren.

The immediate subject of his visit arranged to our mutual satisfaction, I ventured to inquire what style of work was most likely to interest the taste of the town. "The town itself—satire, sir, fashionable satire. If you mean to grow rich by writing in the present day, you must first learn to be satirical; use the lash, sir, as all the great men have done before you, and then, like Canning in the Cabinet, or Gifford and Jeffery as reviewers, or Byron and Southey as poets, you will be followed more from the fear of your pen than from the splendour of your talents, the consistency of your conduct, or the morality of your principles. Sir, if you can but use the tomahawk skilfully, your fortune is certain. '*Sic itur ad astra.*' Read Blackwood's *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Take the town by surprise, folly by the ears; 'the glory, jest, and riddle of the world' is man; use your knowledge of this ancient volume rightly, and you may soon mount the car of fortune, and drive at random wherever your fancy dictates. Bear in mind the Greek proverb, '*Mega biblion, mega kakon.*' In your remarks, select such persons who, from their elevated situations in society, ought to be above reproof, and whose vices are, therefore, more worthy of public condemnation:

'——— Ridiculum acri

Fortius ac melius magnas plerumque secat res.'

By this means you will benefit the state, and improve the morals of society. The most wholesome truths may be told with pleasantry. Satire, to be severe, needs not to be scurrilous. The approval of the judicious will always follow the ridicule which is directed against error, ignorance, and folly."

How long little Index might have continued in this strain I know not, if I had not ventured to suggest



that the course he pointed out was one of great difficulty, and considerable personal hazard ; that to arrive at fortune by such means, an author must risk the sacrifice of many old connexions, and incur no inconsiderable dangers ; that great caution would be necessary to escape the fangs of the forensic tribe, and that in voluntarily thrusting his nose into such a nest of hornets, it would be hardly possible to escape being severely stung in retaliation. "*Pulchrum est accusari ab accusandis,*" said my friend, the bookseller, "who has suffered more by the fashionable world than yourself? Have you not dissipated a splendid patrimony in a series of the most liberal entertainments? Has not your generous board been graced with the presence of royalty? and the banquet enriched by the attendant stars of nobility, from the duke to the right honorable knight commander. And have you not since felt the most cruel neglect from these your early associates, and much obliged friends, with no crime but poverty, with no reproach but the want of prudence? Have you not experienced ingratitude and persecution in every shape that human baseness could find ingenuity to inflict? And can you hesitate to avail yourself of the noble revenge in your power, when it combines the advantages of being morally profitable both to yourself and society?"

' ——— Velat materna tempora myrto.'

VIRG.

'When Vice the shelter of a mask disdain'd,  
When Folly triumph'd, and a Nero reign'd,  
Petronius rose satiric, yet polite,  
And show'd the glaring monster full in sight;  
To public mirth exposed the imperial beast,  
And made his wanton court the common jest.'

With this quotation, delivered with good emphasis, little Index bade me good morning, and left me impressed with no mean opinion of his friendship,

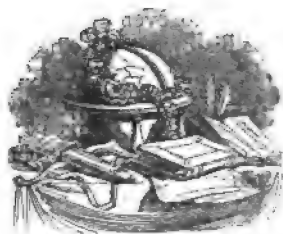
and with an increased admiration of his knowledge of the world.

But how (thought I) am I to profit by his advice? In what shape shall I commence my eccentric course? A good general at the head of a large army, on the eve of a general battle, with the enemy full in view, feels less embarrassment than a young author finds in marshalling his crude ideas, and placing the raw recruits of the brain in any thing like respectable order. For the title, that is quite a matter of business, and depends more upon the bookseller's opinion of what may be thought attractive than any affinity it may possess to the work itself. Dedications are, thanks to the economy of fashion, out of date: great men have long since been laughed into good sense in that particular. A preface (if there be one) should partake something of the spirit of the work; for if it be not brief, lively, and humorous, it is ten to one but your reader falls asleep before he enters upon chapter the first, and when he wakes, fears to renew his application, lest he should be again caught napping. Long introductions are like lengthy prayers before meals to hungry men, they are mumbled over with unintelligible rapidity, or altogether omitted, for the more solid gratifications of the stomach, or the enjoyments of the mind. In what fantastic shape and countenance then shall an author appear to obtain general approbation? or in what costume is he most likely to insure success?

If he assumes a fierce and haughty front, his readers are perhaps offended with his temerity, and the critics enraged at his assurance. If he affects a modest sneaking posture, and humbly implores their high mightinesses to grant him one poor sprig of laurel, he is treated slightly, and despised, as a pitiful fellow who wants that essential ingredient in the composition of a man of talent and good breeding, ycleped by the moderns confidence. If he speaks of

the excellence of his subject, he creates doubts both with his readers and reviewers, who will use their endeavours to convince him he has not a correct knowledge of his own abilities. But if, like a well bred man at court, he enters the drawing-room of literature in good taste, neither too mean nor too gaudy, too bold or too formal, makes his bow with the air and finish of a scholar and a gentleman, and passes on to his place, unheeding of remark (because unconscious of offence), he is sure to command respect, if he does not excite admiration.

Accept then, reader, this colloquial chapter, as the author's apology for a preface, an imaginary short conference, or letter of introduction, which brings you acquainted with the eccentric writer of this volume ; and as in all well regulated society a person is expected to give some account of himself before he is placed upon terms of intimacy with the family, you shall in the next page receive a brief sketch of the characteristics of the author.



## A FEW THOUGHTS ON MYSELF.

THE early biography of a man of genius is seldom, if ever, accurately given to the public eye, unless, indeed, he is one of those *rara avis* who, with the advantages of great qualifications, inherits high ancestral distinctions. But if, as is generally the case, from obscurity of birth and humble life he rises into notice by the force and exertion of his talents, the associates of his brighter fortunes know but little of the difficulties which have obstructed his progress, or the toils and fatigues he has endured, to arrive at that enviable point from which the temple of Fame, and the road to fortune, may be contemplated with some chance of enjoyment and success. Unwilling to speak of himself, lest he should incur the charge of vanity or egotism, he modestly trusts to the partial pen of friendship, or the conjectural pen of the commentator, to do justice to events which no quill could relate so well as his own, and which, if impartially and sensibly written, must advance him in the estimation of society, and convince the world that with the mastery of the great secret in his power, he was not more capable of appreciating the characters of the age than familiar with the lights and shadows of his own.

“ Honour and shame from no condition rise ;  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.”

The reader will, no doubt, anticipate that the name of Bernard Blackmantle is an assumed quaint cognomen, and perhaps be not less suspicious of the author's right and title to the honorary distinction annexed :

let him beware how he indulges in such chimeras, before he has fully entered into the spirit of the volume before him, lest, on perusal, conviction should compel him to retract the ungracious thought. To be plain, he is not desirous of any higher honorary distinction than the good opinion of his readers. And now, sons and daughters of Fashion! ye cameleon race of giddy elves, who flutter on the margin of the whirlpool, or float upon the surface of the silvery stream, and, hurried forwards by the impetus of the current, leave yourselves but little time for reflection, one glance will convince you that you are addressed by an old acquaintance, and, heretofore, constant attendant upon all the gay varieties of life; of this be assured, that, although retired from the fascinating scene, where gay Delight her portal open throws to Folly's throng, he is no surly misanthrope, or gloomy seceder, whose jaundiced mind, or clouded imagination, is a prey to disappointment, envy, or to care. In retracing the brighter moments of life, the festive scenes of past times, the never to be forgotten pleasures of his halcyon days, when youth, and health, and fortune, blest his lot, he has no tongue for scandal—no pen for malice—no revenge to gratify, but is only desirous of attempting a true portraiture of men and manners, in the higher and more polished scenes of life. If, in the journey through these hitherto unexplored regions of fancy, ought should cross his path that might give pain to worthy bosoms, he would sooner turn aside than be compelled to embody the uncandid thought.

“Unknowing and unknown, the hardy Muse

“Boldly defies all mean and partial views;

“With honest freedom plays the critic's part,

“And praises, as she censures, from the heart.”

And now, having said nearly as much as I think prudent of myself, and considerably more than my

bookseller usually allows by way of prefatory matter, I shall conclude this chapter by informing the reader of some facts, with which I ought to have commenced it, namely—For my parents, it must suffice that my father was a man of talent, my mother accomplished and esteemed, and, what is more to their honour, they were affectionate and kind : peace to their manes ! I was very early in life bereft of both ; educated at one of the public schools, I was, in due time, sent to matriculate at Oxford, where, reader, I propose to commence my **ECCENTRIC TOUR**.





## A SHANDEAN SCENE,

BETWEEN

LADY MARY OLDSTYLE AND HORATIO HEARTLY.

"I KNOW him well," said Horatio, with a half-suppressed sigh, as he finished the introductory chapter to the first volume of the *English Spy*, or *Colloquial Sketches of Men and Manners*. "He is no misanthrope," said my aunt, taking off her spectacles to wipe away the pearly drop which meek-eyed pity gave to the recollection of scenes long passed. Horatio paused—the book dropped instinctively upon his knee, as his raised eye involuntarily caught the benign aspect of virtue and intelligence, softened by the crystal gems of feeling. "I wish I knew where he lived," said my aunt. "I'll find him out," said Horatio ;—"Do," said my aunt, "and tell him an old friend of his father's, on whom fortune has deigned to smile in the winter of her days, would feign extend to him as much of worldly happiness as can be derived from the enjoyment of worldly treasure."

By that sort of magical attraction which imperceptibly links together the souls of kindred spirits, Horatio's chair had made an angular movement, of at least six degrees, in a direction nearer to his venerable relation: no lover ever pressed with more fervency of affection the yielding hand of his soul's deity, than did the grateful nephew, at this moment, clasp within his eager grasp the aged palm of bounteous charity. "I wish he may accept your kind offer," said Horatio. "And why should he not?" said my aunt, with a half inclination of extricating her hand, and a penetrating glance of doubt, directed full in the face of the speaker: "I know not," said Horatio, (hesitating, as if fearful of giving offence), "but,"—"But what?" said my aunt;—"But I fear his natural love of independence, and eccentricity of mind, will admit of no constraint, which his high sense of honor will anticipate must be partially the case whenever he submits himself to accept the favors of even such generous hearts as yours." "He would feel no such thing," said my aunt. "He could not resist the impression," said Horatio; "your liberality would, I know, be calculated to dispossess him of the painful sensation; but if the inherent pride of the man could be subdued, or calmed into acquiescence, by breathing the enchanting air of friendship, the weight of gratitude, the secret monitor of fine-wrought minds, would overpower his tongue, and leave him, in his own estimation, a pauper of the poorest class." "Then I'll adopt another mode," said my aunt; "and though I hate the affectation of secret charities, because I think the donor of a generous action is well entitled to his reward, both here and hereafter,—I'll find out some way, anonymously or otherwise, to indulge my humour of serving him." "You are an angel!" said Horatio, with his eyes fixed on the ground—(the spirit of the angel of benevolence,—quothe Reason, whispering in his ear, would have been



a better metaphor,—certainly inhabits the aged bosom of your father's sister). Horatio's upraised eye rested on the wrinkled front of his antique relative, just as the corrective thought gleamed in visionary brightness o'er his brain; the poetic inspiration of the moment fled like the passing meteor, but the feeling which excited it remained engrafted on his memory for ever. "How shall we find him out, my dear Horatio?" said my aunt, her whole countenance animated with delight at the last flattering ejaculation of her nephew—"where shall we seek him?—I'll order the carriage directly." The glow of pleasure and anticipatory gratification, which at this moment beamed in the countenance of the old lady, brought back the circling current of health to the cheeks of age, and, with the blush of honest feeling, dispelled the stains of time; the furrowed streaks of care vanished from her front, and left her whole frame proportionably invigorated.

If the mere contemplation of a generous action can thus inspire the young, and give new life to age, what a load of misery and deformity might not the sons and daughters of nature divest themselves of, by following the inherent dictates of benevolence! Reflection, whenever he deigned to penetrate the pericranium of my cousin Horatio, took entire possession of the citadel, and left him not even the smallest loophole for the observation of any passing event. He was just fixed in one of these abstracted reveries of the mind, traversing over the halcyon scenes of his collegiate days, and re-associating himself with his early friend, the author of the eccentric volume then in his hand, when the above monition sprung from his heart, like the crystal stream that sparkles in the air, when first it bursts through the mineral bondage of the womb of nature.

"You are right," said my aunt. Horatio started with surprise, almost unconscious of her presence, or

what he had said to deserve her approbation. "True happiness," she continued, "is the offspring of generosity and virtue, and never inhabits a bosom where worldly interest and selfish principles are allowed to predominate. There are many who possess all the requisites for the enjoyment of true happiness, who, from the prejudices of education, or the mistaken pride of ancestry, have never experienced the celestial rapture: they have never been amalgamated with society, are strangers to poverty themselves, and cannot comprehend its operation upon others; born and moving in a sphere where the chilling blasts of indigence never penetrate, or the clouds of adversity appal, they have no conception of the more delightful gratification which springs from the source of all earthly happiness, the pleasure and ability of administering to the wants and comforts of our fellow creatures."

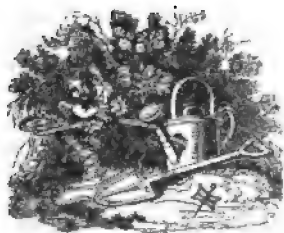
"Yours is the true philosophy of nature, aunt," said Horatio, "where principle and practice may be seen, arm in arm, like the twin sisters, Charity and Virtue, —a pair of antique curiosities much sought after, but rarely found amid the assemblage of *virtu* in the collections of your modern people of fashion."

"I'll alter my will to-morrow morning," thought my aunt; "this boy deserves to be as rich in acres as he already is in benevolence: he shall have the Leicestershire estate added to what I have already bequeathed him, by way of codicil."

"You would be delighted with my friend Bernard, aunt," said Horatio, "that is, when he is in good spirits; but you must not judge of him by the common standard of estimation: if, on the first introduction, he should happen to be in one of those lively humours when his whole countenance is lighted up with the brilliancy of genius, you would be enraptured by the sallies of his wit, and the solidity of his reasoning; but if, on the contrary, he should unfortu-

nately be in one of those abstracted moods when all terrestrial objects are equally indifferent, you will, I fear, form no very favourable opinion of his merit. He is an eccentric in every respect, and must not be judged of by the acquaintance of an hour. We were boys together at Eton, and the associations of youth ripened with maturity into the most sincere friendly attachment, which was materially assisted by the similarity of our dispositions and pursuits, during our residence at college. Your kind notice of my poor friend, aunt, has revived the fondest recollections of my life—the joyous scenes of infancy, when the young heart, free from the trammels of the world, and buoyant as the bird of spring, wings along the flowery path of pleasure, plucking at will the sweets of nature, and decking his infant brow with wreaths of fresh gathered wild flowers.” Horatio paused, not for want of subject, but a train of recollections overpowered his memory, producing an unspeakable sensation, which for a moment choked his utterance.

“There is a blank in this work, which you shall fill up,” said my aunt; “you must perform the office of an impartial historian for your friend, and before we proceed farther with this volume, give me the history of your school-boy days.”



## SCHOOL-BOY REMINISCENCES.

### ON EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

In many a strain of grief and joy  
My youthful spirit sung to thee ;  
But I am now no more a boy,  
And there's a gulf 'twixt thee and me.

Time on my brow has set his seal ;  
I start to find myself a man,  
And know that I no more shall feel  
As only boyhood's spirit can.

ETONIAN.

THERE is an imperceptible but powerfully connecting link in our early associations and school-boy friendships, which is very difficult to describe, but exceedingly grateful to reflect on ; particularly when the retrospective affords a view of early attachments ripened into perfection with maturity, and cementing firmly with increasing years. Youth is the period of frankness and of zeal, when the young heart, buoyant with hope and cheering prospects, fills with joy, and expands in all the brightness of fancy's variety. The ambition, lures, and conflicting interests of the world, have as yet made no inroad upon the mind ; the bosom is a stranger to misery, the tongue to deceit, the eye glows with all the luxuriance of pleasure, and the whole countenance presents an animated picture of health and intelligence illumined with delight. The playfulness or incaution of youth may demand correction, or produce momentary pain ; but the tears of

infancy fall like the summer dew upon the verdant slope, which the first gleam of the returning sun kisses away, and leaves the face of nature tinged with a blush of exquisite brilliancy, but with no trace of the sparkling moisture which lately veiled its beauty. This is the glittering period of life, when the gay perspective of the future seems clothed in every attractive hue, and the objects of this world assume a grace divine: then it is that happiness, borne on the wings of innocence and light-hearted mirth, attends our every step, and seems to wait obedient to our will.

What a painful reverse may not the retrospective view afford! how unlike is the finished picture to the inspiring sketch. The one breathing the soft air of nature, and sparkling in brilliant tints of variegated hues, serene, clear, and transparent, like the magic pencilling of the heavenly Claude, shedding ambrosial sweets around. The reverse indistinct, and overpowered with gloomy shadows, a mixture of the terrific and the marvellous, like the stormy and convulsive scenes of the mighty genius of Salvator Rosa, with here and there a flash of wildest eccentricity, that only serves to render more visible the murky deformity of the whole.

Horatio had just finished his introductory rhapsody, when the door opened, and my aunt's servant entered with tea and toast: the simmering of the water round the heated tube of the urn, tingling in the ears of Heartly, broke the thread of his narration. There was a pause of nearly a minute, while John was busy in arranging the equipage. "You should have waited till I had rung, John," said my aunt. "Please your ladyship," said John, "you directed me always to bring tea in at six precisely, without waiting for orders." My aunt looked puzzled: "You are right, John, I did; and (*addressing Horatio*) the fault of the interruption must therefore rest with me." Horatio bowed; the compliment was too flattering to be mis-

understood. "Draw the curtains, John," said my aunt, "and make up the fire : we can help ourselves to what we want—you need not wait ; and do not interrupt us again until you are rung for." "This is very mysterious," thought John, as he closed to the drawing-room door ; and he related what he thought to my lady's maid, when he returned to the servants' hall. "You are no conjurer, John," said Mrs. Margaret, with an oblique inclination of the head, half amorous and half conceited—"the old lady's *will* has been signed and sealed these three years ; I was present when it was made—ay, and I signed it too, and what's more, I *knows* all its contents ; there are some people in the world (*viewing herself in an opposite looking-glass*) who may be very differently circumstanced some day or other." John's heart had long felt a sort of fluttering inclination to unburthen itself, by linking destinies with the merry Mrs. Margaret ; the prospect of a handsome legacy, or perhaps an annuity, gave an additional spur to John's affectionate feelings, and that night he resolved to put the question. All this Mrs. Margaret had anticipated, and as she was now on the verge of forty, she very prudently thought there was no time to lose. "They are a pair of oddities," continued the waiting-maid ; "I have sometimes surprised them both crying, as if their hearts would break, over a new book : I suppose they have got something very interesting, as my lady calls it, and Mr. Horatio is sermonizing as usual."—Mrs. Margaret was not far wrong in her conjecture, for when my aunt and Horatio were again alone, she rallied him on the serious complexion of his style.





FIRST ABSENCE. *or* *Etouians an*





*morning Morning Muster Roll*



CHARACTER  
OF  
BERNARD BLACKMANTLE.

BY HORATIO HEARTLY.

You shall have it from his own pen, said Horatio. In my portfolio, I have preserved certain scraps of Bernard's that will best speak his character ; prose and poetry, descriptive and colloquial, Hudibrastic and pastoral, trifles in every costume of literary fancy, according with the peculiar humour of the author at the time of their inditing, from these you shall judge my eccentric friend better than by any commendation of mine. I shall merely preface these early offerings of his genius with a simple narrative of our school-boy intimacy.

I had been about three months at Eton, and had grown somewhat familiar with the characters of my associates, and the peculiarities of their phraseology and pursuits, when our *dame's* party was increased by the arrival of Bernard Blackmantle. It is usual with the sons of *old Etona*, on the arrival of a fresh subject, to play off a number of school-boy witticisms and practical jokes, which though they may produce a little mortification in the first instance, tend in no small degree to display the qualifications of mind possessed by their new associate, and give him a familiarity with his companions and their customs, which otherwise would take more time, and subject the stranger to much greater inconvenience. Bernard underwent all the initiatory school ceremonies and

humiliations with great coolness, but not without some display of that personal courage and true nobleness of mind, which advances the new comer in the estimation of his school-fellows. First impressions are *almost* always indelible: there was a frankness and sincerity in his manner, and an archness and vivacity in his countenance and conversation, that imperceptibly attached me to the young stranger. We were soon the most inseparable *cons*,<sup>1</sup> the depositors of each other's youthful secrets, and the mutual participators in every passing sport and pleasure.

Naturally cheerful, Bernard became highly popular with our miniature world; there was however one subject which, whenever it was incautiously started by his companions, always excited a flood of tears, and for a time spread a gloomy abstraction over his mind. Bernard had from his very infancy been launched into the ocean of life without a knowledge of his *admiral*,<sup>2</sup> but not without experiencing all that a mother's fondness could supply: when others recapitulated the enjoyments of their paternal home, and painted with all the glow of youthful ardour the anticipated pleasures of the holidays, the tear would trickle down his crimsoned cheek; and quickly stealing away to some sequestered spot, his throbbing bosom was relieved by many a flood of woe. That some protecting spirit watched over his actions, and directed his course, he was well assured, but as yet he had never been able to comprehend the mystery with which he was surrounded. His questions on this point to his mother it was evident gave her pain, and were always met by some evasive answer. He had been early taught to keep his own secret, but the prying curiosity of an Eton school-boy was not easily satisfied, and too often rendered the task one of great pain and difficulty. On these occasions I would seek

<sup>1</sup> Friends.

<sup>2</sup> The Eton phrase for father.

him out, and as the subject was one of too tender a nature for the tongue of friendship to dwell upon, endeavour to divert his thoughts by engaging him in some enlivening sport. His amiable manners and generous heart had endeared him to all, and in a short time his delicate feelings were respected, and the slightest allusion to ambiguity of birth cautiously avoided by all his associates, who, whatever might be their suspicions, thought his brilliant qualifications more than compensated for any want of ancestral distinction.

The following portrait of my friend is from the pen of our elegant *con*, Horace Eglantine.

#### A PORTRAIT.

A heart fill'd with friendship and love,  
A brain free from passion's excess,  
A mind a mean action above,  
A hand to relieve keen distress.

Poverty smiled on his birth,  
And gave what all riches exceeds,  
Wit, honesty, wisdom, and worth ;  
A soul to effect noble needs.

Legitimates bow at his shrine ;  
Unfetter'd he sprung into life ;  
When vigour with love doth combine  
To free nature from priestcraft and strife.

No ancient escutcheon he claim'd,  
Crimson'd with rapine and blood ;  
He titles and baubles disdain'd,  
Yet his pedigree traced from the flood.

Ennobled by all that is bright  
In the wreath of terrestrial fame,  
Genius her pure ray of light  
Spreads a halo to circle his name.

The main-spring of all his actions was a social disposition, which embraced a most comprehensive view

of the duties of good fellowship. He was equally popular with all parties, by never declaring for any particular one: with the cricketers he was accounted a hard *swipe*,<sup>3</sup> an active *field*,<sup>4</sup> and a *stout bowler*;<sup>5</sup> in a water party he was a *stroke*<sup>6</sup> of the ten oar; at foot-ball, in the playing fields, or a leap across Chalvey ditch, he was not thought *small beer*<sup>7</sup> of; and he has been known to have bagged three sparrows after a *toodle*<sup>8</sup> of three miles. His equals loved him for his social qualities, and courted his acquaintance as the *sine qua non* of society; and the younger members of the school looked up to him for protection and assistance. If power was abused by the upper boys, Bernard was appealed to as the mediator between the *fag*<sup>9</sup> and his *master*. His grants of *liberties*<sup>10</sup> to the commonalty were indiscriminate and profuse, while his influence was always exerted to obtain the same privileges for his numerous protégés from the more close aristocrats.<sup>11</sup> He was always to be seen attended by a shoal of dependents of every form in the school, some to get their lessons construed, and others to further claims to their respective stations in

<sup>3</sup> A good bat-man.      <sup>4</sup> To run well, or keep a good look out.

<sup>5</sup> Strong and expert.      <sup>6</sup> A first rate waterman.

<sup>7</sup> Not thought meanly of. Sometimes this phrase is used in derision, as, he does not think *small beer* of himself.

<sup>8</sup> A walk.

<sup>9</sup> Any sixth or fifth form boy can *fag* an Oppidan underling: the collegers are exempted from this custom.

<sup>10</sup> The liberties, or college bounds, are marked by stones placed in different situations; grants of *liberties* are licences given by the head boys to the juniors to break bounds, or rather to except them from the disagreeable necessity of *shirking*, (i. e.) hiding from fear of being reported to the masters.

<sup>11</sup> To that interesting original miscellany, the 'Etonian,' I am indebted for several valuable hints relative to early scenes. The characters are all drawn from observation, with here and there a slight deviation, or heightening touch, the rather to disguise and free them from aught of personal offence, than any intentional departure from truth and nature.

the next cricket match or water expedition. The duck and green pea suppers at Surley Hall would have lost half their relish without the enlivening smiles and smart repartees of Bernard Blackmantle. The preparations for the glorious fourth of June were always submitted to his superior skill and direction. His fiat could decide the claims of the rival boats, in their choice of jackets, hats, and favors; and the judicious arrangement of the fire-works was another proof of his taste. Let it not, however, be thought that his other avocations so entirely monopolized him as to preclude a due attention to study. Had it been so, his success with the *οι πολλοι* would never have been so complete: his desire to be able to confer obligations on his schoolfellows induced Bernard to husband carefully every hour which he spent at home; a decent scholarship, and much general knowledge, was the reward of this plan. The treasure-house of his memory was well stored, and his reputation as an orator gave promise of future excellence. His classical attainments, if not florid, were liberal, and free from pedantry. His proficiency in English literature was universally acknowledged, and his love of the poets amounted to enthusiasm. He was formed for all the bustle of variegated life, and his conversation was crystallized with the sparkling attractions of wit and humour. Subject to the weakness to which genius is ever liable, he was both eccentric and wayward, but he had the good sense to guard his failing from general observation; and although he often shot his arrows anonymously, he never dipt them in the gall of prejudice or ill-nature. I have dwelt upon his character with pleasure, because there are very few who know him intimately. With a happy versatility of talents, he is neither lonesome in his solitude, nor over joyous in a crowd. For his literary attainments, they must be judged of by their fruits. I cannot better conclude my attempt

to describe his qualifications than by offering his first essay to your notice, a school-boy tribute to friendship.

### TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

*' Infido scurræ distabit amicus.'*

HORACE.

How very seldom do we find  
A relish in the human mind  
For friendship pure and real ;  
How few its approbation seek,  
How oft we count its censures weak,  
Disguising what we feel.

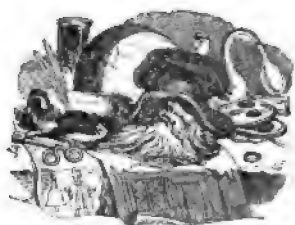
Adulation lives to please,  
Truth dies the victim of disease,  
Forgotten by the world :  
The flattery of the fool delights  
The wise, rebuke our pride affrights,  
And virtue's banner's furl'd.

Wherefore do we censure fate,  
When she withholds the perfect state  
Of friendship from our grasp,  
If we ourselves have not the power,  
The mind to enjoy the blessed hour,  
The fleeting treasure clasp ?

This (I have reason to believe his first poetical essay) was presented me on my birth-day, when we had been about two years together at Eton : a short time afterwards I surprised him one morning writing in his bedroom ; my curiosity was not a little excited by the celerity with which I observed he endeavoured to conceal his papers. "I must see what you are about, Bernard," said I. "Treason, Horatio," replied the young author. "Would you wish to be implicated, or become a confederate ? If so, take the oath of secrecy, and read." Judge of my surprise, when, on casting my eye over his lucubrations, I perceived he had been sketching the portraits of the group, with



whom we were in daily association at our *dame's*. As I perceive by a glance at his work that most of his early friends have parts assigned them in his colloquial scenes, I consider the preservation of this trifle important, as it will furnish a key to the characters.





*Eton College from the playing fields.*

## ETON SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

‘ — I’ll paint for grown up people’s knowledge,  
The manners, customs, and affairs of college.’

### PORTRAITS IN MY DAME’S DINING-ROOM.

*AT the head of the large table on the right hand you will perceive* the Honourable LILYMAN LIONISE, the second son of a nobleman, whose ancient patrimony has been nearly dissipated between his evening parties at the club-houses, in French hazard, or Rouge et noir, and his morning speculations with his betting book at Tattersall’s, Newmarket, or the Fives-court; whose industry in getting into debt is only exceeded by his indifference about getting out; whose acquired property (during his minority) and personals have long since been knocked down by the hammer of the auctioneer, under direction of the sheriff, to pay off some gambling bond in preference to his honest creditor; yet who still flourishes a fashionable gem of the first water, and condescends to lend the *lustre* of

his name, when he has nothing else to *lend*, that he may secure the advantage of a *real loan* in return. His patrimonial acres and heir-looms remain indeed untouched, because the court of chancery have deemed it necessary to appoint a receiver to secure their faithful transmission to the next heir.

The son has imbibed a smattering of all the bad qualities of his sire, without possessing one ray of the brilliant qualifications for which he is distinguished. Proud without property, and sarcastic without being witty, ill temper he mistakes for superior carriage, and haughtiness for dignity : his study is his toilet, and his mind, like his face, is a vacuity neither sensible, intelligent, nor agreeable. He has few associates, for few will accept him for a companion. With his superiors in rank, his precedent honorary distinction yields him no consideration ; with his equals, it places him upon too familiar a footing ; while with his inferiors, it renders him tyrannical and unbearable. His mornings, between school hours, are spent in frequent change of dress, and his afternoons in a lounge à la Bond-street, annoying the modest females and tradesmen's daughters of Eton ; his evenings (after *absence*<sup>1</sup> is called) at home, in solitary dissipation over his box of *liqueurs*, or in making others uncomfortable by his rudeness and overbearing dictation. He is disliked by the *dame*, detested by the servants, and shunned by his schoolfellows, and yet he is our *captain*, a *Sextile*, a *Roue*, and above all, an honourable.

TOM ECHO. *A little to the left of the Exquisite, you may perceive Tom's merry countenance shedding good-humour around him. He is the only one who can*

<sup>1</sup> *Absence* is called several times in the course of the day, to prevent the boys straying away to any great distance from the college, and at night to secure them in quarters at the dames' houses : if a boy neglects to answer to his name, or is too late for the call, inquiry is immediately made at his *dame's*, and a very satisfactory apology must be offered to prevent punishment.

manage the *Sextile* with effect : Tom is always ready with a tart reply to his sarcasm, or a *cut* at his consequence. Tom is the eldest son of one of the most respectable whig families in the kingdom, whose ancestors have frequently refused a peerage, from an inherent democratical but constitutional jealousy of the crown. Independence and Tom were nursery friends, and his generous, noble-hearted conduct renders him an universal favorite with the school. Then, after holidays, Tom always returns with such a rich collection of fox-hunting stories and sporting anecdotes, and gives *sock*<sup>2</sup> so graciously, that he is the very life of *dame* ——'s party. There is to be sure one drawback to Tom's good qualities, but it is the natural attendant upon a high flow of animal spirits : if any mischief is on foot, Tom is certain to be concerned, and ten to one but he is the chief contriver : to be seen in his company, either a short time previous to, or quickly afterwards, although perfectly innocent, is sure to create a suspicion of guilt with the masters, which not unusually involves his companions in trouble, and sometimes in unmerited punishment. Tom's philosophy is to live well, study little, drink hard, and laugh immoderately. He is not deficient in sense, but he wants application and excitement : he has been taught from infancy to feel himself perfectly independent of the world, and at home every where : nature has implanted in his bosom the characteristic benevolence of his ancestry, and he stands among us a being whom every one loves and admires, without any very distinguishing trait of learning, wit, or superior qualification, to command the respect he excites. If any one tells a good story or makes a laughable pun, Tom retails it for a week, and all the school have the advantage of hearing and enjoying it. Any proposition for a boat party, cricketing, or a *toodle* into Windsor, or along the banks of the Thames

<sup>2</sup> Good cheer ; any nicety, as pastry, &c.

on a sporting excursion, is sure to meet a willing response from him. He is second to none in a charitable subscription for a poor *Cad*, or the widow of a drowned *Bargee*; his heart ever reverberates the *echo* of pleasure, and his tongue only falters to the *echo* of deceit.

HORACE EGLANTINE is placed just opposite to *Lilyman Lionise*, a calm-looking head, with blue eyes and brown hair, which flows in ringlets of curls over his shoulders. Horace is the son of a city banker, by the second daughter of an English earl, a young gentleman of considerable expectations, and very amusing qualifications. Horace is a strange composition of all the good-natured whimsicalities of human nature, happily blended together without any very conspicuous counteracting foible. Facetious, lively, and poetical, the cream of every thing that is agreeable, society cannot be dull if Horace lends his presence. His imitations of Anacreon, and the soft bard of Erin, have on many occasions puzzled the cognoscenti of Eton. Like Moore too, he both composes and performs his own songs. The following little specimen of his powers will record one of those pleasant impositions with which he sometimes enlivens a winter's evening :

TO ELIZA.

Oh think not the smile and the glow of delight,  
With youth's rosy hue, shall for ever be seen :  
Frosty age will o'ercloud, with his mantle of night,  
The brightest and fairest of nature's gay scene.

Or think while you trip, like some aerial sprite,  
To pleasure's soft notes on the dew-spangled mead,  
That the rose of thy cheek, or thine eyes' starry light,  
Shall sink into earth, and thy spirit be freed.

Then round the gay circle we'll frolic awhile,  
And the light of young love shall the fleet hour bless  
While the pure rays of friendship our eve-tide beguile,  
Above fortune's frowns and the chills of distress

The most provoking punster and poet that ever turned the serious and sentimental into broad humour. Every quaint remark affords a pun or an epigram, and every serious sentence gives birth to some merry couplet. Such is the facility with which he strings together puns and rhyme, that in the course of half an hour he has been known to wager, and win it—that he made a couplet and a pun on every one present, to the number of fifty. Nothing annoys the exquisite *Sextile* so much as this tormenting talent of Horace; he is always *shirking* him, and yet continually falling in his way. For some time, while Horace was in the fourth form, these little *jeu-d'esprits* were circulated privately, and smuggled up in half suppressed laughs; but being now high on the fifth, Horace is no longer in fear of *fagging*, and therefore gives free license to his tongue in many a witty jest, which “sets the table in a roar.”

DICK GRADUS. *In a snug corner, at a side table, observe that shrewd-looking little fellow poring over his book; his features seem represented by acute angles, and his head, which appears too heavy for his body, represents all the thoughtfulness of age, like an ancient fragment of Phidias or Praxiteles placed upon new shoulders by some modern bust carver.* Dick is the son of an eminent solicitor in a borough town, who has raised himself into wealth and consequence by a strict attention to the principles of interest: sharp practice, heavy mortgages, loans on annuity, and post obits, have strengthened his list of possessions till his influence is extended over half the county. The proprietor of the borough, a good humoured sporting extravagant, has been compelled to yield his influence in St. Stephen's to old Gradus, that he may preserve his character at Newmarket, and continue his pack and fox-hunting festivities at home. The representation of the place is now disposed of to the best bidder, but the ambition of the father has long since determined upon sending his son (when of age)

into parliament—a promising candidate for the “loaves and fishes.” Richard Gradus, M.P.—you may almost perceive the senatorial honor stamped upon the brow of the young aspirant; he has been early initiated into the value of time and money; his lessons of thrift have been practically illustrated by watching the operations of the law in his father's office; his application to learning is not the result of an innate love of literature, or the ambition of excelling his compeers, but a cold, stiff, and formal desire to collect together materials for the storehouse of his memory, that will enable him to pursue his interested views and future operations on society with every prospect of success. Genius has no participation in his studies: his knowledge of Greek and Latin is grammatical and pedantic; he reads Livy, Tacitus, Sallust, Cæsar, Xenophon, Thucydides, in their original language; boasts of his learning with a haughty mien and scornful look of self-importance, and thinks this school-boy exercise of memory, this mechanism of the mind, is to determine the line between genius and stupidity; and has never taken into consideration that the mere linguist, destitute of native powers, with his absurd parade of scholastic knowledge, is a solitary barren plant, when opposed to the higher occupations of the mind, to the flights of fancy, the daring combinations of genius, and the sublime pictures of imagination. Dick is an isolated being, a book-worm, who never embarks in any party of pleasure, from the fear of expense; he has no talents for general conversation, while his ridiculous affectation of learning subjects him to a constant and annoying fire from the batteries of Etonian wit. Still, however, Dick perseveres in his course, till his blanched cheeks and cadaverous aspect, from close study and want of proper exercise, proclaim the loss of health, and the probable establishment of some pulmonary affection that may, before he scarcely reaches maturity, blight the ambitious hopes of his father, and consign

the son "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

HORATIO HEARTLY. *At the lower end of the room, observe a serene-looking head displaying all the quiet character of a youthful portrait by the divine Raphael, joined to the inspiring sensibility which flashes from the almost breathing countenance and penetrating brilliancy of eye, that distinguishes a Guido. That is my bosom friend, my more than brother, my mentor and my guide. Horatio is an orphan, the son of a general officer, whose crimsoned stream of life was dried up by an eastern sun, while he was yet a lisping infant. His mother, lovely, young, and rich in conjugal attachment, fell a blighted corse in early widowhood, and left Horatio, an unprotected bud of virtuous love, to the fostering care of Lady Mary Oldstyle, a widowed sister of the general's, not less rich in worldly wealth than in true benevolence of heart, and the celestial glow of pure affection. Heartly is a happy combination of all the good-humoured particles of human nature blended together, with sense, feeling, and judgment. Learned without affectation, and liberal without being profuse, he has found out the secret of attaching all the school to himself, without exciting any sensation of envy, or supplanting prior friendships. Horatio is among the *alumni* of Eton the king of good fellows: there is not a boy in the school, collegier, or oppidan, but what would fight a long hour to defend him from insult; no—nor a sparkling eye among the enchanting daughters of old *Etona* that does not twinkle with pleasure at the elegant *congéé*, and amiable attentions, which he always pays at the shrine of female accomplishment. Generous to a fault, his purse—which the bounty of his aunt keeps well supplied—is a public bank, *pro bono publico*. His parties to *sock* are always distinguished by an excellent selection, good taste, and superior style. In all the varied school sports and pastimes, his manly form and vigorous constitution gain him a superior*



station among his compeers, which his cheerful disposition enables him to turn to general advantage. Nor is he in less estimation with the masters, who are loud in their praises of his assiduity and proficiency in school pursuits. Horatio is not exactly a genius: there is nothing of that wild eccentricity of thought and action which betokens the vivid flights of imagination, or the meteoric brightness of inspiration; his actions are distinguished by coolness, intrepidity, and good sense. He does not pretend to second sight, or a knowledge of futurity; but on the present and the past there are few who can reason with more cogency of remark, or with more classic elegance of diction: with such a concentration of qualities, it is not wonderful that his influence extends through every gradation of the juvenile band. His *particular* attachments are not numerous; but those who have experienced the sincerity of his private friendship must always remain his debtor—from deficiency of expression; among the most obliged of whom is—the author.

BOB TRANSIT. Bob has no fixed situation; therefore it would be in vain to attempt to say where he may be found: sometimes he is placed next to Bernard, and between him and Heartly, with whom he generally associates; at other times he takes his situation at the side table, or fills up a spare corner opposite to Dick Gradus, or the *exquisite*, either of whom he annoys, during dinner, by sketching their portraits in caricature upon the cover of his Latin Grammar, with their mouths crammed full of victuals, or in the act of swallowing hot pudding: nor does the *dame* sometimes escape him; the whole table have frequently been convulsed with laughter at Bob's comic representation of Miss ——'s devout phiz, as exhibited during the preparatory ceremony of a dinner grace: the soul of whim, and source of fun and frolic, Bob is no mean auxiliary to a merry party, or the exhilarating pleasure of a broad grin.

Bob's *admiral* is an R.A. of very high repute ; who, having surmounted all the difficulties of obscure origin and limited education, by the brilliancy of his talents, has determined to give his son the advantage of early instruction and liberal information, as a prelude to his advancement in the arts. Talent is not often hereditary (or at least in succession) ; but the facility of Transit's pencil is astonishing : with the rapidity of a Fuseli he sketches the human figure in all its various attitudes, and produces in his hasty drawings so much force of effect and truth of character, that the subject can never be mistaken. His humour is irresistible, and is strongly characterized by all the eccentricity and wit of a Gillray, turning the most trifling incidents into laughable burlesque. Between him and Horace Eglantine there exists a sort of copartnership in the sister arts of poetry and painting : Horace rhymes, and Bob illustrates ; and very few in the school of any note have at one time or other escaped this combination of epigram and caricature. Bob has an eye to real life, and is formed for all the bustle of the varied scene. Facetious, witty, and quaint, with all the singularity of genius in his composition, these juvenile *jeux d'esprits* of his pencil may be regarded as the rays of promise, which streak with golden tints the blushing horizon of the morn of youth.

As Bob is not over studious, or attached to the Latin and Greek languages, he generally manages to get any difficult lesson construed by an agreement with some more learned and assiduous associate ; the *quid pro quo* on these occasions being always punctually paid on his part by a humorous sketch of the head master calling first absence, taken from a snug, oblique view in the school-yard, or a burlesque on some of the fellows or inhabitants of Eton. In this way Bob contrives to pass school muster, although these specimens of talent have, on more than one occasion, brought him to the *block*. It must however

be admitted, that in all these flights of fancy his pencil is never disgraced by any malignancy of motive, or the slightest exhibition of personal spleen. Good humour is his motto ; pleasure his pursuit : and if he should not prove a Porson or an Elmsley, he gives every promise of being equally eminent with a Bunbury, Gillray, or a Rowlandson.

Varied groups are disposed around the room, and make up the back ground of my picture. Many of these are yet too young to particularize, and others have nothing sufficiently characteristic to deserve it ; some who have not yet committed their *first fault*, and many who are continually *in error* ; others who pursue the straight beaten track to scholastic knowledge, and trudge on like learned dromedaries. Two or three there are who follow in no sphere—eccentric stars, shooting from space to space ; some few mischievous wags, who delight in a good joke, and will run the risk of punishment at any time to enjoy it ; with here and there a little twinkling gem, like twilight planets, just emerging from the misty veil of nature.

These form my *dame's* dinner party. Reader, do not judge them harshly from this hasty sketch : take into your consideration their youth and inexperience ; and if they do not improve upon acquaintance, and increase in estimation with their years, the fault must in justice rather be attributed to the author than to any deficiency in their respective merits.





THE  
FIVE PRINCIPAL ORDERS OF ETON,  
DOCTOR, DAME, COLLEGER, OPPIDAN,  
AND CAD.

*A SKETCH TAKEN OPPOSITE THE LONG WALK.*

We shall note the Principale, as he dothe paice alonge the College avenue, by his statelie carriage and silken robe, which betokeneth his high degree. Looke where the hand of Wisdom hath impressed her classicke seale upon his solemn brow; his eye resteth not upon the things of this worlde; and in his time-worne countenance may ye reade a skill profounde, and majestie of thought.

The Faire, who in the pride of womanhood doth paice alonge so statelie in her silken trappings, is a jollye Dame o'the College: see with what dignitie she rears her crest: know ye when the clothe is laide, and the rich viands smoke upon the boarde, she counts one Duke, three earls, two barons, and a score of esquires, for her daylie guests.

Looke in her face, and ye shall see good living written in her merrie countenance.

The Sertile Colleger holds converse with his booke, avoiding the gay sports and flippances of youthe. The measure of his fortune lieth in the chance of passing election in due time; for failing therein, he counteth upon 'no cordial spice of gaine.'

The Oppidan dothe weare a saucy humour in his eye, the heralde of his independent spirit. What time he gains 'twixt absence and the schools, is all devoted unto sports and sprees. View him on the margin of the Thames, plying a pair of oares, as if he had to earne a scantie livelihood by buffeting the foامية tide. Certes he will be well provided for the worste of times; because, by the dexterous use of his *scull*, he maie contrive to keepe his own *heade* above the water.

The Arlette, in the fustian doublet, with a merrie countenance, and a brace of tikes tied in a hempen noose, beareth the appellation of a college *Cad*, which signifieth a scurbie knave, that dothe betimes administer to the prodigalities of youthe, leading *whelpinge* dukes, lordes, and esquires, on *flyinge leapes* and interdicted sports; one who hath more *skille* in *sapping* than all the learned fellows of Etona can oftentimes repair.

## ETON DAMES\*;

### AN ODE,

NEITHER AMATORY, ILLNATURED, NOR PATHETIC.

LET Oxford beaux, to am'rous belles,  
Love's warm epistles write;  
Or Cambridge youths, in classic dells,  
Invoke the shadowy night.

\* The above *jeu-d'esprit* made its appearance on one of those joyous occasions, when the sons of old Etona return from Oxford and Cambridge, filled with filial regard for early scenes and

Let Cockney poets boast their *flames*,  
 Of ' *Vicked Cupit* ' patter :  
 Be mine a verse on Eton Dames—  
 A more *substantial* matter.  
 I care not if the Graces three  
 Have here withheld perfection ;  
 Brown, black, or fair, the same to me,—  
 E'en age is no objection.  
 A pleasing squint, or but one eye,  
 Will do as well as any ;  
 A mouth between a laugh and cry,  
 Or wrinkled, as my granny.  
 A hobbling gait, or a wooden leg,  
 Or locks of silvery gray ;  
 Or name her Madge, or Poll, or Peg,  
 She still shall have my lay.

Perfection centres in the mind,  
 The gen'rous must acknowledge :  
 Then, Muse, be candid, just, and kind,  
 To Dames of Eton College.\*

school-boy friendships, to commemorate a college election. It was, at the time, purposely attributed to some of these waggish visitors, a sort of privileged race, who never fail of indulging in numerous good-humoured freaks with the inhabitants of Eton, to show off to the rising generation the pleasantries, whims, and improvements of a college life. The subject is one of great delicacy, but it will, I hope, be admitted by the merry dames themselves, that my friend Bernard has in this, as in every other instance, endeavoured to preserve the strongest traits of truth and character, without indulging in offensive satire, or departing from propriety and decorum.—*Horatio Heartly*.

\* The independent students, commonly called *Oppidans*, are very numerous: they are boarded at private houses in the environs of the college; the presiding masters and mistresses of which have from time immemorial enjoyed the title of *Domine* and *Dame*: the average number of *Oppidans* is from three hundred to three hundred and fifty.

## PROEM.

Said Truth to the Muse, as they wander'd along,  
 "Prithee, Muse, spur your Pegasus into a song ;  
 Let the subject be lively,—how like you the Belles ?"  
 Said the Muse, "he's no sportsman that kisses and  
 tells.

But in females delighting, suppose we stop here,  
 And do you bid the Dames of old Eton appear ;  
 In your mirror their merits, with candour, survey,  
 And I'll sing their worth in my very best Lay."  
 No sooner 'twas said, than agreed :—it was done,  
 Wing'd Mercury summon'd them every one.

## MISS A\*\*\*LO.

FIRST, deck'd in the height of the fashion, a belle,  
 An angel, ere Chronos had tipt her with snow,  
 Advanced to the goddess, and said, "you may tell,  
 That in Eton, there's no better table, you know ;"  
 And by Truth 'twas admitted, "her generous board  
 Is rich, in whatever the seasons afford."

## THE MISS T\*\*\*\*\*S.

Of ancients, a pair next presented themselves,  
 When in popp'd some waggish Oxonian elves,  
 Who spoke of times past, of short commons, and  
 cheese,  
 And told tales, which did much the old ladies dis-  
 please.  
 "Good morning," said Truth, as the dames pass'd  
 him by :  
 Young stomachs, if stinted, are sure to outcry.

## MRS. R\*\*\*\*\*U.

On her *Domine* leaning came dame R\*\*\*\*\*u,  
 The oldest in college, deck'd in rich furbelow.

She curtsied around to the *Oppidan* band,  
 But not one said a word, and but few gave a hand.  
 Truth whisper'd the Muse, who, as sly, shook her head,  
 Saying, "where little's told, 'tis soon mended, it's  
       said."

MRS. S\*\*\*\*\*E.

When S\*\*\*\*\*e appear'd, what a shout rent the air !  
 The spruce widow affords the most excellent cheer ;  
 For comfort in quarters there's nothing can beat her,  
 So up rose the lads with a welcome to greet her :  
 The muse with true gallantry led her to place,  
 And Truth said good humour was writ in her face.

MRS. D\*\*\*\*N.

With a face (once divine), and a figure still smart,  
 And a grace that defies even Time's fatal dart,  
 Dame D\*\*\*\*n advanced, made her curtsy, and smiled ;  
 Truth welcomed the fair, the grave, witty, and wild ;  
 All, all gave their votes, and some said they knew  
 That her numbers by no measure equall'd her due.

MISS S\*\*\*\*\*S.

"By my hopes," said the Muse, "here's a rare jolly  
       pair,  
 A right merry frontispiece, comely and fair,  
 To good living and quarters." "You're right," nodded  
       Truth.  
 A welcome approval was mark'd in each youth.  
 And 'twas no little praise among numbers like theirs,  
 To meet a unanimous welcome up stairs.

MISS L\*\*\*\*\*D.

Lavater, though sometimes in error, you'll find  
 May be here quoted safely ; the face tells the mind.  
 Good humour and happiness live in her eye.  
 Her motto's contentment you'll easily spy.



A chair for Miss L\*\*\*\*\*d Truth placed near the  
Muse ;  
For beauty to rhyme can fresh spirit infuse.

MRS. V\*\*\*\*\*Y.

V\*\*\*\*\*y, in *weeds*, led an angel along,  
Accomplish'd and pretty, who blush'd at the throng.  
The old dame seem'd to say, and i'faith she might  
well,  
"Sons of Eton, when saw you a handsomer belle ?"  
If any intended the widow to sneer,  
Miss A—— won their favor, and banish'd the jeer.

MISS M\*\*\*\*\*s.

Three sisters, famed for various parts,  
One clerks, and one makes savoury tarts ;  
While t'other, bless her dinner face,  
Cuts up the viands with a *grace*,  
Advanced, and met a cheerful greeting  
From all who glorify good eating.

MRS. W. H\*\*\*\*\*R.

With a smile, *à la confident*, came Mrs. H,  
Whose Domine writing to Eton's sons teach :  
In college, the handiest man you can find  
For improvements of all sorts, both building and  
mind :  
He seem'd on good terms with himself, but the Muse  
Said, "the Dame claim'd a welcome which none could  
refuse."

DAME A\*\*\*\*\*s.

Dame A\*\*\*\*\*s, respected by all, made her way  
Through the throng that assembled at Eton that day.  
Old Chronos had wrinkled her forehead, 'tis true ;  
Yet her countenance beam'd in a rich, mellow hue  
Of good humour and worth ; 'twas a pleasure to mark  
How the dame was applauded by each Eton spark.

MISS B\*\*\*\*\*K.

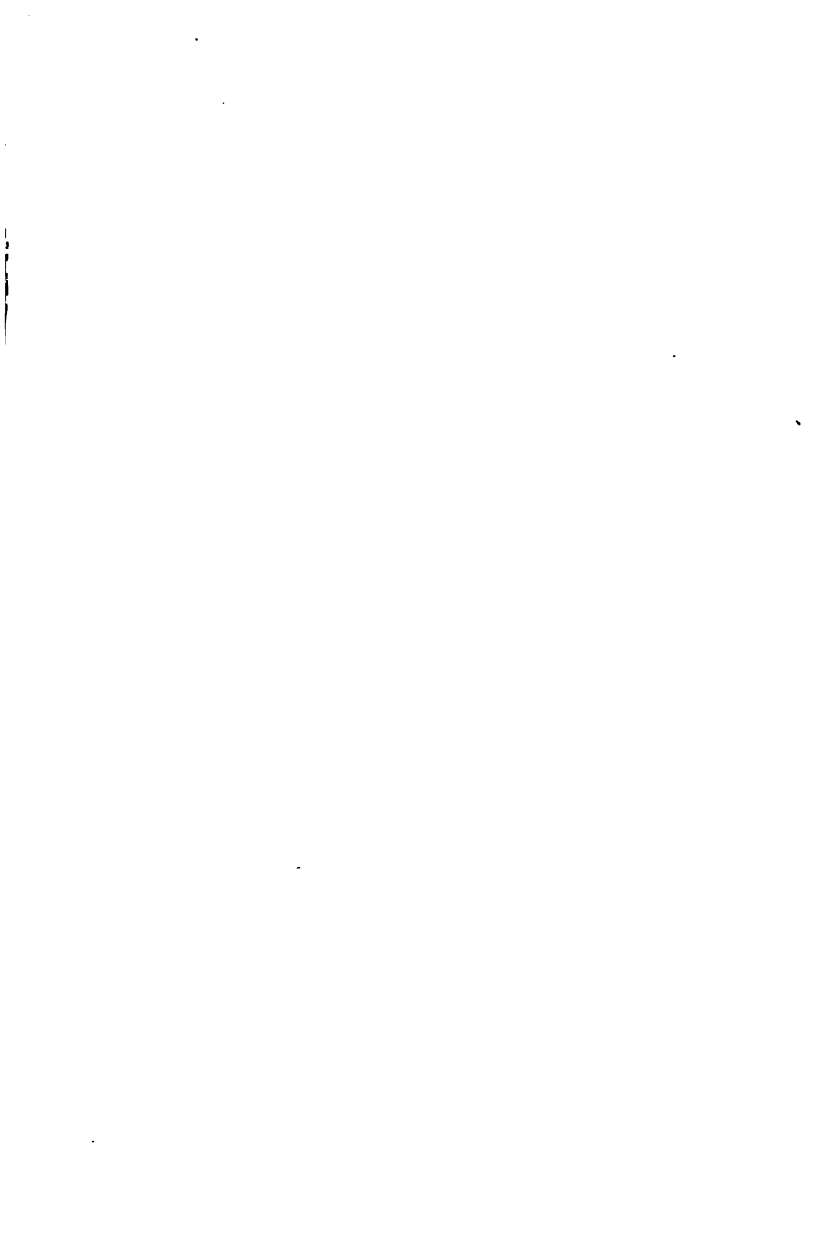
Long and loud were the plaudits the lady to cheer,  
Whom the doctor had treated somewhat cavalier :  
"Too young," said the ancient, "the proverb is trite ;  
Age and wisdom, good doctor, not always unite."  
"For prudence and worth," said Truth, "I'll be bound  
She may challenge the Dames of old Eton around."

---

A crowd pressing forward, the day growing late,  
Truth whisper'd the Muse, "we had better retreat ;  
For though 'mong the dames we are free from  
disasters,  
I know not how well we may fare with the masters.  
There's Carter, and Yonge, Knapp, Green, and  
Dupuis,\*  
All coming this way with their ladies, I see.  
Our visit, you know, was alone to the belles ;  
The masters may sing, if they please, of themselves."  
Truth mounted a cloud, and the Poet his nag,  
And these whims sent next day by the post-office bag.

\* Lower, and assistant masters, who keep boarding-houses.  
Until lately this practice was not permitted ; but it must be  
confessed that it is a salutary arrangement, as it not only tends  
to keep the youth in a better state of subjection, but in many  
instances is calculated to increase their progress in study, by  
enabling them to receive private instruction.







THE OPPIDAN'S MUSEUM *on Elton &*



*Court of Claims at the Christopher.*



## ELECTION SATURDAY.

*A Peep at the Long Chambers—The Banquet—Reflections on parting—Arrival of the Provost of King's College, Cambridge, and the Pozers—The Captain's Oration—Busy Monday—The Oppidan's Farewell—Examination and Election of the Collegers who stand for King's—The aquatic Gala and Fireworks—Oxonian Visitors—Night-Rambles in Eton—Transformations of Signs and Names—The Feast at the Christopher, with a View of*

### THE OPPIDAN'S MUSEUM, AND ETON COURT OF CLAIMS.

Now from the schools pour forth a num'rous train,  
Light-hearted, buoyant as the summer breeze,  
To deck thy bosom, Eton : now each face  
Anticipation brightens with delight,  
While many a fancied bliss floats gaily  
O'er the ardent mind, chaste as the Nautilus,  
Spreading her pearly spangles to the sun :  
The joyous welcome of parental love,  
The heart-inspiring kiss a sister yields,  
A brother's greeting, and the cheering smiles  
Of relatives and friends, and aged domestics,  
Time-honor'd for their probity and zeal,  
Whose silvery locks recall to mem'ry's view  
Some playful scene of earliest childhood,  
When frolic, mirth, and gambol led the way,  
Ere reason gave sobriety of thought.—  
Now bear the busy *Cads* the new-lopt bough

Of beech-tree to the dormitories,  
While active Collegers the foliage raise  
Against the chamber walls. A classic grove  
Springs as by magic art, cool and refreshing,  
A luxury by nature's self supply'd,  
Delicious shelter from the dog-star's ray.  
In thought profound the studious *Sextile* mark  
In learned converse with some ancient sage,  
Whose aid he seeks to meet the dread Provost.  
The captain fearless seeks the ancient stand,  
Where old Etona's sons, beneath time's altar-piece,\*  
Have immemorial welcomed *Granta's* chief.  
In College-hall the merry cook prepares  
The choicest viands for the master's banquet :  
A graceful, healthy throng surround the board,  
And temp'rance, love, and harmony, prevail.  
Now busy *dames* are in high bustle caught,  
Preparing for each oppidan's departure ;  
And servants, like wing'd Mercury, must fly  
O'er Windsor bridge to hail the London coach.  
Adieus on ev'ry side, farewell, farewell,  
Rings in each passing ear ; yet, nor regret  
Nor sorrow marks the face, but all elate  
With cheerful tongue and brighten'd eye, unite  
To hail with joy Etona's holiday.  
Now comes the trial of who stands for King's,  
Examinations difficult and deep  
The Provost and his pozers to o'ercome.  
To this succeeds the grand aquatic gala,  
A spectacle of most imposing import,  
Where, robed in every costume of the world,  
The gay youth direct the glittering prow ;  
A fleet of well-trimm'd barks upon the bosom  
Of old father Thames, glide on to pleasure's note :

\* Shortly after the arrival of the Provost, he proceeds through the cloisters, where he is met by the captain, or head boy of the school, who speaks a long Latin oration before him, standing under the clock.



The expert victors are received with cheers,  
And the dark canopy of night's illumin'd  
With a grand display of brilliant fires.

## ELECTION SATURDAY.

To an old Etonian the last week in July brings with it recollections of delight that time and circumstances can never wholly efface. If, beneath the broad umbrage of the refreshing grove, he seeks relief from care and sultry heat, memory recalls to his imagination the scenes of his boyhood, the ever pleasing recollections of infancy, when he reclined upon the flowery bosom of old father Thames, or sought amusement in the healthful exercise of bathing, or calmly listened to the murmuring ripple of the waters, or joined the merry group in gently plying of the splashing oar. With what eager delight are these reminiscences of youth dwelt on! With what mingled sensations of hope, fear, and regret, do we revert to the happy period of life when, like the favorite flower of the month, our minds and actions rivalled the lily in her purity! Who, that has ever tasted of the inspiring delight which springs from associations of scholastic friendships and amusements, but would eagerly quit the bustle of the great world to indulge in the enjoyment of the pure and unalloyed felicity which is yet to be found among the *alumni* of Eton?—Election Saturday—the very sound reverberates the echo of pleasure, and in a moment places me (in imagination) in the centre of the long chambers of Eton, walking beneath the grateful foliage of the beech-tree, with which those dormitories are always decorated previous to election Saturday. I can almost fancy that I hear the rattle of the carriage wheels, and see the four horses smoking beneath the lodge-window of Eton college, that conveys the provost of King's to attend examination and election. Then too I can figure the classic band who wait to

receive him ; the dignified little doctor leading the way, followed by the *steady*, calm-visaged lower master, CARTER ; then comes *benedict* YONGE, and after him a space intervenes, where one should have been of rare qualities, but he is absent ; then follows good-humoured HEATH, and KNAPP, who loves the rattle of a coach, and pleasant, *clever* HAWTRY, and *careful* OKES, and that shrewd *sapper*, GREEN, followed by *medium* DUPUIS, and the *intelligent* CHAPMAN : these form his classic escort to the cloisters. But who shall paint the captain's envied feelings, the proud triumph of his assiduity and skill ? To him the honourable office of public orator is assigned ; with modest reverence he speaks the Latin oration, standing, as is the custom from time immemorial, under the clock. There too he receives the bright reward, the approbation of the Provost of King's college, and the procession moves forward to the College-hall to partake of the generous banquet. On Sunday the Provost of King's remains a guest with his compeer of Eton. But *busy* Monday arrives, and hundreds of Oxonians and Cantabs pour in to witness the speeches of the boys, and pay a tribute of respect to their former masters. The exhibition this day takes place in the upper school, and consists of sixth form oppidans and collegers. How well can I remember the animated picture Eton presents on such occasions : shoals of juvenile oppidans, who are not yet of an age to have been elected of any particular school-party, marching forth from their dames' houses, linked arm in arm, parading down the street with an air and gaiety that implies some newly acquired consequence, or liberty of conduct. Every where a holiday face presents itself, and good humour lisps upon every tongue. Here may be seen a youthful group, all anxiety and bustle, trudging after some well-known *Cad*, who creeps along towards the Windsor coach-office, loaded with portmanteaus, carpet bags, and

boxes, like a Norfolk caravan at Christmas time ; while the youthful proprietors of the bulky stock, all anxiety and desire to reach their relatives and friends, are hurrying him on, and do not fail to spur the *elephant* with many a cutting gibe, at his slow progression. Within doors the dames are all bustle, collecting, arranging, and packing up the wardrobes of their respective boarders ; servants flying from the hall to the attic, and endangering their necks in their passage down again, from anxiety to meet the breathless impetuosity of their parting guests. Books of all classes, huddled into a heap, may be seen in the corner of each bed-room, making *sock* for the mice till the return of their purveyors with lots of plum-cake and savoury tarts. The more mature are now busily engaged in settling the fashion of their costume for the approaching gala ; in receiving a visit from an elder brother, or a young Oxonian, formerly of Eton, who has arrived post to take *sock* with him, and enjoy the approaching festivities. Here a venerable domestic, whose silver locks are the truest emblem of his trusty services, arrives with the favorite pony to convey home the infant heir and hope of some noble house.

Now is Garraway as lively as my lord mayor's steward at a Guildhall feast-day ; and the active note of preparation for the good things of this world rings through the oaken chambers of the Christopher. Not even the *sanctum sanctorum* is forgotten, where, in times long past, I have quaffed my jug of Bulstrode, "in cool grot," removed from the scorching heat of a July day, and enjoyed many a *good joke*, secure from the prying observations of the *domine*. One, and one only, class of persons wear a sorrowful face upon these joyous occasions, and these are the confectioners and fruitresses of Eton ; with them, election Saturday and busy Monday are like the herald to a Jewish black fast, or a stock exchange holiday : they may as well *sport their oaks* (to use an Oxford phrase) till the

return of the oppidans to school, for they seldom see the colour of a customer's cash till the, to them, happy period arrives.

On the succeeding days the examinations of the collegers proceed regularly ; then follows the election of new candidates, and the severe trial of those who stand for King's. These scholastic arrangements generally conclude on the Wednesday night, or Thursday morning, and then Pleasure mounts her variegated car, and drives wherever Fancy may direct. Formerly I find seven or eight scholars went to King's\* ; but in consequence of the fellows of Eton holding pluralities, the means are impoverished, and the number consequently reduced to two or three : this is the more to be regretted, on account of the very severe and irrecoverable disappointment the scholars experience in losing their election, merely on account of age ; as at nineteen they are superannuated, and cannot afterwards receive any essential benefit from the college.

Not the blue waves of the Engia, covered with the gay feluccas of the Greeks, and spreading their glittering streamers in the sun ; nor the more lovely

\* This noble seminary of learning was founded by Hen. VI. in 1440. Its establishment was then on a limited scale ; it has long since been enlarged, and now consists of a provost, vice-provost, six fellows, two schoolmasters, with their assistants, seventy scholars, seven clerks, and ten choristers, besides various inferior officers and servants. The annual election of scholars to King's College, Cambridge, takes place about the end of July, or the beginning of August, when the twelve senior scholars are put on the roll to succeed, but they are not removed till vacancies occur ; the average number of which is about nine in two years. At nineteen years of age the scholars are superannuated. Eton sends, also, two scholars to Merton College, Oxford, where they are denominated post-masters, and has likewise a few exhibitions of twenty-one guineas each for its superannuated scholars. The scholars elected to King's succeed to fellowships at three years' standing.

Adriatic, swelling her translucent bosom to the gentle motion of the gondolier, and bearing on her surface the splendid cars and magnificent pageant of the Doge of Venice, marrying her waters to the sea, can to an English bosom yield half the delight the grand aquatic Eton gala affords ; where, decked in every costume fancy can devise, may be seen the noble youth of Britain, her rising statesmen, warriors, and judges, the future guardians of her liberties, wealth, and commerce, all vying with each other in loyal devotion to celebrate the sovereign's natal day.\* Then doth thy silvery bosom, father Thames, present a spectacle truly delightful ; a transparent mirror, studded with gems and stars and splendid pageantry, reflecting a thousand brilliant variegated hues ; while, upon thy flowery margin, the loveliest daughters of the land press the green velvet of luxuriant nature, outrivalling in charms of colour, form, and beauty, the rose, the lily, and the graceful pine. There too may be seen the accomplished and the gay youth labouring for pleasure at the healthful oar, while with experienced skill the expert helmsman directs through all thy fragrant windings the trim bark to victory. The race determined, the bright star of eve, outrivalled by the pyrotechnic *artiste*, hides his diminished head.

Now sallies forth the gay Oxonian from the Christopher, ripe with the rare Falernian of mine host, to have his frolic gambol with old friends. Pale Luna, through her misty veil, smiles at these harmless pleasantries, and lends the merry group her aid to *smuggle signs, alter names*, and play off a thousand fantastic vagaries ; while the Eton Townsman, robed in peace-

\* The grand aquatic gala, which terminates the week's festivities at Eton, and concludes the water excursions for the season, was originally fixed in honour of his late majesty's birth-day, and would have been altered to the period of his successor's, but the time would not accord, the twelfth day of August being vacation.

ful slumber, dreams not of the change his house has undergone, and wakes to find a double transformation ; his *Angel* vanished, or exchanged for the rude semblance of an Oxford *Bear*, with a cognomen thereto appended, as foreign to his family nomenclature "as he to Hercules." In the morning the *dames* are wailing the loss of their polished knockers ; and the barber-surgeon mourns the absence of his obtrusive pole. The optician's glasses have been removed to the door of some prying *domine* ; and the large tin cocked hat has been seized by some midnight giant, who has also claimed old Crispin's three-leagued boot. The golden *fish* has leaped into the Thames. The landlord of the *Lamb* bleats loudly for his *fleece*. The grocer cares not a *fig* for the loss of his *sugar-loaves*, but laughs, and takes it as a *currant* joke. Old Duplicate is resolved to have his *balls* restored with *interest* ; and the lady mother of the *black doll* is quite *pale* in the face with sorrow for the loss of her child. Mine host of the *vine* looks as *sour* as his own *grapes*, before they were *fresh gilded* ; and spruce master Pigtail, the tobacconist, complains that his large roll of real *Virginia* has been chopped into *short cut*. But these are by far the least tormenting jokes. That good-humoured *Cad*, Jem Miller, finds the honorary distinction of *private tutor* added to his name. *Dame* —s, an irreproachable *spinster* of forty, discovers that of Mr. Probe, *man-midwife*, appended to her own. *Mr. Primefit*, the Eton Stultz, is changed into *Botch*, the cobbler. Diodorus Drowsy, D.D., of Windsor, is re-christened Diggory Drenchall, common brewer ; and the amiable Mrs. Margaret *Sweet*, the Eton pastry-cook and confectioner, finds her name united in bands of brass with Mr. Benjamin *Bittertart*, the baker. The celebrated Christopher Caustic, Esq., *surgeon*, has the *mortification* to find his Esculapian dormitory decorated with the sign-board of Mr. Slaughtercalf, a German butcher ; while his handsome brass pestle

and mortar, with the gilt Galen's head annexed, have been waggishly transferred to the house of some Eton Dickey Gossip, barber and dentist. Mr. Index, the bookseller, changes names with old Frank Finis, the sexton. The elegant door plate of Miss Caroline Cypher; spinster, is placed on the *right side* of Nicodemus Number, B.A., and fellow of Eton, with this note annexed: "New rule of *Addition*, according to Cocker." Old Amen, the parish clerk, is united to Miss Bridget Silence, the pew opener; and Theophilus White, M.D. changes place with Mr. Sable, the undertaker. But we shall become too *grave* if we proceed *deeper* with this *subject*. There is no end to the whimsical alterations and ludicrous changes that take place upon these occasions, when scarce a sign or door plate in Eton escapes some pantomimic transformation.\*

\* Representations to the masters or authorities are scarcely ever necessary to redress these whimsical grievances, as the injured parties are always remunerated. The next day the spoils and trophies are arranged in due form in a certain snug sanctum sanctorum, the cellar of a favorite inn, well known by the name of the Oppidan's Museum; for a view of which see the sketch made on the spot by my friend Bob Transit. Here the merry wags are to be found in council, holding a court of claims, to which all the tradesmen who have suffered any loss are successively summoned; and after pointing out from among the motley collection the article they claim, and the price it originally cost, they are handsomely remunerated, or the sign replaced. The good people of Eton generally choose the former, as it not only enable them to sport a new sign, but to put a little profit upon the cost price of the old one. The trophies thus acquired are then packed up in hampers, and despatched to Oxford, where they are on similar occasions not unfrequently displayed, or hung up, in lieu of some well-known sign, such as the Mitre, &c. which has been removed during the night.

## AN ETON ELECTION SCENE.

*The Town in an uproar, accompanied by Watchmens' Rattles, &c.*

*The following jeux-d'esprits issued upon the interference of the authorities at the conclusion of the last Election. The "dance of thirty sovereigns" is an allusion to the fine imposed, which was given to the poor.*

A Ladder Dance.

A moving golden Fish.

The Fall of Grapes, during a heavy storm.

The Cock'd Hat Combat.

A March to the Workhouse.

Bird-cage Duett, by Messrs. C\*\*\*\*\* and B\*\*\*\*.

A public Breakfast, with a dance by thirty sovereigns.

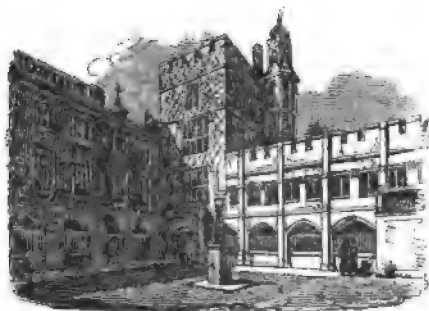
Glee—"When shall we three meet again."

The Barber's Hornpipe, by the learned D\*\*\*\*.

The Turk's Head Revel.

Saint Christopher's March.

The Committee in Danger.



*The Cloisters, Eton*





R.e.

**HERBERT STOCKHORE,  
THE MONTEM POET LAUREATE.**

*A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE,  
As he appeared in the Montem Procession of May, 1823.*

BY

**BERNARD BLACKMANTLE, AND ROBERT TRANSIT.**

BENDING beneath a weight of time,  
And crippled as his Montem ode,  
We found the humble son of rhyme  
Busy beside the public road.  
Nor laurel'd wreath or harp had he,  
To deck his brow or touch the note  
That wakes the soul to sympathy.  
His face was piteous as his coat,  
'Twas motley strange ; e'en nature's self,  
In wild, eccentric, playful mood,  
Had, for her pastime, form'd the elf,  
A being scarcely understood—  
Half ideot, harmless ; yet a gleam  
Of sense, and whim, and shrewdness, broke  
The current of his wildest stream ;  
And pity sigh'd as madness spoke.

Lavater, Lawrence, Camper, here  
 Philosophy new light had caught :  
 Judged by your doctrines 'twould appear  
 The facial line denoted thought.<sup>1</sup>  
 But say, what system e'er shall trace  
 By scalp or visage mental worth ?  
 The ideot's form, the maniac's face,  
 Are shared alike by all on earth.  
 "Comparative Anatomy—"  
 If, Stockhore, 'twas to thee apply'd,  
 'Twould set the doubting GALL-IST free,  
 And SPURZHEIM's idle tales deride.  
 But hence with visionary scheme,  
 Though Bell, or Abernethy, write ;  
 Be Herbert Stockhore all my theme,  
 The laureate's praises I indite ;  
 He erst who sung in Montem's praise,  
 And, Thespis like, from out his cart  
 Recited his extempore lays,  
 On Eton's sons, in costume smart,  
 Who told of captains bold and grand,  
 Lieutenants, marshals, seeking *salt* ;  
 Of colonels, majors, cap in hand,  
 Who bade e'en majesty to halt ;

<sup>1</sup> It is hardly possible to conceive a more intelligent, venerable looking head, than poor Herbert Stockhore presents ; a fine capacious forehead, rising like a promontory of knowledge, from a bold outline of countenance, every feature decisive, breathing serenity and thoughtfulness, with here and there a few straggling locks of silvery gray, which, like the time-discoloured moss upon some ancient battlements, are the true emblems of antiquity : the eye alone is generally dull and sunken in the visage, but during his temporary gleams of sanity, or fancied flights of poetical inspiration, it is unusually bright and animated. According to professor Camper, I should think the facial line would make an angle of eighty or ninety degrees ; and, judging upon the principles laid down by Lavater, poor Herbert might pass for a Solon. Of his bumps, or phrenological protuberances, I did not take particular notice, but I have no doubt they would be found, upon examination, *equally* illustrative of such visionary systems.

Told how the ensign nobly waved  
 The colours on the famous hill ;  
 And names from dull oblivion saved,  
 Who ne'er the niche of fame can fill :  
 Who, like to Campbell, lends his name.<sup>2</sup>  
 To many a whim he ne'er did write ;  
 When witty scholars, to their shame,  
 'Gainst masters hurl a satire trite.<sup>3</sup>  
 But fare thee well, *Ad Montem's* bard,<sup>4</sup>  
 Farewell, my mem'ry's early friend

<sup>2</sup> The author of "the Pleasures of Hope," and the editor of the *New Monthly* ; but—" *Tardè, quæ credita lædunt, credimus.*"

<sup>3</sup> It has long been the custom at Eton, particularly during Montem, to give Herbert Stockhore the credit of many a satirical whim, which he, poor fellow, could as *easily* have penned as to have written a Greek ode. These squibs are sometimes very humorous, and are purposely written in doggerel verse to escape detection by the masters, who are not unfrequently the principal persons alluded to.

<sup>4</sup> The following laughable production was sold by poor Herbert Stockhore during the last Montem : we hardly think we need apologise for introducing this specimen of his muse : any account of Eton characteristics must have been held deficient without it.

### THE MONTEM ODE.

MAY 20, 1823.

MUSES attend ! the British channel flock o'er,  
 Call'd by your most obedient servant, STOCKHORE.  
 Aid me, O, aid me, while I touch the string ;  
 Montem and Captain Barnard's praise I sing ;  
 Captain Barnard, the youth so noble and bright,  
 That none dare dispute his worthy right  
 To that gay laurel which his brother wore,  
 In times that I remember long before.  
 What are Olympic honours compared to thine,  
 O Captain, when Majesty does combine  
 With heroes, their wives, sons and daughters great,  
 To visit this extremely splendid fête.  
 Enough ! I feel a sudden inspiration fill  
 My bowels ; just as if the tolling bell  
 Had sent forth sounds a floating all along the air  
 Just such Parnassian sounds, though deaf, I'm sure I hear.

May misery never press thee hard,  
 Ne'er may disease thy steps attend :

Listen, ye gents ; rude Boreas hold your tongue !  
 The pomp advances, and my lyre is strung.

First comes Marshal Thackeray,  
 Dress'd out in crack array ;  
 Ar'nt he a whacker, eh ?  
 His way he picks,  
 Follow'd by six,  
 Like a hen by her chicks :

Enough ! he's gone.

As this martial Marshall  
 Is to music partial,  
 The bandsmen march all

His heels upon.

He who hits the balls such thumps,  
 King of cricket-bats and stumps,—  
 Barnard comes ;  
 Sound the drums—

Silence ! he's past.

Eight fair pages,  
 Of different ages,

Follow fast.

Next comes the Serjeant-Major,  
 Who, like an old stager,

Without need of bridle

Walks steadily ; the same  
 Dolphin Major by name,

Major Dolphin by title.

Next struts Serjeant Brown,

Very gay you must own ;

With gallant Mr. Hughes,

In well-polish'd shoes ;

Then Sampson, who tramps on,

Strong as his namesake.

Then comes Webb, who don't dread  
 To die for his fame's sake.

Next shall I sing

Of Serjeant King,

And Horace Walpole,

Holding a tall pole,

Who follows King and Antrobus,

Though he's " pulchrior ambobus."

Be all thy wants by those supply'd,  
Whom charity ne'er fail'd to move <sup>5</sup>:

<sup>5</sup> This eccentric creature has for many years subsisted entirely upon the bounty of the Etonians, and the inhabitants of Windsor and Eton, who never fail to administer to his wants, and liberally supply him with many little comforts in return for his harmless pleasantries.

---

Then to Salthill speed on,  
While the troops they lead on ;  
Both Mr. Beadon,  
And Serjeant Mitford,  
Who's ready to fi't for't.

Then Mr. Carter follows a'ter ;  
And Denman,  
Worth ten men,

Like a Knight of the Garter ;  
And Cumberbatch,  
Without a match,

Tell me, who can be smarter ?  
Then Colonel Hand,  
Monstrous grand,  
Closes the band.

Pass on, you nameless crowd,  
Pass on. 'The Ensign proud  
Comes near. Let all that can see  
Behold the Ensign Dansey ;  
See with what elegance he  
Waves the flag—to please the fancy.  
Pass on, gay crowd ; Le Mann, the big,  
Bright with gold as a guinea-pig,  
The big, the stout, the fierce Le Mann,  
Walks like a valiant gentleman.

But take care of your pockets,  
Here's Salt-bearer Platt,  
With a bag in his hand,  
And a plume in his hat ;

A handsomer youth, sure small-clothes ne'er put on,  
Though very near rival'd by *elegant* Sutton.

Thus then has pass'd this grand procession,  
In most magnificent progression.  
Farewell you gay and happy throng !

Etona's motto, crest, and pride,  
Is feeling, courage, friendship, love.

Farewell my Muse ! farewell my song !  
Farewell Salthill ! farewell brave Captain ;  
As ever uniform was clapt in ;  
Since Fortune's kind, pray do not mock her :  
Your humble poet, HERBERT STOCKHORE.

Herbert Stockhore was originally a bricklayer, and now resides at a little house which he has built for himself, and called Mount Pleasant, in a lane leading from Windsor to the Meadows. He has a wife and daughter, honest, industrious people, who reside with him, and are by no means displeased at the visit of a stranger to their eccentric relative. Some idea of the old man's amusing qualifications may be conceived from the following description, to which I have added the account he gives of his heraldic bearings. It must be recollected that the Etonians encourage these whims in the poor old man, and never lose an opportunity of impressing Stockhore with a belief in the magnificent powers of his genius.—After we had heard him recite several of his unconnected extempore rhapsodies, we were to be indulged with the Montem ode ; this the old man insisted should be spoken in his gala dress ; nor could all the entreaties of his wife and daughter, joined to those of myself and friend (fearful of appearing obtrusive), dissuade old Herbert from his design. He appeared quite frantic with joy when the dame brought forth from an upper apartment these insignia of his laureateship ; the careful manner in which they were folded up and kept clean gave us to understand that the good woman herself set some store by them. The wife and daughter now proceeded to robe the laureate bard : the first garment which was placed over his shoulders, and came below his waist, was a species of tunic made out of patches of bed-furniture, trimmed in the most fantastic manner with fragments of worsted fringe of all colors. Over this he wore an old military jacket, of a very ancient date in respect to costume, and trimmed like the robe with fringe of every variety. A pair of loose trowsers of the same materials as the tunic were also displayed ; but the fashion of the poet's head-dress exceeded all the rest for whimsicality : round an old soldier's cap a sheet of pasteboard was bent to a spiral form, rising about fourteen inches, and covered with some pieces of chintz bed-furniture of a very rich pattern ; in five separate circles, was disposed as many different colors of fringes ; some worsted twisted, to resemble feathers, was suspended from the side ; and the whole had the most grotesque appearance, more nearly re-

Poor harmless soul, thy merry stave  
 Shall live when nobler poets bend ;

sembling the papal crown in similitude than any thing else I can conceive. The poor old fellow seemed elated to a degree. We had sent for a little ale for him, but were informed he was not accustomed to drink much of any strong liquor. After a glass, Herbert recited with great gesture and action, but in a very imperfect manner, the Montem ode ; and then for a few minutes seemed quite exhausted. During this exhibition my friend Transit was engaged in sketching his portrait, a circumstance that appeared to give great pleasure to the wife and daughter, who earnestly requested, if it was published, to be favored with a copy. We had now become quite familiar with the old man, and went with him to view his Montem car and Arabian pony, as he called them, in a stable adjoining the house. On our return, my friend Transit observed that his cart required painting, and should be decorated with some appropriate emblem. Herbert appeared to understand the idea, and immediately proceeded to give us a history of his heraldic bearings, or, as he said, what his coat of arms should be, which, he assured us, the gentlemen of Eton had subscribed for, and were having prepared at the Heralds' College in London, on purpose for him to display next Montem. "My grandfather," said Stockhore, "was a hatter, therefore I am entitled to the *beaver* in the first quarter of my shield. My grandfather by my mother's side was a farmer, therefore I should have the *wheat-sheaf* on the other part. My own father was a pipe-maker, and that gives me a noble ornament, the *cross pipes and glasses*, the emblems of good fellowship. Now my wife's father was a tailor, and that yields me a *goose* : these are the bearings of the four quarters of my shield. Now, sir, I am a poet—ay, the poet laureate of Montem ; and that gives me a right to the winged horse for my crest. There's a coat of arms for you," said poor Herbert ; "why, it would beat every thing but the king's ; ay, and his too, if it wasn't for the lion and crown." The attention we paid to this whim pleased the poor creature mightily ; he was all animation and delight. But the day was fast declining : so, after making the poor people a trifling present for the trouble we had given them, my friend Transit and myself took our farewell of poor Herbert, not, I confess, without regret ; for I think the reader will perceive by this brief sketch there is great character and amusement in his harmless whims. I have been thus particular in my description of him, because he is always at Montem time

And when Atropos to the grave  
Thy silvery locks of gray shall send,  
Etona's sons shall sing thy fame,  
*Ad Montem* still thy verse resound,  
Still live an ever cherish'd name,  
As long as *salt*<sup>2</sup> and *sock* abound.

an object of much curiosity ; and to every Etonian of the last thirty years, his peculiarities must have frequently afforded amusement.

<sup>2</sup> *Salt* is the name given to the money collected at Montem.





## THE DOUBTFUL POINT.

"WHY should I not read it," thought Horatio, hesitating, with the MSS. of *Life in Eton* half opened in his hand. A little Chesterfield deity, called Prudence, whispered — "Caution." "Well, Miss Hypocrisy," quoth the Student, "what serious offence shall I commit against propriety or morality by reading a whimsical *jeu-d'esprit*, penned to explain the peculiar lingual localisms of Eton, and display her chief characteristic follies." "It is slang," said Prudence. "Granted," said Horatio: "but he who undertakes to depict *real life* must not expect to make a pleasing or a correct picture, without the due proportions of light and shade. 'Vice to be hated needs but to be seen.' Playful satire may do more towards correcting the evil than all the dull lessons of sober-tongued morality can ever hope to effect." Candour, who just then happened to make a passing call, was appointed referee; and, without hesitation, agreed decidedly with Horatio.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Life at Eton* will not, I hope, be construed into any intention of the author's to follow in the track of any previous publication: his object is faithfully to delineate character, not to encourage vulgar phraseology, or promulgate immoral sentiment.

## LIFE IN ETON ;

### A COLLEGE CHAUNT IN PRAISE OF PRIVATE TUTORS.<sup>1</sup>

TIME hallowed shades, and noble names,  
Etonian classic bowers ;  
*Pros*,<sup>2</sup> masters, fellows, and good *dames*,<sup>3</sup>  
Where pass'd my school-boy hours ;

<sup>1</sup> *Private tutor*, in the Eton school phrase, is another term for a *Cad*, a fellow who lurks about college, and assists in all *sprees* and sports by providing dogs, fishing tackle, guns, horses, bulls for baiting, a badger, or in promoting any other interdicted, or unlawful pastime. A dozen or more of these well known characters may be seen loitering in front of the college every morning, making their arrangement with their pupils, the *Oppidans*, for a day's sport, to commence the moment school is over. They formerly used to occupy a seat on the low wall, in front of the college, but the present headmaster has recently interfered to expel this assemblage ; they still, however, carry on their destructive intercourse with youth, by walking about, and watching their opportunity for communication. The merits of these *worthies* are here faithfully related, and will be instantly recognised by any Etonian of the last thirty years.

<sup>2</sup> *PROS*. Eton college is governed by a provost, vice-provost, six fellows, a steward of the courts, head-master, and a lower, or second master ; to which is added, nine assistant masters, and five extra ones, appointed to teach French, writing, drawing, fencing, and dancing. The school has materially increased in numbers within the last few years, and now contains nearly five hundred scholars, sons of noblemen and gentlemen, and may be truly said to be the chief nursery for the culture of the flower of the British nation.—See note to page 54.

<sup>3</sup> *DAMES*. The appellation given to the females who keep boarding-houses in Eton. These houses, although out of the college walls, are subject to the *surveillance* of the head master and fellows, to whom all references and complaints are made.

Come list', while I with *con*,<sup>4</sup> and *sock*,<sup>5</sup>  
 And *chaunt*,<sup>6</sup> both ripe and mellow,  
 Tell how you knowledge stores unlock,  
 To make a clever fellow.<sup>7</sup>  
 For Greek and Latin, classic stuff,  
 Let *tug muttons*<sup>8</sup> compose it ;  
 Give *oppidans*<sup>9</sup> but *blunt*<sup>10</sup> enough,  
 What odds to them who knows it.  
 A *dapper dog*,<sup>11</sup> a *right cool fish*,<sup>12</sup>  
 Who snugly dines on pewter ;  
 Quaffs *Bulstrode ale*,<sup>13</sup> and takes his dish

<sup>4</sup> *CON*. A *con* is a companion, or friend ; as, " you are *cons* of late."

<sup>5</sup> *SOCK* signifies eating or drinking niceties ; as, pastry, jellies, Bishop, &c.

<sup>6</sup> *CHAUNT*, a good song ; to versify.

<sup>7</sup> This is not intended as an imputation on the learned fellows of Eton college, but must be taken in the vulgar acceptation—you're a clever fellow, &c.

<sup>8</sup> *TUG MUTTONS*, or *Tugs*, collegers, foundation scholars ; an appellation given to them by the *oppidans*, in derision of the custom which has prevailed from the earliest period, and is still continued, of living entirely on *roast mutton* ; from January to December no other description of meat is ever served up at College table in the hall. There are seventy of these young gentlemen on the foundation who, if they miss their election when they are nineteen, lose all the benefits of a fellowship.

<sup>9</sup> *OPPIDANS*, independent scholars not on the foundation.

<sup>10</sup> *BLUNT*, London slang (for money), in use here.

<sup>11</sup> A *DAPPER DOG*, any thing smart, or pleasing, as, " Ay, that's *dapper*," or, " you are a *dupper dog*."

<sup>12</sup> A *RIGHT COOL FISH*, one who is not particular what he says or does.

<sup>13</sup> *BULSTRODE ALE*, a beverage in great request at the Christopher. When the effects were sold at Bulstrode, Garraway purchased a small stock of this famous old ale, which by some *miraculous process* he has continued to serve out in plentiful quantities ever since. The joke has of late been rather against mine host of the Christopher, who, however, to do him justice, has an excellent tap, which is now called the queen's, from some since purchased at Windsor : this is sold in *small quarts*, at one shilling per jug.

In private with his tutor.<sup>14</sup>  
 In lieu of ancient learned lore,  
 Which might his brain bewilder,  
 Rum college slang he patters o'er,  
 With *cads*<sup>15</sup> who *chouse*<sup>16</sup> the *guilder*.  
 Who's truly learn'd must read mankind,  
 Truth's axiom inculcates :  
 The world's a volume to the mind,  
 Instructive more than pulpits.<sup>17</sup>  
 Come fill the bowl with *Bishop* up,  
*Clods*,<sup>18</sup> *Fags*,<sup>19</sup> and *Skugs*,<sup>20</sup> and *Muttons*<sup>21</sup> ;  
 When *absence*<sup>22</sup> calls ye into sup,  
 Drink, drink to me, ye gluttons.  
 I'll teach ye how to kill dull care,  
 Improve your *box of knowledge*,<sup>23</sup>

<sup>14</sup> Many of the young noblemen and gentlemen at Eton are accompanied by private tutors, who live with them to expedite their studies ; they are generally of the College, and recommended by the head master for their superior endowments.

<sup>15</sup> *CAD*, a man of all work, for dirty purposes, yclept *private tutor*. See note 1, page 68.

<sup>16</sup> *CHOUSE* the *GUILDER*. Chouse or chousing is generally applied to any transaction in which they think they may have been cheated or overcharged.

*Guilder* is a cant term for gold.

<sup>17</sup> Nothing in the slightest degree unorthodox is meant to be inferred from this reasoning, but simply the sentiment of this quotation—'The proper study of mankind is man.'

<sup>18</sup> *CLODS*, as, "you clod," a town boy, or any one not an Etonian, no matter how respectable.

<sup>19</sup> *FAGS*, boys in the lower classes. Every fifth form boy has his *fag*.

<sup>20</sup> *SCUG* or *SKUG*, a lower boy in the school, relating to sluggish.

<sup>21</sup> *MUTTONS*. See note 8.

<sup>22</sup> *ABSENCE*. At three-quarters past eight in summer, and earlier in winter, several of the masters proceed to the different *dames'* houses, and call *absence*, when every boy is compelled to be instantly in quarters for the night, on pain of the most severe punishment.

<sup>23</sup> *BOX* of *KNOWLEDGE*, the pericranium.

With all that's witty, choice, and rare,  
 'Fore all the *Slugs*<sup>24</sup> of college.  
 Of *private tutors*, vulgo *Cads*,  
 A list I mean to tender ;  
 The qualities of all the lads,  
 Their prices to a *bender*.<sup>25</sup>  
 First, SHAMPO CARTER<sup>26</sup> doffs his *tile*,  
 To dive, to fish, or fire ;  
 There's few can better time beguile,  
 And none in sporting higher.

<sup>24</sup> *SLUGS* of College, an offensive appellation applied to the fellows of Eton by the townsmen.

<sup>25</sup> *BENDER*, a sixpence.

<sup>26</sup> Note from Bernard Blackmantle, M.A. to Shampo Carter and Co. P.T.'s :—

#### MESSIEURS THE CADS OF ETON,

In handing down to posterity your multifarious merits and brilliant qualifications, you will perceive I have not forgotten the *signal services* and *delightful gratifications* so often afforded me in the days of my youth. Be assured, most *assiduous worthies*, that I am fully sensible of all your *merits*, and can appreciate justly your *great usefulness* to the rising generation. You are the *sappers* and *miners* of knowledge, who attack and destroy the citadel of sense before it is scarcely defensible. It is no *fault* of yours if the stripling of Eton is not, at eighteen, well initiated into all the mysteries of life, excepting *only* the, *to him*, mysterious volumes of the classics. To do justice to all was not within the limits of my work ; I have therefore selected from among you the most distinguished names, and I flatter myself, in so doing, I have omitted very few of any note ; if, however, any *efficient* member of your brotherhood should have been unintentionally passed by, he has only to forward an authenticated copy of his biography and *peculiar* merits to the publisher, to meet with insertion in a second edition.

BERNARD BLACKMANTLE.

BILL CARTER is, after all, a very useful fellow, if it was only in teaching the young Etonians to swim, which he does, by permission of the head master.

*Tile*, a hat.

JOE CANNON, or *my lord's a gun*,<sup>27</sup>  
 A regular nine pounder ;  
 To man a boat, stands *number one*,  
 And ne'er was known to *flounder*.  
 There's FOXEY HALL<sup>28</sup> can throw the line  
 With any Walton angler ;  
 To tell his worth would task the Nine,  
 Or pose a Cambridge wrangler.  
 Next, PICKEY POWELL<sup>29</sup> at a ball  
 Is master of the wicket ;  
 Can well deliver at a call  
 A trite essay on cricket.  
 JEM FLOWERS<sup>30</sup> baits a badger well,  
 For a bull *hank*, or *tyke*, sir ;  
 And as an *out* and *out* bred *swell*,<sup>31</sup>  
 Was never seen his like.

<sup>27</sup> A GUN—"He's a great gun," a good fellow, a knowing one. JOE is a first rate waterman, and by the Etonians styled "Admiral of the fleet."

<sup>28</sup> "Not a better fellow than Jack Hall among the *Cads*," said an old Etonian, "or a more expert angler." Barb, Gudgeon, Dace, and Chub, seem to bite at his bidding ; and if they should be a little shy, why Jack knows how to "go to work with the net."

<sup>29</sup> Who, that has been at Eton, and enjoyed the manly and invigorating exercise of cricket, has not repeatedly heard Jem Powell in tones of exultation say, "Only see me 'liver this here ball, my young master !" And, in good truth, Jem is right, for very few can excel him in that particular : and then (when Jem is *Bacchi plenis*,) who can withstand his *quart* of *sovereigns*. On such occasions Jem is seen marching up and down before the door of his house, with a silver quart tankard filled with gold—the savings of many years of industry.

<sup>30</sup> JEM FLOWERS is an old soldier ; and, in marshalling the forces for a bull or a badger-bait, displays all the tactics of an experienced general officer. Caleb Baldwin would no more bear comparison with Jem than a flea does to an elephant.

<sup>31</sup> When it is remembered how near Eton is to London, and how frequent the communication, it will appear astonishing, but highly creditable to the authorities, that so little of the current slang of the day is to be met with here.

There's JOLLY JEM,<sup>32</sup> who keeps his punt,  
 And dogs to raise the siller ;  
 Of *cads*, the captain of the hunt,  
 A *right* and *tight* good MILLER.  
 Next BARNEY GROVES,<sup>33</sup> a learned wight,  
 The impounder of cattle,  
 Dilates on birth and common right,  
 And threats *black slugs* with battle.  
 BIG GEORGE<sup>34</sup> can teach the use of fives,  
 Or pick up a prime terrier ;  
 Or *spar*, or keep the *game alive*,  
 With beagle, bull, or harrier.  
 SAVAGER<sup>35</sup> keeps a decent nag,  
 But's very shy of lending,

<sup>32</sup> JEM MILLER was originally a tailor ; but having *dropt a stitch* or *two* in early life, *listed* into a sporting regiment of *Cads* some years since ; and being a better shot at hares and partridges than he was considered at the *heavy goose*, has been promoted to the rank of captain of the private tutors. Jem is a true jolly fellow ; his house exhibits a fine picture of what a sportsman's hall should be, decorated with all the emblems of fishing, fowling, and hunting, disposed around in great taste.

<sup>33</sup> BARNEY GROVES, the haughward, or impounder of stray cattle at Eton, is one of the most singular characters I have ever met with. Among the ignorant Barney is looked up to as the fountain of local and legal information ; and it is highly ludicrous to hear him expatiate on his favourite theme of "our birthrights and common rights ;" tracing the first from the creation, and deducing argument in favor of his opinions on the second from doomsday book, through all the intricate windings of the modern inclosure acts. Barney is a great stickler for reform in College, and does not hesitate to attack the fellows of Eton (whom he denominates *black slugs*), on holding pluralities, and keeping the *good things* to themselves. As Barney's avocation compels him to travel wide, he is never interrupted by water ; for in summer or winter he readily wades through the deepest places ; he is consequently a very efficient person in a sporting party.

<sup>34</sup> GEORGE WILLIAMS, a well-known dog fancier, who also teaches the art and science of pugilism.

<sup>35</sup> SAVAGER, a livery-stable keeper, who formerly used to keep a good tandem or two for hire, but on the interference of the

Since she put down her tandem *drag*,<sup>36</sup>  
 For fear of KEATES offending.  
 But if you want to splash along  
 In glory with a *ginger*,<sup>37</sup>  
 Or in a Stanhope *come it strong*,  
 Try ISAAC CLEGG,<sup>38</sup> of Windsor.  
 If o'er old father Thames you'd glide,  
 And cut the silvery stream ;  
 With HESTER'S<sup>39</sup> eight oars mock the tide,  
 He well deserves a *theme*.  
 There's Charley Miller, and George Hall,<sup>40</sup>  
 Can beasts and birds restore, sir ;  
 And though they cannot bark or squall,  
 Look livelier than before, sir.  
 HANDY JACK'S<sup>41</sup> a general blade,  
 There's none like GARRAWAY, sir ;  
 Boats, ducks, or dogs, are all his trade,  
 He'll fit you to a say, sir.

head master, who interdicted such amusements as dangerous, they have been put down in Eton.

<sup>36</sup> *DRA*G, London slang for tilbury, dennet, Stanhope, &c.

<sup>37</sup> A *GINGER*, a showy, fast horse.

<sup>38</sup> ISAAC CLEGG is in great repute for his excellent turn outs, and prime nags ; and, living in Windsor, he is out of the jurisdiction of the head master.

<sup>39</sup> HESTER'S boats are always kept in excellent trim. At Eton exercise on the water is much practised, and many of the scholars are very expert watermen : they have recently taken to boats of an amazing length, forty feet and upwards, which, manned with eight oars, move with great celerity. Every Saturday evening the scholars are permitted to assume fancy dresses ; but the practice is now principally confined to the steersman ; the rest simply adopting sailors' costume, except on the fourth of June, or election Saturday, when there is always a grand gala, a band of music, and fireworks, on the island in the Thames.

<sup>40</sup> MILLER and HALL, two famous preservers of birds and animals ; an art in high repute among the Etonians.

<sup>41</sup> A famous boatman, duck-hunter, dog-fighter ; or, according to the London phrase—good at everything.



TOM NEW<sup>42</sup> in manly sports is old,  
A tailor, and a trump, sir ;  
And odd *Fish Bill*,<sup>43</sup> at sight of gold,  
Will steer clear of the *bump*,<sup>44</sup> sir.  
A list of *worthies*, learn'd and great  
In every art and science,  
That noble youths should emulate,  
To set laws at defiance :  
The church, the senate, and the bar,  
By *these* in *ethics* grounded,  
Must prove a meteoric star,  
Of brilliancy compounded.  
Ye lights of Eton, rising suns,  
Of all that's great and godly ;  
The nation's hope, and dread of *duns*,  
Let all your acts be *motley*.  
Learn arts like these, ye *oppidan*,  
If you'd *astonish* greatly  
The senate, or the great divan,  
With classics pure, and stately.  
Give Greek and Latin to the wind,  
Bid pedagogues defiance :  
These are the rules to *grace* the mind  
With the *true gems* of science.

<sup>42</sup> TOM NEW, a great cricketer.

<sup>43</sup> BILL FISH, a waterman who attends the youngest boys in their excursions.

<sup>44</sup> The *BUMP*, to run against each other in the race.

## APOLLO'S VISIT TO ETON.

THIS whimsical production appeared originally in 1819, in an Eton miscellany entitled the College Magazine; the poetry of which was afterwards selected, and *only fifty* copies struck off: these have been carefully suppressed, principally we believe on account of this article, as it contains nothing that we conceive can be deemed offensive, and has allusions to almost all the distinguished scholars of that period, besides including the principal contributors to the Etonian, a recent popular work: we have with some difficulty filled up the blanks with real names; and, at the suggestion of several old Etonians, incorporated it with the present work, as a fair criterion of the promising character of the school at this particular period.

The practice of thus distinguishing the rising talents of Eton is somewhat ancient. We have before us a copy of verses dated 1620, in which Waller, the poet, and other celebrated characters of his time, are particularised. At a still more recent period, during the mastership of the celebrated Doctor Barnard, the present earl of Carlisle, whose classical taste is universally admitted, distinguished himself not less than his compeers, by some very elegant lines: those on the late Right Hon. C. J. Fox we are induced to extract as a strong proof of the noble earl's early penetration and foresight.

"How will my Fox, alone, by strength of parts,  
Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts  
Of fearful statesmen? while around you stand  
Both Peers and Commons listening your command.

While *Tully's* sense its weight to you affords,  
His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words.  
What praise to Pitt,<sup>1</sup> to Townshend, e'er was due,  
In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you."

At a subsequent period, the leading characters of the school were spiritedly drawn in a periodical newspaper, called the *World*, then edited by Major Topham, and the Rev. Mr. East, who is still, I believe, living, and preaches occasionally at Whitehall. From that publication, now very scarce, I have selected the following as the most amusing, and relating to distinguished persons.

<sup>1</sup> The great Earl of Chatham.

# RECOLLECTIONS

OF AN

## OLD ETONIAN.

THE LORDS LITTLETON—father and son, formed two opposite characters in their times. The former had a distinguished turn for pastoral poetry, and wrote some things at Eton with all the enthusiasm of early years, and yet with all the judgment of advanced life.

The latter showed there, in some traits of disposition, what was to be expected from him ; but he too loved the Muses, and cultivated them.

He there too displayed the strange contraries of being an ardent admirer of the virtues of classic times, while he was cheating at chuck and all-fours ; and though he affected every species of irreligion, was, in fact, afraid of his own shadow.

THE WHOLE NORTH FAMILY have, in succession, adorned this school with their talents—which in the different branches were various, but all of mark and vivacity. To the younger part, *Dampier* was the tutor ; who, having a little disagreement with *Frank North* on the hundred steps coming down from the terrace, at Windsor, they adjusted it, by *Frank North's* rolling his tutor very quickly down the whole of them. The tutor has since *risen* to some eminence in the church.

LORD CHOLMONDELEY was early in life a boy of great parts, and they have continued so ever since, though not lively ones.

EARL OF BUCKINGHAM was a plain good scholar, but

would have been better at any other school, for he was no poet, and verse is here one of the first requisites ; besides, he had an impediment in his speech, which, in the hurry of repeating a lesson before a number of boys, was always increased. It was inculcated to him by his dame—that he must look upon himself as the reverse of a woman in every thing, and not hold—that whoever “*deliberates is lost.*”

LORD HARRINGTON was a boy of much natural spirit. In the great rebellion, under *Forster*, when all the boys threw their books into the Thames, and marched to Salt Hill, he was amongst the foremost. At that place each took an oath, or rather swore, he would be d——d if ever he returned to school again. When, therefore, he came to London to the old Lord Harrington's, and sent up his name, his father would only speak to him at the door, insisting, at the same time, on his immediate return. “*Sir,*” said the son, “*consider I shall be d——d if I do !*” “*And I,*” answered the father, “*will be d——d if you don't !*” “*Yes, my lord,*” replied the son, “*but you will be d——d whether I do or no !*”

THE STORERS. Anthony and Tom, for West Indians, were better scholars than usually fell to the share of those *children of the sun*, who were, in general, too gay to be great. The name of the elder stands to this day at the head of many good exercises ; from which succeeding genius has stolen, and been praised for it.

Tom had an odd capability of running round a room on the edge of the wainscot, a strange power of holding by the foot : an art which, in lower life, might have been serviceable to him in the showing it. And Anthony, likewise, amongst better and more brilliant qualifications, had the reputation of being amongst the best dancers of the age. In a political line, perhaps, he did not *dance attendance* to much purpose.

HARRY CONWAY, brother to the present Marquis of

Hertford, though younger in point of learning, was older than his brother, Lord Beauchamp; but he was not so forward as to show this preeminence: a somewhat of modesty, a consciousness of being younger, always kept him back from displaying it. In fact, they were perfectly unlike two Irish boys — the Wades, who followed them, and who, because the younger was taller, used to fight about which was the eldest.

PEPYS. A name well known for Barnard's commendation of it, and for his exercises in the *Musæ Etonenses*. He was amongst the best poets that Eton ever produced.

KIRKSHAW, son to the late doctor, of Leeds, and since fellow of Trinity College. When his father would have taken him away, he made a singular request that he might stay a year longer, not wishing to be made a man so early.

Many satiric Latin poems bear his name at Eton, and he continued that turn afterwards at Cambridge. He was remarkable for a very large head; but it should likewise be added, there was a good deal in it.

On this head, his father used to hold forth in the country. He was, without a figure, the head of the school, and was afterwards in the *caput* at the university.

WYNDHAM, under *Barnard*, distinguished himself very early as a scholar, and for a logical acuteness, which does not often fall to the share of a boy. He was distinguished too both by land and by water; for while he was amongst the most informed of his time, in school hours, in the playing fields, on the water, with the celebrated boatman, *my guinea piper* at cricket, or in rowing, he was always the foremost. He used to boast, that he should in time be as good a boxer as his father was, though he used to add, *that* never could be exactly known, as he could not decently have a *set-to* with him.

FAWKENER, the major, was captain of the school; and in those days was famed for the "*suaviter in modo*," and for a turn for gallantry with the Windsor milliners, which he pursued up the hundred steps, and over the terrace there. As this turn frequently made him overrun the hours of absence, on his return he was found out, and flogged the next morning; but this abated not his zeal in the cause of gallantry, as he held it to be, like *Ovid*, whom he was always reading, suffering in a *fair* cause.

FAWKENER, Everard, minor, with the same turn for pleasure as his brother, but more open and ingenuous in his manner, more unreserved in his behaviour, then manifested, what he has since been, the bon vivant of every society, and was then as since, the admired companion in every party.

PRIDEAUX was remarkable for being the gravest boy of his time, and for having the longest chin. Had he followed the ancient "*Sapientem pascere Barbam*," there would in fact have been no end of it. With this turn, however, his time was not quite thrown away, nor his gravity. In conjunction with Dampier, Langley, and Serjeant, who were styled the *learned Cons*, he composed a very long English poem, in the same metre as the Bath Guide, and of which it was then held a favour to get a copy. He had so much of advanced life about him, that the masters always looked upon him as a man; and this serious manner followed him through his pastimes. He was fond of billiards; but he was so long in making his stroke, that no boy could bear to play with him: when the game, therefore, went against him, like Fabius—*Cunctando restituit rem*; and they gave it up rather than beat him.

HULSE. Amongst the best tennis-players that Eton ever sent up to Windsor, where he always was. As a poet he distinguished himself greatly, by winning one of the medals given by Sir John Dalrymple. His

exercise on this occasion was the subject of much praise to Doctor Forster, then master, and of much envy to his contemporaries in the sixth form, who said it was given to him because he was head boy.

These were his arts; besides which he had as many tricks as any boy ever had. He had nothing when præpositor, and of course ruling under boys, of dignity about him, or of what might enforce his authority. When he ought to have been angry, some monkey trick always came across him, and he would make a serious complaint against a little boy, in a hop, step, and a jump.

MONTAGUE. Having a great predecessor before him under the appellation of "*Mad Montague*," had always a consolatory comparison in this way in his favor. In truth, at times he wanted it, for he was what has been termed a *genius*: but he was likewise so in talent. He was an admirable poet, and had a neatness of expression seldom discoverable at such early years. In proof, may be brought a line from a Latin poem on Cricket:

"Clavigeri fallit verbera—virga cadit."

And another on scraping a man down at the *Robin Hood*:

"Radit arenosam pes inimicus humum."

The scratching of the foot on the sandy floor is admirable.

During a vacation, Lord Sandwich took him to Holland; and he sported on his return a Dutch-built coat for many weeks. The boys used to call him *Mynheer Montague*; but his common habit of oddity soon got the better of his coat.

He rose to be a young man of great promise, as to abilities; and died too immaturely for his fame.

TICKELL, the elder. *Manu magis quam capite* should have been his motto. By natural instinct he loved



fighting, and knew not what fear was. He went amongst his school-fellows by the name of *Hannibal*, and *Old Tough*. A brother school-fellow of his, no less a man than the Marquis of Buckingham, met, and recognised him again in Ireland, and with the most marked solicitude of friendship, did every thing but assist him, in obtaining a troop of dragoons, which he had much at heart.

TICKELL, minor, should then have had the eulogy of *how much elder art thou than thy years!* In those early days his exercises, read publicly in school, gave *the anticipation* of what time and advancing years have brought forth. He was an admirable scholar, and a poet from nature; forcible, neat, and discriminating. The fame of his grandsire, the Tickell of Addison, was not hurt by the descent to him.

His sister, who was the beauty of Windsor castle, and the admiration of all, early excited a passion in a boy then at school, who afterwards married her. Of this sister he was very fond; but he was not less so of another female at Windsor, a regard since terminated in a better way with his present wife.

His pamphlet of *Anticipation*, it is said, placed him where he since was, under the auspices of LORD NORTH; but his abilities were of better quality, and deserved a better situation for their employment.

LORD PLYMOUTH, then Lord Windsor, had to boast some distinctions, which kept him aloof from the boys of his time. He was of that inordinate size that, like Falstaff, *four square yards on even ground were so many miles to him*; and the struggles which he underwent to raise himself when down might have been matter of instruction to a minority member. In the entrance to his Dame's gate much circumspection was necessary; for, like some good men *out of power*, he found it difficult to get *in*.

When in school, or otherwise, he was not undeserving of praise, either as to temper or scholar-

ship; and whether out of the excellence of his christianity, or that of good humour, he was not very adverse to *good living*; and he continued so ever after.

LORD LEICESTER had the reputation of good scholarship, and not undeservedly. In regard to poetry, however, he was sometimes apt to break the eighth commandment, and prove he read more the *Musæ Etonenses* than his prayer-book. Inheriting it from Lord Townshend, the father of caricaturists, he there pursued, with nearly equal ability, that turn for satiric drawing. The master, the tutors, slender *Prior*, and fat *Roberts*,—all felt in rotation the effects of his pencil.

There too, as well as since, he had a most venerable affection for heraldry, and the same love of collecting together old titles, and obsolete mottos. Once in the military, he had, it may be said, *a turn for arms*. In a zeal of this kind he once got over the natural mildness of his temper, and was heard to exclaim—“*There are two griffins in my family that have been missing these three centuries, and by G—, I'll have them back again!*”—This passion was afterwards improved into so perfect a knowledge, that in the creation of peers he was applied to, that every due ceremonial might be observed; and he never failed in his recollection on these antiquated subjects.

TOM PLUMMER gave then a specimen of that *quickness* and *vivacity* of parts for which he was afterwards famed. But not as a scholar, not as a poet, was he quick alone; he was quick too in the *wrong* ends of things, as well as the *right*, with a plausible account to follow it.

In fact, he was born for the law; clear, discriminating, judicious, alive, and with a noble impartiality to all sides of questions, and which none could defend better. This goes, however, only to the powers of his head; in those of the heart no one, and in the best

and tenderest qualities of it, ever stood better. He was liked universally, and should be so ; for no man was ever more meritorious for being good, as he who had all the abilities which sometimes make a man otherwise.

In the progress of life mind changes often, and body almost always. Both these rules, however, he lived to contradict ; for his talents and his qualities retained their virtue ; and when a boy he was as tall as when a man, and apparently the same.

CAPEL LOFT. In the language of Eton the word *gig* comprehended all that was ridiculous, all that was to be laughed at, and plagued to death ; and of all *gigs* that was, or ever will be, this gentleman, while a boy, was the greatest.

He was like nothing, "*in the heavens above, or the waters under the earth ;*" and therefore he was surrounded by a mob of boys whenever he appeared. These days of popularity were not pleasant. Luckily, however, for himself, he found some refuge from persecution in his scholarship. This scholarship was much above the rate, and out of the manner of common boys.

As a poet, he possessed fluency and facility, but not the strongest imagination. As a classic, he was admirable ; and his prose themes upon different subjects displayed an acquaintance with the Latin idiom and phraseology seldom acquired even by scholastic life, and the practice of later years. Beyond this, he read much of everything that appeared, knew every thing, and was acquainted with every better publication of the times.

Even then he studied law, politics, divinity ; and could have written well upon those subjects.

These talents have served him since more effectually than they did then ; more as man than boy :

For at school he was a kind of Gray Beard : he neither ran, played, jumped, swam, or fought, as

other boys do. The descriptions of puerile years, so beautifully given by *Gray*, in his ode :

“ Who, foremost, now delight to cleave,  
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?  
The captive linnet which enthrall ?  
What idle progeny succeed,  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball ! ”

All these would have been, and were, as non-descriptive of him as they would have been of the lord chancellor of England, with a dark brow and commanding mien, determining a cause of the first interest to this country. Added to this, in personal appearance he was most unfavored ; and exemplified the Irish definition of an open countenance—*a mouth from ear to ear*.

LORD HINCHINBROKE, from the earliest period of infancy, had all the marks of the Montagu family. He had a good head, and a red head, and a Roman nose, and a turn to the *ars amatoria* of Ovid, and all the writers who may have written on love. *As it was in the beginning*—may be said now.

Though in point of scholarship he was not in the very first line, the descendant of Lord Sandwich could not but have ability, and he had it ; but this was so mixed with the wanderings of the heart, the vivacity of youthful imagination, and a turn to pleasure, that a steady pursuit of any one object of a literary turn could not be expected.

But it was his praise that he went far in a short time ; sometimes too far ; for *Barnard* had to exercise himself, and his *red right arm*, as the vengeful poet expresses it, very frequently on the latter end of his lordship's excursions.

In one of these excursions to Windsor, he had the good or ill fortune to engage in a little amorous amement with a young lady, the consequence of

which was an application to Lucina for assistance. Of this doctor Barnard was informed, and though the remedy did not seem tending towards a cure, he was brought up immediately to be flogged.

He bore this better than his master, who cried out, after some few lashes—“*Psha! what signifies my flogging him for being like his father? What's bred in the bone will never get out of the flesh.*”

GIBBS. Some men are overtaken by the law, and some few overtake it themselves. In this small, but happy number, may be placed the name in question; and a name of better promise, whether of man or boy, can scarcely be found any where.

At school he was on the foundation; and though amongst the Collegers, where the views of future life, and hope of better days, arising from their own industry, make learning a necessity, yet to that he added the better qualities of genius and talent.

As a classical scholar, he was admirable in both languages. As a poet, he was natural, ready, and yet distinguished. Amongst the best exercises of the time, his were to be reckoned, and are yet remembered with praise. For the medals given by Sir John Dalrymple for the best Latin poem, he was a candidate; but though his production was publicly read by doctor Forster, and well spoken of, he was obliged to give way to the superiority of another on that occasion.

Describing the winding of the Thames through its banks, it had this beautiful line:

“*Rodit arundineas facili sinuamine ripas—*”

Perfect as to the picture, and beautiful as to the flowing of the poetry.

He had the good fortune and the good temper to be liked by every body of his own age; and he was not enough found out of bounds, or trespassing against “sacred order,” to be disliked by those of greater age who were set over him.

After passing through all the different forms at Eton, he was removed to Cambridge; where he distinguished himself not less than at school in trials for different literary honors.

There he became assistant tutor to Sir Peter Burrell, who then listened to his instructions, and has not since forgotten them.

As a tutor, he was somewhat young; but the suavity of his manners took away the comparison of equality; and his real knowledge rendered him capable of instructing those who might be even older than himself.



## APOLLO'S VISIT TO ETON.<sup>1</sup>

TOTHER night, as Apollo was quaffing a gill  
With his pupils, the Muses, from Helicon's rill,  
(For all circles of rank in Parnassus agree  
In preferring cold water to coffee or tea)  
The discourse turned as usual on critical matters,  
And the last stirring news from the kingdom of letters.  
But when poets, and critics, and wits, and what not,  
From Jeffery and Byron, to Stoddart and Stott,<sup>2</sup>  
Had received their due portion of consideration,  
Cried Apollo, "Pray, ladies, how goes education?  
For I own my poor brain's been so muddled of late,  
In transacting the greater affairs of the state;  
And so long every day in the courts I've been stewing,  
I've had no time to think what the children were  
doing.

There's my favorite Byron my presence inviting,  
And Milman, and Coleridge, and Moore, have been  
writing;

And my ears at this moment confoundedly tingle,  
From the squabbling of Blackwood with Cleghorn and  
Pringle:

But as all their disputes seem at length at an end,  
And the poets my levee have ceased to attend;  
Since the weather's improving, and lengthen'd the  
days,

For a visit to Eton I'll order my chaise:

<sup>1</sup> This poem, the reader will perceive, is an humble imitation of Leigh Hunt's "Feast of the Poets;" and the lines distinguished by asterisks are borrowed or altered from the original.

<sup>2</sup> A writer in "The Morning Post," mentioned by Lord Byron, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

There's my sister Diana my day coach to drive,  
 And I'll send the new Canto to keep you alive.  
 So my business all settled, and absence supply'd,  
 For an earthly excursion to-morrow I'll ride."  
 Thus spoke king Apollo<sup>3</sup>; the Muses assented;  
 And the god went to bed most bepraised and con-  
 tented.

"Twas on Saturday morning, near half past eleven,  
 When a god, like a devil,<sup>4</sup> came driving from heaven,  
 And with postboys, and footmen, and liveries blazing,  
 Soon set half the country a gaping and gazing.  
 When the carriage drove into the Christopher yard,  
 How the waiters all bustled, and Garraway stared;  
 And the hostlers and boot-catchers wonder'd, and  
 swore

"They'd ne'er seen such a start in their lifetime  
 before!"

I could tell how, as soon as his chariot drew nigh,  
 Every cloud disappear'd from the face of the sky;  
 And the birds in the hedges more tunefully sung,  
 And the bells in St. George's spontaneously rung;  
 And the people, all seized with divine inspiration,  
 Couldn't talk without rhyming and versification.  
 But such matters, though vastly important, I ween,  
 Are too long for the limits of your magazine.

Now it soon got abroad that Apollo was come,  
 And intended to be, for that evening, "at home;"  
 And that cards would be issued, and tickets be given,  
 To all scholars and wits, for a dinner at seven.  
 So he'd scarcely sat down, when a legion came  
 pouring

Of would-be-thought scholars, his favor imploring.  
 First, Buller stept in, with a lengthy oration  
 About "scandalous usage," and "hard situation:"  
 And such treatment as never, since Eton was started,

*Αναξ Απολλων* is a very frequent usage with the Grecian  
 poets.

*ΔΑΙΜΟΝΙ σοος*; so rendered by a late celebrated scholar.



Had been shown to a *genius*, like him, "*broken-hearted*."

He'd "no doubt but his friends in Parnassus must know

How his fine declamation was laugh'd at below ;  
And how Keate, like a blockhead ungifted with brains,  
Had neglected to grant him a prize for his pains.  
He was sure, if such conduct continued much longer,  
The school must grow weaker, and indolence stronger ;  
That the rights of sixth form would be laid in the dust,

And the school after *that*, he thought, tumble it must.  
But he knew that Apollo was learned and wise,  
And he hoped that his godship would give him a prize ;

Or, at least, to make up for his mortification,  
Would invite him to dinner without hesitation."

Now Apollo, it seems, had some little pretence  
To a trifling proportion of wisdom and sense :  
So without ever asking the spark to be seated,  
He thus cut short his hopes, and his projects defeated.  
"After all, Mr. Buller, you've deign'd to repeat,  
I'm afraid that you'll think me as stupid as Keate :  
But to wave all disputes on your talents and knowledge,

Pray what have you done as the captain of college ?  
Have you patronized learning, or sapping com-  
mended ?

Have you e'er to your fags, or their studies, attended ?  
To the school have you given of merit a sample,  
And directed by precept, or led by example ?"

\* \* \* \* \*

What Apollo said more I'm forbidden to say,  
But Buller dined not at his table that day.

Next, a smart little gentleman march'd with a stare  
up,

A smoothing his neckcloth, and patting his hair up ;  
And with bows and grimaces quadrillers might follow,  
Said, "he own'd that his face was unknown to Apollo ;

But he held in hand what must be his apology,  
A short treatise he'd written on *British Geology* ;  
And this journal, he hoped, of his studies last week,  
In philosophy, chemistry, logic, and Greek,  
Might appear on perusal : but not to go far  
In proclaiming his merits—his name was Tom Carr :  
And for proofs of his talents, deserts, and what not,  
He appeal'd to Miss Baillie, Lord Byron, and Scott."

Here his speech was cut short by a hubbub below,  
And in walk'd Messrs. Maturin, Cookesly, and Co.,  
And begg'd leave to present to his majesty's finger—  
If he'd please to accept—No. 5 of the Linger.<sup>5</sup>  
Mr. Maturin "hoped he the columns would view  
With unprejudiced judgment, and give them their due,  
Nor believe all the lies, which perhaps he had seen,  
In that vile publication, that base magazine,<sup>6</sup>  
Which had dared to impeach his most chaste lucubrations,

Of obscenity, nonsense, and such accusations.  
Nay, that impudent work had asserted downright,  
That chalk differ'd from cheese, and that black wasn't  
white ;

But he hoped he might meet with his majesty's  
favor ;"

And thus, hemming and hawing, he closed his palaver.

Now the god condescended to look at the papers,  
But the first word he found in them gave him the  
vapours :

For the eyes of Apollo, ye gods ! 'twas a word  
Quite unfit to be written, and more to be heard ;  
'Twas a word which a bargeman would tremble to  
utter,

And it put his poor majesty all in a flutter ;  
But collecting his courage, his laurels he shook,  
And around on the company cast such a look,  
That e'en Turin and Dumpling slank off to the door,  
And the Lion was far too much frighten'd to roar ;

<sup>5</sup> An Eton periodical of the time.

<sup>6</sup> The College Magazine.

While poor Carr was attack'd with such qualms at the breast,

That he took up his journal, and fled with the rest.

When the tumult subsided, and peace 'gan to follow,  
Goddard enter'd the room, with three cards for Apollo,  
And some papers which, hardly five minutes before,  
Three respectable gowmsmen had left at the door.  
With a smile of good humour the god look'd at each,  
For he found that they came from Blunt, Chapman,  
and Neech.<sup>7</sup>

Blunt sent him a treatise of science profound,  
Showing how rotten eggs were distinguish'd from sound;

Some "Remarks on Debates," and some long-winded stories,

Of society Whigs, and society Tories ;  
And six sheets and a half of a sage dissertation,  
On the present most wicked and dull generation.  
From Chapman came lectures on Monk, and on piety ;  
On Simeon, and learning, and plays, and sobriety ;  
With most clear illustrations, and critical notes,  
On his own right exclusive of *canvassing votes*.

From Neech came a medley of prose and of rhyme,  
Satires, epigrams, sonnets, and sermons *sublime* ;  
But he'd chosen all customs and rules to reverse,  
For his satires were *prose*, and his sermons were *verse*.  
Phœbus look'd at the papers, commended all three,  
And sent word he'd be happy to see them to *tea*.

The affairs of the morning thus happily o'er,  
Phœbus pull'd from his pocket twelve tickets or more,  
Which the waiters were ordered forthwith to disperse  
'Mongst the most approved scribblers in prose and in verse :

'Mongst the gentlemen honor'd with cards, let me see,  
There was Howard, and Coleridge, and Wood, and Lavie,

The society's props ; Curzon, major and minor,

<sup>7</sup> Principal contributors to the Etonian.

Bowen, Hennicker, Webbe, were invited to dinner :  
 The theologist Buxton, and Petit, were seen,  
 And philosopher Jenyns, and Donald Maclean ;  
 Bulteel too, and Dykes ; but it happen'd (oh shame !)  
 That, though many were ask'd, very few of them came.  
 As for Coleridge, he "knew not what right Phœbus  
           had, d—n me,

To set up for a judge in a christian academy ;  
 And he'd not condescend to submit his Latinity,  
 Nor his verses, nor Greek, to a *heathen divinity*.  
 For his part, he should think his advice an affront,  
 Full as bad as the libels of Chapman and Blunt.  
 He'd no doubt but his dinner might be very good,  
 But he'd not go and taste it—be d——d if he would."  
 Dean fear'd that his pupils their minds should defile,  
 And Maclean was engagad to the duke of Argyll ;  
 In a deep fit of lethargy Petit had sunk,  
 And theologist Buxton with *Bishop* was drunk ;  
 Bulteel too, and Dykes, much against their own will,  
 Had been both pre-engaged to a party to *mill* ;  
 And philosopher Jenyns was bent on his knees,  
 To electrify spiders, and galvanize fleas.  
 But the rest all accepted the god's invitation,  
 And made haste to prepare for this jollification.

Now the dinner was handsome as dinner could be,  
 But to tell every dish is too tedious for me ;  
 Such a task, at the best, would be irksome and long,  
 And, besides, I must haste to the end of my song.  
 'Tis enough to relate that, the better to dine,  
 Jove sent them some nectar, and Bacchus some wine.  
 From Minerva came olives to crown the dessert,  
 And from Helicon water was sent most alert,  
 Of which Howard, 'tis said, drank so long and so deep,  
 That he almost fell into poetical sleep.<sup>8</sup>

When the cloth was removed, and the bottle went  
           round,

<sup>8</sup> "Nec fonte labra prolui Caballino,  
       Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnasso."

Wit, glee, and good humour, began to abound,  
 Though Lord Chesterfield would not have call'd them  
 polite,

For they all often burst into laughter outright.

\* \* \* \* \*

But swift flew the moments of rapture and glee,  
 And too early, alas ! they were summon'd to tea.

With looks most demure, each prepared with a  
 speech,

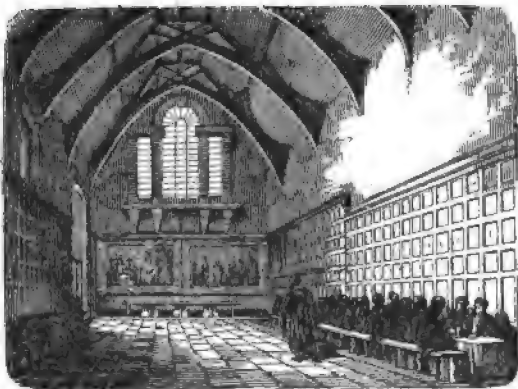
At the table were seated Blunt, Chapman, and Neech.  
 Phœbus stopt their orations, with dignity free,  
 And with easy politeness shook hands with all three ;  
 And the party proceeded, increased to a host,  
 To discuss bread and butter, tea, coffee, and toast.  
 As their numbers grew larger, more loud grew their  
 mirth,

And Apollo from heav'n drew its raptures to earth :  
 With divine inspiration he kindled each mind,  
 Till their wit, like their sugar, grew double refined ;  
 And an evening, enliven'd by conviviality,  
 Proved how much they were pleased by the god's  
 hospitality.

THALIA.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> This poem is attributed to J. Moultrie, Esq. of Trinity college,  
 Cambridge.



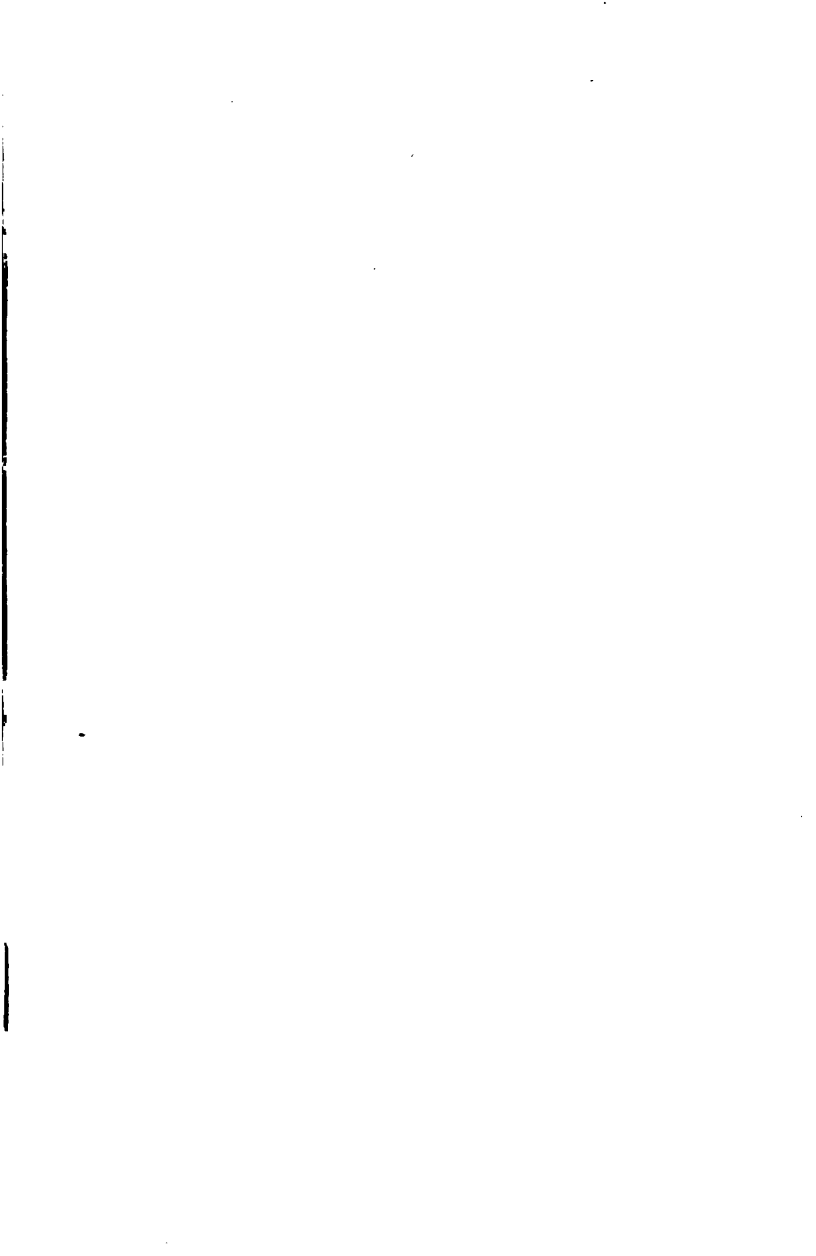


*Eton College Hall.*

## ETON MONTEM.

Stand by, old Cant, while I admire  
The young and gay, with souls of fire,  
Unloose the cheerful heart.  
Hence with thy puritanic zeal ;  
True virtue is to grant and feel—  
A bliss thou'lt ne'er impart.

I LOVE thee, Montem,—love thee, by all the brightest recollections of my youth, for the inspiring pleasures which thy triennial pageant revives in my heart : joined with thy merry throng, I can forget the cares and disappointments of the world ; and, tripping gaily with the light-hearted, youthful band, cast off the gloom of envy and of worldly pursuit, reassociating myself with the joyous scenes of my boyhood. Nay, more, I hold thee in higher veneration than ever did antiquarian worship the relics of *virtu*. Destruction light upon the impious hand that would abridge





*Elon Montem and*





*the Mount-Salt Hill.*



thy ancient charter ;—be all thy children, father Etona, doubly-armed to defend thy ancient honors ; —let no modern Goth presume to violate thy sacred rights ; but to the end of time may future generations retain the spirit of thy present race ; and often as the happy period comes, new pleasures wait upon the Eton Montem.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The ancient custom, celebrated at Eton every third year, on Whit-Tuesday, and which bears the title of THE MONTEM, appears to have defied antiquarian research, as far as relates to its original institution. It consists of a procession to a small tumulus on the southern side of the Bath road, which has given the name of Salt-Hill to the spot, now better known by the splendid inns that are established there. The chief object of this celebration, however, is to collect money for *salt*, according to the language of the day, from all persons who assemble to see the show, nor does it fail to be exacted from travellers on the road, and even at the private residences within a certain, but no inconsiderable, range of the spot. The scholars appointed to collect the money are called *salt-bearers* ; they are arrayed in fancy dresses, and are attended by others called scouts, of a similar, but less showy appearance. Tickets are given to such persons as have paid their contributions, to secure them from any further demand. This ceremony is always very numerously attended by Etonians, and has frequently been honored with the presence of his late Majesty, and the different branches of the Royal Family. The sum collected on the occasion has sometimes exceeded 800*l.*, and is given to the senior scholar, who is called Captain of the School. This procession appears to be coeval with the foundation ; and it is the opinion of Mr. Lysons, that it was a ceremonial of the Bairn, or Boy-Bishop. He states, that it originally took place on the 6th of December, the festival of St. Nicholas, the patron of children ; being the day on which it was customary at Salisbury, and in other places where the ceremony was observed, to elect the Boy-Bishop from among the children belonging to the cathedral. This mock dignity lasted till Innocents' day ; and, during the intermediate time, the boy performed various episcopal functions. If it happened that he died before the allotted period of this extraordinary mummary had expired, he was buried with all the ceremonials which were used at the funerals of prelates. In the voluminous collections relating to antiquities, bequeathed by Mr. Cole, who was himself of Eton and King's colleges, to the British Museum, is a note which

What coronation, tournament, or courtly pageant, can outshine thy splendid innocence and delightful gaiety? what regal banquet yields half the pure

mentions that the ceremony of the Bairn or Boy-Bishop was to be observed by charter, and that Geoffrey Blythe, Bishop of Lichfield, who died in 1530, bequeathed several ornaments to those colleges, for the dress of the bairn-bishop. But on what authority this industrious antiquary gives the information, which, if correct, would put an end to all doubt on the subject, does not appear. But, after all, why may not this custom be supposed to have originated in a procession to perform an annual mass at the altar of some saint, to whom a small chapel might have been dedicated on the mount called Salt-Hill; a ceremony very common in Catholic countries, as such an altar is a frequent appendage to their towns and populous villages? As for the selling of salt, it may be considered as a natural accompaniment, when its emblematical character, as to its use in the ceremonies of the Roman Church, is contemplated. Till the time of Doctor Barnard, the procession of the Montem was every two years, and on the first or second Tuesday in February. It consisted of something of a military array. The boys in the remove, fourth, and inferior forms, marched in a long file of two and two, with white poles in their hands, while the sixth and fifth form boys walked on their flanks as officers, and habited in all the variety of dress, each of them having a boy of the inferior forms, smartly equipped, attending on him as a footman. The second boy in the school led the procession in a military dress, with a truncheon in his hand, and bore for the day the title of Marshal: then followed the Captain, supported by his Chaplain, the head scholar of the fifth form, dressed in a suit of black, with a large bushy wig, and a broad beaver decorated with a twisted silk hatband and rose, the fashionable distinction of the dignified clergy of that day. It was his office to read certain Latin prayers on the mount at Salt-Hill. The third boy of the school brought up the rear as Lieutenant. One of the higher classes, whose qualification was his activity, was chosen Ensign, and carried the colours, which were emblazoned with the college arms, and the motto, *Pro more et monte*. This flag, before the procession left the college, he flourished in the school-yard with all the dexterity displayed at Astley's and places of similar exhibition. The same ceremony was repeated after prayers, on the mount. The regiment dined in the inns at Salt-Hill, and then returned to the college; and its dismissal in the school-yard was announced by the universal drawing of all the swords. Those who bore the

enjoyment the sons of old Etona experience, when, after months of busy preparation, the happy morn arrives ushered in with the inspiring notes of "*Auld lang syne*" from the well-chosen band in the college breakfast-room? Then, too, the crowds of admiring spectators, the angel host of captivating beauties with their starry orbs of light, and luxuriant tresses, curling in playful elegance around a face beaming with divinity, or falling in admired negligence over bosoms of alabastrine whiteness and unspotted purity within! Grey-bearded wisdom and the peerless great, the stars of honor in the field and state, the pulpit and the bar, send forth their brightest ornaments to grace Etona's holiday. Oxford and Cambridge, too, lend their classic aid, and many a grateful son of *Alma Mater* returns to acknowledge his obligations to his early tutors and swell the number of the mirthful host. Here may be seen, concentrated in the quadrangle, the costume of every nation, in all the gay variety that fancy can devise: the Persian spangled robe, and the embroidered Greek vest; the graceful Spanish, and the picturesque Italian, the Roman toga and the tunic, and the rich old English suit. Pages in red frocks, and marshals in their satin

title of commissioned officers were exclusively on the foundation, and carried spontoons; the rest were considered as serjeants and corporals, and a most curious assemblage of figures they exhibited. The two principal salt-bearers consisted of an oppidan and a collegier: the former was generally some nobleman, whose figure and personal connexions might advance the interests of the collections. They were dressed like running footmen, and carried, each of them, a silk bag to receive the contributions, in which was a small quantity of salt. During Doctor Barnard's mastership, the ceremony was made triennial, the time changed from February to Whit-Tuesday, and several of its absurdities retrenched. An ancient and savage custom of hunting a ram by the foundation scholars, on Saturday in the election week, was abolished in the earlier part of the last century. The curious twisted clubs with which these collegiate hunters were armed on the occasion are still to be seen in antiquarian collections.

doublets ; white wands and splendid turbans, plumes, and velvet hats, all hastening with a ready zeal to obey the call of the muster-roll. The captain with his retinue retires to pay his court to the provost ; while, in the doctor's study, may be seen, gathered around the dignitary, a few of those great names who honor Eton and owe their honor to her classic tutors. Twelve o'clock strikes, and the procession is now marshalled in the quadrangle in sight of the privileged circle, princes, dukes, peers, and doctors with their ladies. Here does the ensign first display his skill in public, and the Montem banner is flourished in horizontal revolutions about the head and waist with every grace of elegance and ease which the result of three months' practice and no little strength can accomplish.

Twelve o'clock strikes, and the procession moves forward to the playing fields on its route to Salt-Hill. Now look the venerable spires and antique towers of Eton like to some chieftain's baronial castle in the feudal times, and the proud captain represents the hero marching forth at the head of his parti-coloured vassals !

The gallant display of rank and fashion and beauty follow in their splendid equipages by slow progressive movement, like the delightful lingering, *inch by inch* approach to St. James's palace on a full court-day. The place itself is calculated to impress the mind with sentiments of veneration and of heart-moving reminiscences ; seated in the bosom of one of the richest landscapes in the kingdom, where on the height majestic Windsor lifts its royal brow ; calmly magnificent, over-looking, from his round tower, the surrounding country, and waving his kingly banner in the air : 'tis the high court of English chivalry, the birth-place, the residence, and the mausoleum of her kings, and "i' the olden time," the prison of her captured monarchs. "At once, the sovereign's and

the muses' seat," rich beyond almost any other district in palaces, and fanes, and villas, in all the "pomp of patriarchal forests," and gently-swelling hills, and noble streams, and waving harvests ; there Denham wrote, and Pope breathed the soft note of pastoral inspiration ; and there too the immortal bard of Avon chose the scene in which to wind the snares of love around his fat-encumbered knight. Who can visit the spot without thinking of Datchet mead and the buck-basket of sweet Anne Page and Master Slender, and mine host of the Garter, and all the rest of that merry, intriguing crew ? And now having reached the foot of the mount and old druidical barrow, the flag is again waved amid the cheers of the surrounding thousands who line its sides, and in their carriages environ its ancient base.<sup>2</sup> Now the salt-bearers and the pages bank their collections in one common stock, and the juvenile band partake of the captain's banquet, and drink success to his future prospects in Botham's port. Then, too, old Herbertus Stockhore—he must not be forgotten ; I have already introduced him to your notice in p. 59, and my friend Bob Transit has illustrated the sketch with his portrait ; yet here he demands notice in his *official* character, and perhaps I cannot do better than quote the humorous account given of him by the elegant pen of an old Etonian :<sup>3</sup>

"Who is that buffoon that travesties the travesty ? Who is that old cripple alighted from his donkey-cart, who dispenses doggrel and grimaces in all the glory of plush and printed calico ?"

"That, my most noble cynic, is a prodigious personage. Shall birth-days and coronations be recorded in immortal odes, and Montem not have its minstrel ? He, sir, is Herbertus Stockhore ; who first called upon his muse in the good old days of Paul Whitehead,—

<sup>2</sup> See plate of the Montem, sketched on the spot.

<sup>3</sup> See Knight's Quarterly Magazine, No. II.

run a race with Pye through all the sublimities of lyres and fires,—and is now hobbling to his grave, after having sung fourteen Montems, the only existing example of a legitimate laureate.

“He ascended his heaven of invention, before the vulgar arts of reading and writing, which are banishing all poetry from the world, could clip his wings. He was an adventurous soldier in his boyhood ; but, having addicted himself to matrimony and the muses, settled as a bricklayer’s labourer at Windsor. His meditations on the house-tops soon grew into form and substance ; and, about the year 1780, he aspired, with all the impudence of Shadwell, and a little of the pride of Petrarch, to the laurel-crown of Eton. From that day he has worn his honors on his ‘Cibberian forehead’ without a rival.”

“And what is his style of composition ?”

“Vastly naïve and original ;—though the character of the age is sometimes impressed upon his productions. For the first three odes, ere the school of Pope was extinct, he was a compiler of regular couplets such as—

‘Ye dames of honor and lords of high renown,  
Who come to visit us at Eton town.’

During the next nine years, when the remembrance of Collins and Gray was working a glorious change in the popular mind, he ascended to Pindarics, and closed his lyrics with some such pious invocation as this :—

‘And now we’ll sing  
God save the king,  
And send him long to reign,  
That he may come  
To have some fun  
At Montem once again.’

During the first twelve years of the present century, the influence of the Lake school was visible in his



productions. In my great work I shall give an elaborate dissertation on his imitations of the high-priests of that worship ; but I must now content myself with a single illustration :—

‘ There’s ensign Rennell, tall and proud,  
Doth stand upon the hill,  
And waves the flag to all the crowd,  
Who much admire his skill.  
And here I sit upon my ass,  
Who lops his shaggy ears ;  
Mild thing ! he lets the gentry pass,  
Nor heeds the carriages and peers.’

He was once infected (but it was a venial sin) by the heresies of the cockney school ; and was betrayed, by the contagion of evil example, into the following conceits :

‘ Behold *admiral* Keate of the terrestrial crew,  
Who teaches Greek, Latin, and likewise Hebrew ;  
He has taught Captain Dampier, the first in the race,  
Swirling his hat with a feathery grace,  
Cookson the marshal, and Willoughby, of size,  
Making minor serjeant-majors in looking-glass eyes.’

But he at length returned to his own pure and original style ; and, like the dying swan, he sings the sweeter as he is approaching the land where the voice of his minstrelsy shall no more be heard. There is a calm melancholy in the close of his present ode which is very pathetic, and almost Shakspearian :—

‘ Farewell you gay and happy throng !  
Farewell my muse ! farewell my song !  
Farewell Salt-hill ! farewell brave captain.’

Yet, may it be long before he goes hence and is no more seen ! May he limp, like his rhymes, for at least a dozen years ; for National schools have utterly annihilated our hopes of a successor !”

“ I will not attempt to reason with you,” said the inquirer, “ about the pleasures of Montem ;—but to an

Etonian it is enough that it brings pure and ennobling recollections—calls up associations of hope and happiness—and makes even the wise feel that there is something better than wisdom, and the great that there is something nobler than greatness. And then the faces that come about us at such a time, with their tales of old friendships or generous rivalries. I have seen to-day fifty fellows of whom I remember only the nick-names ;—they are now degenerated into scheming M.P.'s, or clever lawyers, or portly doctors ; —but at Montem they leave the plodding world of reality for one day, and regain the dignities of sixth-form Etonians.”<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> To enumerate all the distinguished persons educated at Eton would be no easy task ; many of the greatest ornaments of our country have laid the foundation of all their literary and scientific wealth within the towers of this venerable edifice. Bishops Fleetwood and Pearson, the learned John Hales, Dr. Stanhope, Sir Robert Walpole, the great Earl Camden, Outred the mathematician, Boyle the philosopher, Waller the poet, the illustrious Earl of Chatham, Lord Lyttelton, Gray the poet, and an endless list of shining characters have owned Eton for their scholastic nursery : not to mention the various existing literati who have received their education at this celebrated college. The local situation of Eton is romantic and pleasing : there is a monastic gloom about the building, finely contrasting with the beauty of the surrounding scenery, which irresistibly enchains the eye and heart.



ETON SCHOOL-ROOM.

"Had wags as ye are, who woulde have guessed your frolicke humoure shoulde haue so far outraged proprietye that e'en old Father Etona must be screwed into his rostrum to suit the merrie purpose of poure bein."

*Ancient Legend.*

## FAREWELL TO ETON.

HORATIO had just concluded the last sentence of the description of the Eton Montem, when my aunt, who had now exceeded her usual retiring time by at least half an hour, made a sudden start, upon hearing the chimes of the old castle clock proclaim a notice of the midnight hour. "Heavens! boy," said Lady Mary Oldstyle, "what rakes we are! I believe we must abandon all intention of inviting your friend Bernard here; for should his conversation prove half as entertaining as these miscellaneous whims and scraps of his early years, we should, I fear, often encroach upon the midnight lamp." "You forget, aunt," replied Horatio, "that the swallow has already commenced his spring

habitation beneath the housings of our bed-room window, that the long summer evenings will soon be here, and then how delightful would be the society of an intelligent friend to accompany us in our evening perambulations through the park, to chat away half an hour with in the hermitage, or to hold converse on your favourite subject botany, and run through all the varieties of the *camelia japonica*, or the *magnolia fuscata*; then too, I will confess, my own selfishness in the proposition, the pleasure of my friend's company in my fishing excursions, would divest my favourite amusement of its solitary character." My aunt nodded assent, drew the cowl of her ancient silk cloak over the back part of her head, and, with a half-closed eye, muttered out, in tones of sympathy, her fullest accordance in the proposed arrangement. "I have only one more trifle to read," said Horatio, "before I conclude the history of our school-boy days." "We had better have the bed-candles," said my aunt. "You had better hear the conclusion, aunt," said Horatio, "and then we can commence the English Spy with the evening of to-morrow." My aunt wanted but little excitement to accede to the request, and that little was much exceeded in the promise of Horatio's reading Bernard's new work on the succeeding evening, when she had calculated on being left in solitary singleness by her nephew's visit to the county ball. "You must know, aunt," said Horatio, "that it has been a custom, from time immemorial at Eton, for every scholar to write a farewell ode on his leaving, which is presented to the head master, and is called a *Vale*; in addition, some of the most distinguished characters employ first-rate artists to paint their portraits, which, as a tribute of respect, they present to the principal. Dr. Barnard had nearly a hundred of these grateful faces hanging in his sanctum sanctorum, and the present master bids fair to rival his learned and respected predecessor.

“My friend’s *Vale*, like every other production of his pen, is marked by the distinguishing characteristic eccentricity of his mind. The idea, I suspect, was suggested by the Earl of Carlisle’s elegant verses, to which he has previously alluded ; you will perceive he has again touched upon the peculiarities of his associates, the *dramatis personæ* of ‘the English Spy,’ and endeavoured, in prophetic verse, to unfold the secrets of futurity, as it relates to their dispositions, prospects, and pursuits in life.”

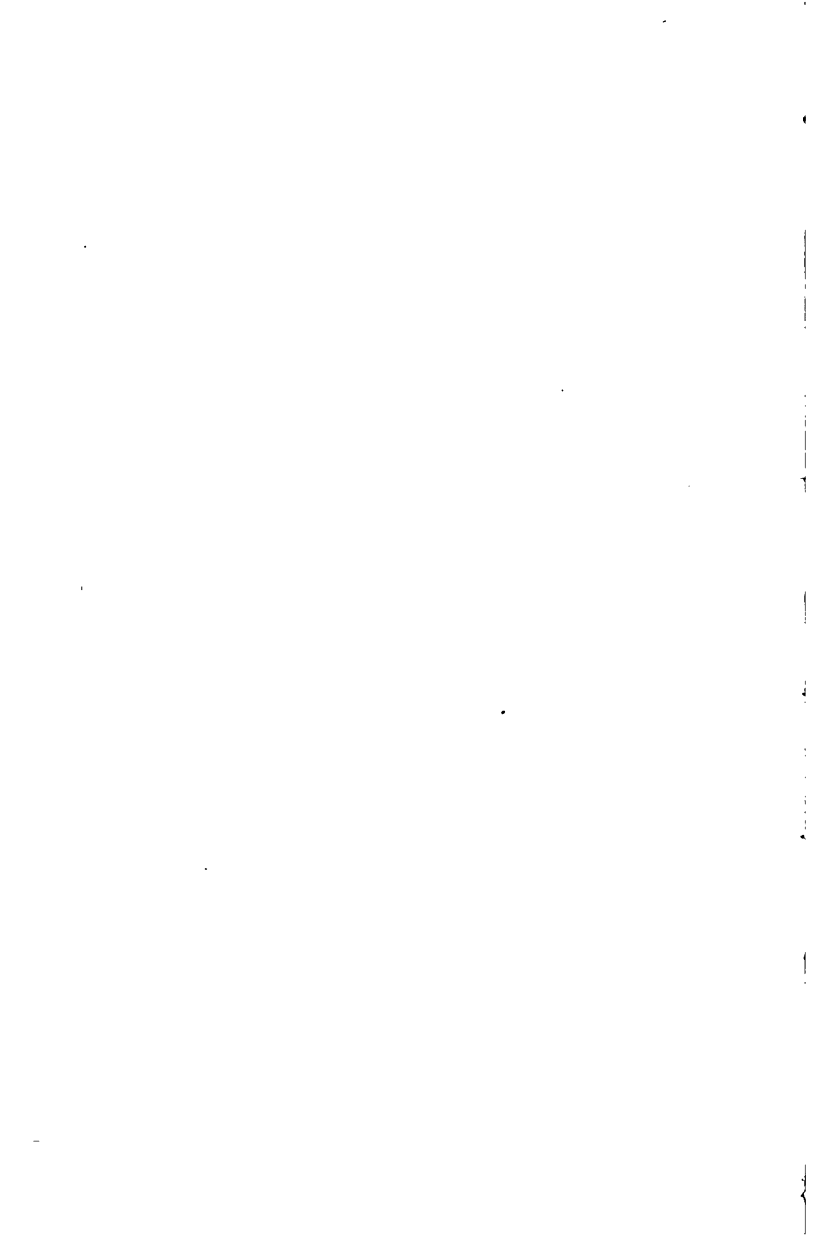


## MY VALE.

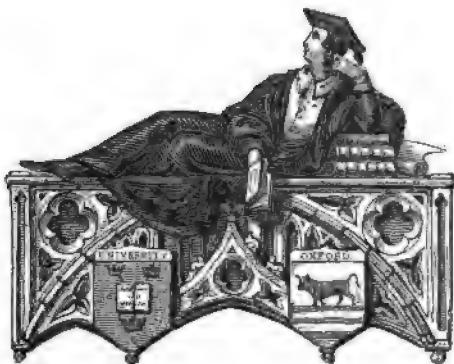
IN infancy oft' by observance we trace  
What life's future page may unfold ;  
Who the senate, the bar, or the pulpit may grace,  
Who'll obtain wreaths of fame or of gold.  
My *Vale*, should my muse prove but willing and free,  
Parting sorrows to chase from my brain,  
Shall in metre prophetic, on some two or three,  
Indulge in her whimsical vein.  
First Keate let me give to thy talents and worth,  
A tribute that all will approve ;  
When Atropos shall sever thy life's thread on earth  
Thou shalt fall rich in honor and love.  
Revered as respected thy memory last,  
Long, long, as Etona is known,  
Engraved on the hearts of thy scholars, the blast  
Of detraction ne'er sully thy stone.  
Others too I could name and as worthy of note,  
But my *Vale* 'twould too lengthy extend :  
Sage *Domine* all,—all deserving my vote,  
Who the tutor combine with the friend.  
But a truce with these ancients, the young I must seek,  
The juvenile friends of my heart,  
Of secrets hid in futurity speak,  
And tell how they'll each play their part.  
First HEARTLY, the warmth of thy generous heart  
Shall expand with maturity's years ;  
New joys to the ag'd and the poor thou'lt impart,  
And dry up pale Misery's tears.  
Next honest TOM ECHO, the giddy and gay,  
In sports shall all others excel ;  
And the sound of his horn, with "Ho ! boys, hark-  
away !"   
Re-echo his worth through life's dell.

HORACE EGLANTINE deep at Pierian spring  
Inspiration poetic shall quaff,  
In numbers majestic with Shakespeare to sing,  
Or in Lyrics with Pindar to laugh.  
Little GRADUS, sage Dick, you'll a *senator* see,  
But a *lawyer* in every sense,  
Whose *personal interest* must paramount be,  
No matter whate'er his pretence.  
The *exquisite* LILYMAN LIONISE mark,  
Of fashion the fool and the sport ;  
With the gamesters a dupe, he shall drop like a spark,  
Forgot by the blaze of the court.  
BOB TRANSIT,—if prudent, respected and rich  
By his talent shall rise into note ;  
And in Fame's honor'd temple be sure of a niche,  
By each R.A.'s unanimous vote.  
BERNARD BLACKMANTLE's fortune alone is *in doubt*,  
For prophets ne'er tell of themselves ;  
But one thing his heart has a long time found out,  
'Tis his love for Etonian elves.  
For the college, and dames, and the dear playing fields  
Where science and friendship preside,  
For the spot which the balm of true happiness yields,  
As each day by its fellow doth glide.  
Adieu, honor'd masters ! kind dames, fare thee well !  
Ye light-hearted spirits adieu !  
How feeble my *Vale*—my griev'd feelings to tell  
As Etona declines from my view.





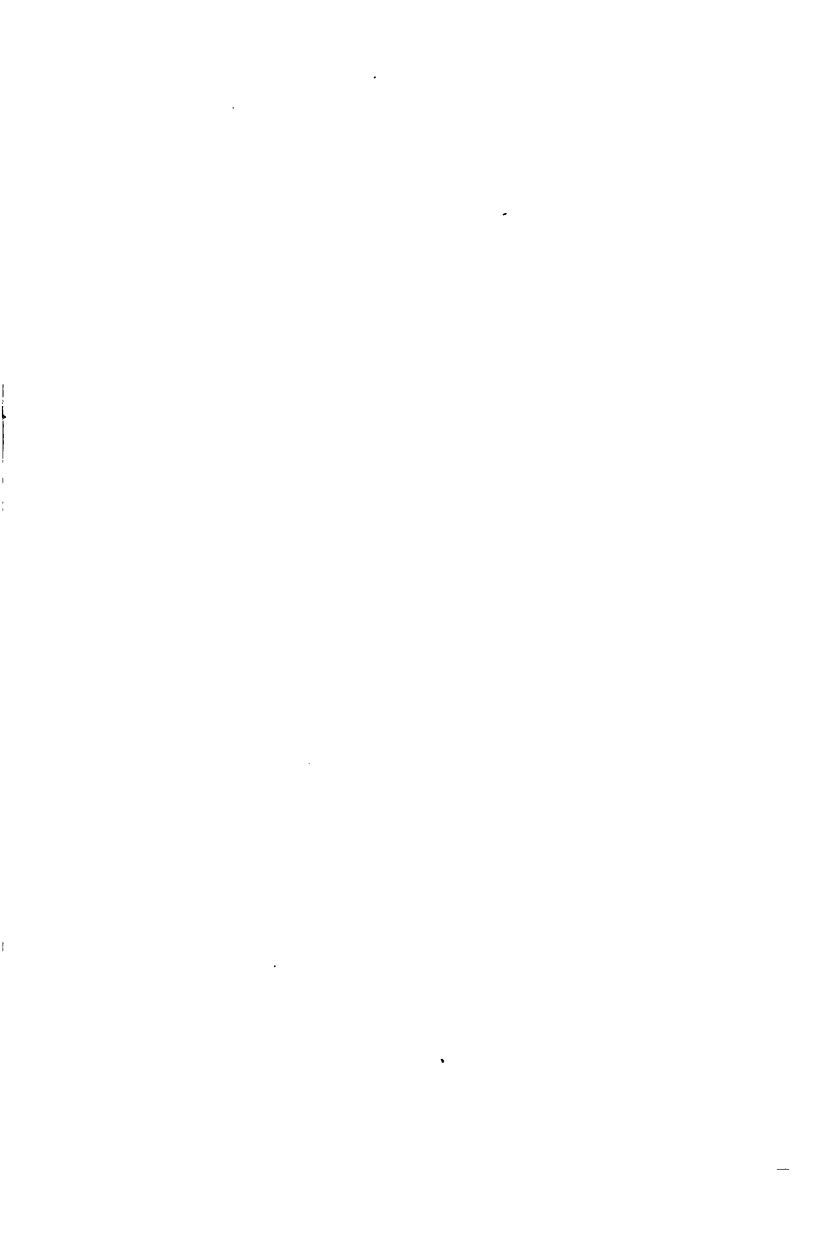




## THE ENGLISH SPY.

“ Men are my subject, and not fictions vain ;  
Oxford my chaunt, and satire is my strain.”



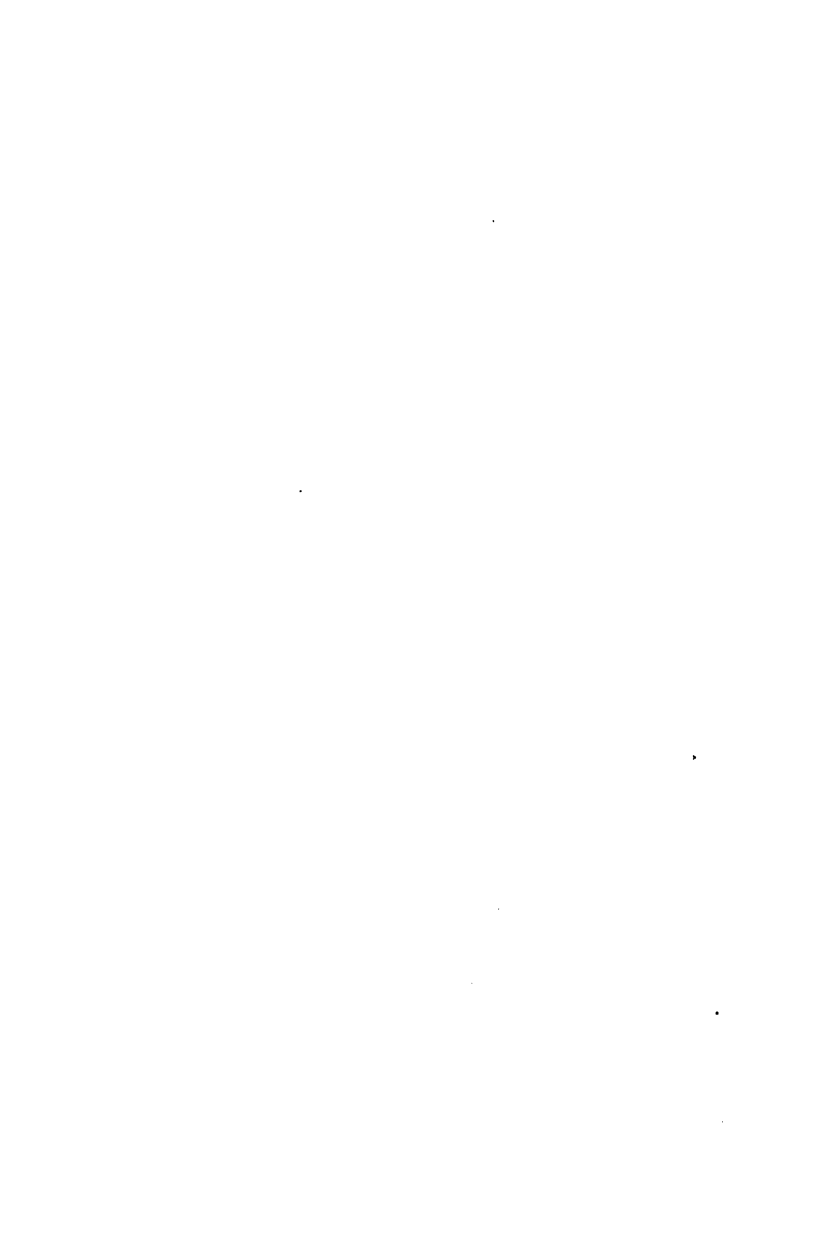




*First Bow to Alma Mater or Bernar.*



and Blackmantle's introduction to the Big Wig.





FIVE CHARACTERISTIC ORDERS OF OXFORD.

The Vice-Chancellor, Esquire Beadle, Yeoman Beadle, Verger, and Commoner, capping the V. C.

## THE FRESHMAN.

*Reflections on leaving Eton—A University Whip—Sketches on the Road—The Joneses of Jesus—Picturesque Appearance of Oxford from the Distance—The Arrival—Welcome of an Old Etonian—Visit to Dr. Dingyman—A University Don—Presentation to the Big Wig—Ceremony of Matriculation.*

“ Yes ; if there be one sacred scene of ease,  
Where reason yet may dawn, and virtue please ;  
Where ancient science bursts again to view  
With mightier truths, which Athens never knew,  
One spot to order, peace, religion dear ;  
Rise, honest pride, nor blush to claim it here.”

*Oxford Spy.*

Who shall attempt to describe the sensations of a young and ardent mind just bursting from the trammels of scholastic discipline to breathe the purer air of classic freedom—to leap at once from

boyhood and subjection into maturity and unrestricted liberty of conduct; or who can paint the heart's agitation, the conflicting passions which prevail when the important moment arrives that is to separate him from the associates of his infancy; from the endearing friendships of his earliest years; from his schoolboy sports and pastimes (often the most grateful recollections of a riper period); or from those ancient spires and familiar scenes to which his heart is wedded in its purest and earliest love.

Reader, if you have ever tasted of the delightful cup of youthful friendship, and pressed with all the glow of early and sincere attachment the venerable hand of a kind instructor, or met the wistful eye and hearty grasp of parting schoolfellows, and ancient dames, and obliging servants, you will easily discover how embarrassing a task it must be to depict in words the agitating sensations which at such a moment spread their varied influence over the mind.

I had taken care to secure the box seat of the old Oxford, that on my approach I might enjoy an uninterrupted view of the classic turrets and lofty spires of sacred *Academus*. Contemplation had fixed his seal upon my young lips for the first ten miles of my journey. Abstracted and thoughtful, I had scarce turned my eye to admire the beauties of the surrounding scenery, or lent my ear to the busy hum of my fellow passengers' conversation, when a sudden action of the coach, which produced a sensation of alarm, first broke the gloomy mist that had encompassed me. After my fears had subsided, I inquired of the coachman what was the name of the place we had arrived at, and was answered Henley.—“*Stony Henley*, sir,” said our driver: “you might have discovered that by the *bit of a shake* we just now experienced. I'll bet a *bullfinch*<sup>1</sup> that you know the place well enough, *my young master*, before you've been two

<sup>1</sup> A sovereign.



terms at Oxford." This familiarity of style struck me as deserving reprehension ; but I reflected this classic Jehu was perhaps licensed by the light-hearted sons of *Alma Mater* in these liberties of speech. Suspending therefore my indignation, I proceeded,—“And why so ?” said I inquisitively :—“Why I know when I was an *under graduate*<sup>2</sup> of ——, where my father was principal, I used to keep a good *prad* here for a bolt to the village,<sup>3</sup> and then I had a fresh hack always on the road to help me back to chapel prayers.”<sup>4</sup> The nonchalance of the speaker, and the easy indifference with which he alluded to his former situation in life, struck me with astonishment, and created a curiosity to know more of his adventures ; he had, I found, brought himself to his present degradation by a passion for gaming and driving, which had usurped every just and moral feeling. His father, I have since learned, felt his conduct deeply, and had been dead some time. His venerable mother having advanced him all her remaining property, was now reduced to a dependence upon the benevolence of a few liberal-minded Oxford friends, and this son of the once celebrated head of —— college was now so lost to every sense of shame that he preferred the Oxford road to exhibit himself on in his new character of a *university whip*.

Immediately behind me on the roof of the vehicle sat a rosy-looking little gentleman, the rotundity of

<sup>2</sup> The circumstances here narrated are unfortunately too notorious to require further explanation : the character, drawn from the life, forms the vignette to this chapter.

<sup>3</sup> A cant phrase for a stolen run to the metropolis. No unusual circumstance with a gay Oxonian, some of whom have been known to ride the same horse the whole distance and back again after prayers, and before daylight the next morning.

<sup>4</sup> When (to use the Oxford phrase) a man is confined to chapel, or compelled to attend chapel prayers, it is a dangerous risk to be missing,—a severe imposition and sometimes rustication is sure to be the penalty.

whose figure proclaimed him a man of some substance ; he was habited in a suit of clerical mixture, with the true orthodox hat and rosette in front, the broadness of its brim serving to throw a fine mellow shadow over the upper part of a countenance, which would have formed a choice study for the luxuriant pencil of some modern Rubens ; the eyes were partially obscured in the deep recesses of an overhanging brow, and a high fat cheek, and the whole figure brought to my recollection a representation I had somewhere seen of Silenus reproving his Bacchanals : the picture was the more striking by the contrasted subjects it was opposed to : on one side was a spare-looking stripling, of about the age of eighteen, with lank hair brushed smoothly over his forehead, and a demure, half-idiot-looking countenance, that seemed to catch what little expression it had from the reflection of its sire, for such I discovered was the ancient's affinity to this cadaverous importation from North Wales. The father, a Welsh rector of at least one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, was conveying his eldest born to the care of the principal of Jesus, of which college the family of the Joneses<sup>5</sup> had been

<sup>5</sup> DAVID JONES ; OR, WINE AND WORSTED.

HUGH MORGAN, cousin of that Hugh  
Whose cousin was, the Lord knows who,  
Was likewise, as the story runs,  
Tenth cousin of one David Jones.  
David, well stored with classic knowledge,  
Was sent betimes to Jesus College ;  
Paternal bounty left him clear  
For life one hundred pounds a year ;  
And Jones was deem'd another Croesus  
Among the Commoners of Jesus.  
It boots not here to quote tradition,  
In proof of David's erudition ;—  
He could unfold the mystery high,  
Of Paulo-posts, and verbs in  $\mu$  ;  
Scan Virgil, and, in mathematics,

a leading name since the time of their great ancestor Hugh ap Price, son of Rees ap Rees, a wealthy burgess of Brecknock, who founded this college for the sole use of the sons of Cambria, in 1571. All these particulars I gleaned from the rapid delivery of the Welsh rector, who betrayed no little anxiety to discover if I was of the university ; how long I had been matriculated ; what was my opinion of the schools, and above all, if the same system of extravagance was pursued by the students, and under-graduates. Too cautious to confess myself a *freshman*, I was therefore compelled to close the inquiry with a simple negative to his early questions, and an avowal of my ignorance in the last particular. The deficiency was, however, readily supplied by an old gentleman, who sat on the other side of the reverend Mr. Jones. I had taken

Prove that straight lines were not quadratics.  
All Oxford hail'd the youth's *ingressus*,  
And wond'ring Welshmen cried "Cot pless us !"  
It happen'd that his cousin Hugh  
Through Oxford pass'd, to Cambria due,  
And from his erudite relation  
Receiv'd a written invitation.  
Hugh to the college gate repair'd,  
And ask'd for Jones ;—the porter stared !  
"Jones ! Sir," quoth he, "discriminate :  
Of Mr. Joneses there be eight."  
"Ay, but 'tis David Jones," quoth Hugh ;  
Quoth porter, "We've six Davids too."  
"Cot's flesh !" cries Morgan, "cease your mockings,  
My David Jones wears worsted stockings !"  
Quoth porter, "Which it is, Heaven knows,  
For all the eight wear worsted hose."  
"My Cot !" says Hugh, "I'm ask'd to dine  
With cousin Jones, and quaff his wine."  
"That one word 'wine' is worth a dozen,"  
Quoth porter, "now I know your cousin ;  
The wine has stood you, sir, in more stead  
Than David, or the hose of worsted ;  
You'll find your friend at number nine—  
We've but one Jones that quaffs his wine."

him, in the first instance, for a doctor of laws, physic, or divinity, by the studied neatness of his dress, the powdered head, and ancient appendage of a *queue*; with a measured manner of delivery, joined to an affected solemnity of carriage, and authoritative style. He knew every body, from the Vice-Chancellor to the scout; ran through a long tirade against driving and drinking, which he described as the capital sins of the sons of *Alma Mater*, complimented the old rector on his choice of a college for his son, and concluded with lamenting the great extravagance of the young men of the present day, whose affection for *long* credit compelled honest tradesmen to make out *long* bills to meet the loss of interest they sustain by dunning and delay. "Observe, sir," said he,

"The youth of England in our happy age !  
See, to their view what varied pleasure springs,  
Cards, tennis, billiards, and ten thousand things ;  
'Tis theirs the coat with neater grace to wear,  
Or tie the neckcloth with a royal air :  
The rapid race of wild expense to run ;  
To drive the tandem or the chaise and one ;  
To float along the Isis, or to fly  
In haste to Abingdon,—who knows not why?  
To gaze in shops, and saunter hours away  
In raising bills, they never think to pay :  
Then deep carouse, and raise their glee the more,  
While angry duns assault th' unheeding door,  
And feed the best old man that ever trod,  
The merry poacher who defies his God."

"You forget the *long* purses, Sir E—," said our classical Jehu, "which some of the Oxford tradesmen have acquired by these *long* practices of the university, Sir E—." The little Welsh rector bowed with astonishment, while his rustic scion stared with wild alarm to find himself for the first time in his life in company with a man of title. A wink from coachee accompanied with an action of his *rein angle* against my side, followed by a suppressed laugh, prepared me

for some important communications relative to my fellow traveller. "An old *snyder*,"<sup>6</sup> whispered Jehu, "who was once mayor of Oxford, and they do say was knighted by mistake,—'a thing of *shreds* and *patches*,'

'Who, by short skirts and little capes,  
Items for buckram, twist, and tapes,'

has, in his time, *fine drawn* half the university ; but having retired from the *seat* of trade, now seeks the *seat* of the Muses, and writes *fustian* rhymes and bell-men's odes at Christmas time : a mere *clod*, but a great man with the corporation."

We had now arrived on the heights within a short distance of the city of Oxford, and I had the gratification for the first time to obtain a glance of sacred *Academus* peeping from between the elm groves in which she is embowered, to view those turrets which were to be the future scene of all my hopes and fears. Never shall I forget the sensations,

"——— When first these glistening eyes survey'd  
Majestic Oxford's hundred towers display'd ;  
And silver Isis rolling at her feet  
Adorn the sage's and the poet's seat :  
Saw Radcliffe's dome in classic beauty rear'd,  
And learning's stores in Bodley's pile revered ;  
First view'd, with humble awe, the steps that stray'd  
Slow in the gloom of academic shade,  
Or framed in thought, with fancy's magic wand,  
Wise Bacon's arch ; thy bower, fair Rosamond."

In the bosom of a delightful valley, surrounded by the most luxuriant meadows, and environed by gently swelling hills, smiling in all the pride of cultivated beauty, on every side diversified by hanging wood, stands the fair city of learning and the arts. The two great roads from the capital converge upon the small church of St. Clement, in the eastern suburb, from whence, advancing in a westerly direction, you

<sup>6</sup> A tailor.

arrive at Magdalen bridge, so named from the college adjoining, whose lofty graceful tower is considered a fine specimen of architecture. The prospect of the city from this point is singularly grand and captivating ; on the left, the botanical garden, with its handsome portal ; beyond, steeples and towers of every varied form shooting up in different degrees of elevation. The view of the High-street is magnificent, and must impress the youthful mind with sentiments of awe and veneration. Its picturesque curve and expansive width, the noble assemblage of public and private edifices in all the pride of varied art, not rising in splendid uniformity, but producing an enchantingly varied *whole*, the entire perspective of which admits of no European rival—

“The awful tow’rs which seem for science made ;  
The solemn chapels, which to prayer invite,  
Whose storied windows shed a holy light—”

the colleges of Queen’s and All Souls’, with the churches of St. Mary and All Saints’ on the northern side of the street, and the venerable front of University College on the south, present at every step objects for contemplation and delight. Whirling up this graceful curvature, we alighted at the Mitre, an inn in the front of the High-street, inclining towards Carfax. A number of under graduates in their *academicals* were posted round the door, or lounging on the opposite side, to watch the arrival of the coach, and amuse themselves with quizzing the passengers. Among the foremost of the group, and not the least active, was my old schoolfellow and *con*, Tom Echo, now of Christ Church. The recognition was instantaneous ; the welcome a hearty one, in the true Etonian style ; and the first connected sentence an invitation to dinner. “I shall make a party on purpose to introduce you, *old chap*,” said Tom, “that is,

as soon as you have made your bow to the *big wig* :<sup>7</sup> but I say, *old fellow*, where are you entered ? we are most of us overflowing full here." I quickly satisfied his curiosity upon that point, by informing him I had been for some time enrolled upon the list of the foundation of Brazennose, and had received orders to come up and enter myself. Our conversation now turned upon the necessary ceremonies of matriculation.

Tom's face was enlivened to a degree when I showed him my letter of introduction to Dr. Dingyman, of L—n college. "What, the *opposition* member, the Oxford Palladio ? Why, you might just as well expect to move the Temple of the Winds from Athens to Oxford, without displacing a fragment, as to hope the doctor will present you to the vice-chancellor.—It won't do. We must find you some more tractable personage ; some good-humoured *nob* that stands well with the principals, tells funny stories to their ladies, and drinks his three bottles like a true son of orthodoxy." "For Heaven's sake ! my dear fellow, if you do not wish to be pointed at, booked for an eccentric, or suspected of being profound, abandon all intention of being introduced through that medium. A first interview with that singular man will produce an examination that would far exceed the perils of the *great go*<sup>8</sup>—he will try your proficiency by the *chart and scale of truth*." "Be that as it may, Tom," said I, not a little alarmed by the account I had heard of the person to whom I was to owe my first introduction to *alma mater*, "I shall make the attempt ; and should I fail, I shall yet hope to avail myself of your proffered kindness."

<sup>7</sup> A BIG WIG. Head of a college.

A DON. A learned man.

A NOB. A fellow of a college.

<sup>8</sup> The principal examining school.

After partaking of some refreshment, and adjusting my dress, we sallied forth to *lionise*, as Tom called it, which is the Oxford term for gazing about, usually applied to strangers. Proceeding a little way along the high street from the Mitre, and turning up the first opening on our left hand, we stood before the gateway of Lincoln college. Here Tom shook hands, wished me a safe passport through what he was pleased to term the "*Oxonia purgata*," and left me, after receiving my promise to join the dinner party at Christ Church.

I had never felt so awkwardly in my life before : the apprehensions I was under of a severe examination ; the difficulty of encountering a man whose superior learning and endowments of mind had rendered him the envy of the University, and above all, his reputed eccentricity of manners, created fears that almost palsied my tongue when I approached the hall to announce my arrival. If my ideas of the person had thus confounded me, my terrors were doubly increased upon entering his chamber : shelves groaning with ponderous folios and quartos of the most esteemed Latin and Greek authors, fragments of Grecian and Roman architecture, were disposed around the room ; on the table lay a copy of Stuart's Athens, with a portfolio of drawings from Palladio and Vitruvius, and Pozzo's perspective. In a moment the doctor entered, and, advancing towards me, seized my hand before I could scarcely articulate my respects. "I am glad to see you—be seated—you are of Eton, I read, an ancient name and highly respected here—what works have you been lately reading?" I immediately ran through the list of our best school classics, at which I perceived the doctor smiled. "You have been treated, I perceive, like all who have preceded you : the bigotry of scholastic prejudices is intolerable. I have been for fifty years labouring to remove the veil, and have yet contrived



to raise only one corner of it. Nothing," continued the doctor, "has stunted the growth and hindered the improvement of sound learning more than a superstitious reverence for the ancients; by which it is presumed that their works form the summit of all learning, and that nothing can be added to their discoveries. Under this absurd and ridiculous prejudice, all the universities of Europe have laboured for many years, and are only just beginning to see their error, by the encouragement of natural philosophy. Experimental learning is the only mode by which the juvenile mind should be trained and exercised, in order to bring all its faculties to their proper action: instead of being involved in the mists of antiquity." Can it be possible, thought I, this is the person of whom my friend Tom gave such a curious account? Can this be the man who is described as a being always buried in abstracted thoughtfulness on the architectural remains of antiquity, whose opinions are said never to harmonize with those of other heads of colleges; who is described as eccentric, because he has a singular veneration for truth, and an utter abhorrence of the dogmas of scholastic prejudice? There are some few characters in the most elevated situations of life, who possess the amiable secret of attaching every one to them who have the honour of being admitted into their presence, without losing one particle of dignity, by their courteous manner. This agreeable qualification the doctor appeared to possess in an eminent degree. I had not been five minutes in his company before I felt as perfectly unembarrassed as if I had known him intimately for twelve months. It could not be the result of confidence on my part, for no poor fellow ever felt more abashed upon a first entrance; and must therefore only be attributable to that indescribable condescension of easy intercourse which is the sure characteristic of a superior mind.

After inquiring who was to be my tutor, and finding I was not yet fixed in that particular, I was requested to construe one of the easiest passages in the *Æneid* ; my next task was to read a few paragraphs of monkish Latin from a little white book, which I found contained the university statutes : having acquitted myself in this to the apparent satisfaction of the doctor, he next proceeded to give me his advice upon my future conduct and pursuits in the university ; remarked that his old friend, my father, could not have selected a more unfortunate person to usher me into notice : that his habits were those of a recluse, and his associations confined almost within the walls of his own college ; but that his good wishes for the son of an old friend and schoolfellow would, on this occasion, induce him to present me, in person, to the principal of Brazennose, of whom he took occasion to speak in the highest possible terms. Having ordered me a sandwich and a glass of wine for my refreshment, he left me to adjust his dress, preparatory to our visit to the dignitary. During his absence I employed the interval in amusing myself with a small octavo volume, entitled the "Oxford Spy : " the singular coincidence of the following extract according so completely with the previous remarks of the doctor, induced me to believe it was his production ; but in this suspicion, I have since been informed, I was in error, the work being written by Shergold Boone, Esq. a young member of the university.

"Thus I remember, ere these scenes I saw,  
But hope had drawn them, such as hope will draw,  
A shrewd old man, on Isis' margin bred,  
Smiled at my warmth, and shook his wig, and said :  
'Youth will be sanguine, but before you go,  
Learn these plain rules, and treasure, when you know.  
Wisdom is innate in the gown and band ;  
Their wearers are the wisest of the land.

Science, except in Oxford, is a dream ;  
 In all things heads of houses are supreme :<sup>9</sup>  
 Proctors are perfect whoso'er they be ;  
 Logic is reason in epitome :  
 Examiners, like kings, can do no wrong ;  
 All modern learning is not worth a song :  
 Passive obedience is the rule of right ;  
 To argue or oppose is treason quite :<sup>10</sup>  
 Mere common sense would make the system fall :  
 Things are worth nothing ; words are all in all."

On his return, the ancient glanced at the work I had been reading, and observing the passage I have just quoted, continued his remarks upon the discipline of the schools.—"In the new formed system of which we boast," said the master, "the philosophy which has enlightened the world is omitted or passed over in a superficial way, and the student is exercised in narrow and contracted rounds of education, in which his whole labour is consumed, and his whole time employed, with little improvement or useful knowledge. He has neither time nor inclination to attend the public lectures in the several departments of philosophy ; nor is he qualified for that attendance. All that he does, or is required to do, is to prepare himself to pass through these contracted rounds ; to write a theme, or point an epigram ; but when he enters upon life, action, or profession, both the *little go*, and the *great go*, he will find to be a *by go* ; for he will find that he has gone by the best part of useful and sub-

<sup>9</sup> Know all men by these presents, that children in the universities eat pap and go in leading strings till they are fourscore.

*Terræ Filius.*

<sup>10</sup> In a work quaintly entitled "Phantasm of an University," there occurs this sweeping paragraph, written in the true spirit of radical reform : "Great advantages might be obtained by gradually transforming Christ Church into a college of *civil* polity and languages ; Magdalen, Queen's, University, into colleges of *moral* philosophy ; New and Trinity into colleges of *fine arts* ; and the five halls into colleges of *agriculture* and *manufactures*."

stantial learning ; or that it has gone by him : to recover which he must repair from this famous seat of learning to the institutions of the metropolis, or in the provincial towns. I have just given you these hints, that you may escape the errors of our system, and be enabled to avoid the pomp of learning which is without the power, and acquire the power of knowledge without the pomp." Here ended the lecture, and my venerable conductor and myself made the best of our way to pay our respects to the principal of my future residence.

Arrived here—the principal, a man of great dignity, received us with all due form, and appeared exceedingly pleased with the visit of my conductor ; my introduction was much improved by a letter from the head master of Eton, who, I have no doubt, said more in my favour than I deserved. The appointment of a tutor was the next step, and for this purpose I was introduced to Mr. Jay, a smart-looking little man, very polite and very portly, with whom I retired to display my proficiency in classical knowledge, by a repetition of nearly the same passages in Homer and Virgil I had construed previously with the learned doctor ; the next arrangement was the sending for a tailor, who quickly produced my academical robes and cap, in the which, I must confess, I at first felt rather awkward. I was now hurried to the vice-chancellor's house adjoining Pembroke college, where I had the honour of a presentation to that dignitary ; a mild-looking man of small stature, with the most affable and graceful manners, dignified, and yet free from the slightest tinge of *hauteur*. His reception of my tutor was friendly and unembarassing ; his inquiries relative to myself directed solely to my proficiency in the classics, of which I had again to give some specimens ; I was then directed to subscribe my name in a large folio album, which proved to contain the thirty-nine articles, not one

sentence of which I had ever read ; but it was too late for hesitation, and I remembered Tom Echo had informed me I should have to attest to a great deal of nonsense, which no one ever took the pains to understand. The remainder of this formal initiation was soon despatched : I separately abjured the damnable doctrines of the pope, swore allegiance to the king, and vowed to preserve the statutes and privileges of the society I was then admitted into ; paid my appointed fees, made my bow to the vice-chancellor, and now concluded that the ceremony of the *togati* was all over : in this, however, I was mistaken ; my tutor requesting some conference with me at his rooms, thither we proceeded, and arranged the plan of my future studies ; then followed a few general hints relative to conduct, the most important of which was my obeisance to the dignitaries, by *capping*<sup>11</sup> whenever I met them ; the importance of a strict attendance to the lectures of logic, mathematics, and divinity, to the certain number of twenty in each term ; a regular list of the tradesmen whom I was requested to patronize ; and, lastly, the entry of my name upon the college books and payment of the necessary *caution money*.<sup>12</sup> *Entering* keeps one term ;

<sup>11</sup> *Capping*—by the students and under graduates is touching the cap to the vice-chancellor, proctors, fellows, &c. when passing. At Christ Church tradesmen and servants must walk bareheaded through the quadrangle when the dean, canons, censors, or tutors are present. At Pembroke this order is rigidly enforced, even in wet weather. At Brazenose neither servants nor tradesmen connected with the college are allowed to enter it otherwise. It is not long since a certain bookseller was discomfited for wearing his hat in B—n—e quadrangle, and literally ruined in consequence.

<sup>12</sup> *Caution money*—a sum of money deposited in the hands of the treasurer or bursar by every member on his name being entered upon the college books, as a security for the payment of all bills and expenses contracted by him within the walls of the college. This money is returned when the party takes his degree or name

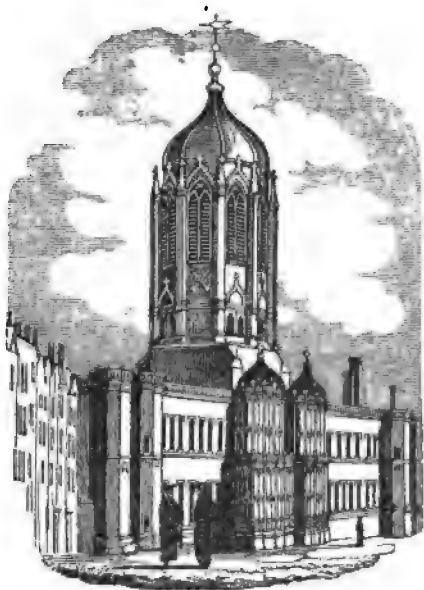
but as rooms were vacant, I was fortunate in obtaining an immediate appointment. As the day was now far advanced, I deemed it better to return to my inn and dress for the dinner party at Christ Church.

off the books ; and no man can do either of these without receipts in full from the butler, manciple, and cook of their respective colleges.



The Classical Alma-Mater Coachman of Oxford.

See page 115.



## CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE.

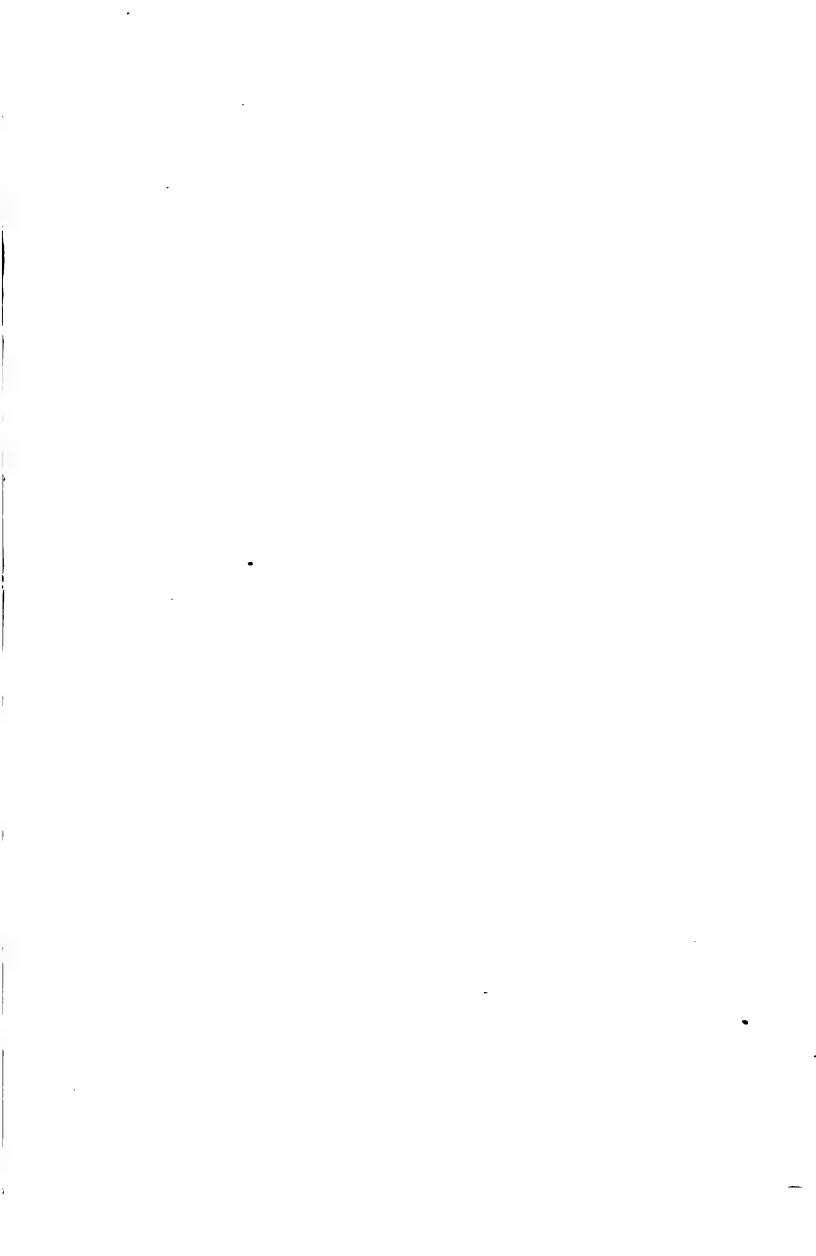
*Architectural Reminiscences—Descriptive Remarks—  
Similitude between the Characters of Cardinal  
Wolsey and Napoleon.*

It was past five o'clock when I arrived before the majestic towers of Christ Church.—The retiring sun brightening the horizon with streaks of gold at parting, shed a rich glow over the scene that could not fail to rivet my attention to the spot. Not all the fatigues of the day, nor the peculiarities of my new situation, had, in the least, abated my admiration of architectural beauties. The noble octagonal tower in the enriched Gothic style, rising like a colossal monu-

ment of art among the varied groups of spires, domes, and turrets, which from a distance impress the traveller with favourable ideas of the magnificence of Oxford, first attracted my notice, and recalled to my memory two names that to me appear to be nearly associated (by comparison) with each other, Wolsey and Napoleon; both gifted by nature with almost all the brightest qualifications of great minds; both arriving at the highest point of human grandeur from the most humble situations; equally the patrons of learning, science, and the arts; and both equally unfortunate, the victims of ambition: both persecuted exiles; yet, further I may add, that both have left behind them a fame which brightens with increasing years, and must continue to do as every passing day removes the mist of prejudice from the eyes of man. Such were the thoughts that rushed upon my mind as I stood gazing on the splendid fabric before me, from the western side of St. Aldates, unheeding of the merry laughter-loving group of students and under-graduates, who, lounging under the vaulted gateway, were amusing themselves at my expense in quizzing a *freshman* in the act of *lionizing*. The tower contains the celebrated *Magnus Thomas*, recast from the great bell of Osney abbey, by whose deep note at the hour of nine in the evening the students are summoned to their respective colleges. The upper part of the tower displays in the bracketed canopies and carved enrichments the skilful hand of Sir Christopher Wren, whose fame was much enhanced by the erection of the gorgeous turrets which project on each side of the gateway.<sup>1</sup> Not caring to endure a closer attack of the *togati*, who had now approached me, I crossed and entered the great quadrangle, or, according to Oxford phraseology, *Tom Quad*. The irregular nature of the

<sup>1</sup> It was here, in Lord Orford's opinion, that he "caught the graces of the true Gothic taste."







*Flooring of Mercury. or Burning the*



*At Oaks, a Scene in Tom Quadrangle.*



buildings here by no means assimilate with the elegance of the exterior entrance. The eastern, northern, and part of the southern sides of the quadrangle are, I have been since informed, inhabited by the dean and canons; the western by students. The broad terrace in front of the buildings, the extent of the arena, and the circular basin of water in the centre, render this an agreeable promenade.—I had almost forgotten the *deity* of the place (I hope not symbolical), a *leaden Mercury*<sup>2</sup>; the gift of Dr. John Radcliffe, which rises from the centre of the basin, on the spot where once stood the sacred cross of St. Frideswide, and the pulpit of the reformer, Wickliffe.

<sup>2</sup> Since pulled down and destroyed.

## THE DINNER PARTY.

*Bernard Blackmantle's Visit to Tom Echo—Oxford  
Phraseology—Smuggled Dinners—A College Party  
described—Topography of a Man's Room—Portrait  
of a Bachelor of Arts—Hints to Freshmen—Customs  
of the University.*

"When first the freshman, bashful, blooming, young,  
Blessings which here attend not handmaids long,  
Assumes that cap, which franchises the man,  
And feels beneath the gown dilate his span ;  
When he has stood with modest glance, shy fear,  
And stiff-starch'd band before our prime vizier,  
And sworn to articles he scarcely knew,  
And forsworn doctrines to his creed all new :  
Through fancy's painted glass he fondly sees  
Monastic turrets, patriarchal trees,  
The cloist'ral arches' awe-inspiring shade,  
The High-street sonnetized by Wordsworth's jade,  
His raptured view a paradise regards,  
Nurseling of hope ! he builds on paper cards."

ON the western side of *Tom Quad*, up one flight of stairs, by the porter's aid I discovered the *battered oaken* door which led to the *larium* of my friend Echo : that this venerable bulwark had sustained many a brave attack from besiegers was visible in the numerous bruises and imprints of hammers, crowbars, and other weapons, which had covered its surface with many an indented scar. The utmost caution was apparent in the wary scout,<sup>1</sup> who ad-

<sup>1</sup> *A Scout*, at Christ Church, performs the same duties for ten or twelve students as a butler and valet in a gentleman's family. There are no women bedmakers at any college except Christ Church, that duty being performed by the scout.

mitted me; a necessary precaution, as I afterwards found, to prevent the prying eye of some inquisitive *domine*, whose nose has a sort of instinctive attraction in the discovery of *smuggled dinners*.<sup>2</sup>

Within I found assembled half a dozen good-humoured faces, all young, and all evidently partaking of the high flow of spirits and animated vivacity of the generous hearted Tom Echo. A college introduction is one of little ceremony, the surname alone being used,—a practice, which, to escape quizzing, must also be followed on your card. “Here, old fellows,” said Tom, taking me by the hand, and leading me forwards to his companions, “allow me to introduce an *ex*<sup>3</sup>-college man,—Blackmantle of Brazennose, a *freshman*<sup>4</sup> and an Etonian: so, *lay to him*, boys; he’s just broke loose from the *Land of Sheepishness*,<sup>5</sup> passed *Pupil’s Straits*<sup>6</sup> and the *Isle of Matriculation*,<sup>7</sup> to follow *Dad’s Will*,<sup>8</sup> in the *Port of Stuffs*<sup>9</sup>; from which, if he can steer clear of the *Fields of Temptation*,<sup>10</sup> he hopes to

<sup>2</sup> Smuggled dinners are private parties in a student’s room, when the dinner is brought into college from a tavern: various are the ingenious stratagems of the *togati* to elude the vigilance of the authorities: trunks, packing-boxes, violoncello-cases, and hampers are not unfrequently directed as if from a waggon or coach-office, and brought into college on the shoulders of some porter. Tin cans of soup are drawn up by means of a string from the back windows in the adjoining street. It is not long since Mr. C— of Christ Church was expelled for having a dinner smuggled into college precisely in the manner adopted by Tom Echo.

<sup>3</sup> A University man who is visiting in a college of which he is not a member.

<sup>4</sup> The usual phrase for initiating a freshman on his first appearance in a party or frisk.

<sup>5</sup> *Land of Sheepishness*—School-boy’s bondage.

<sup>6</sup> *Pupil’s Straits*—Interval between restraint and liberty.

<sup>7</sup> *Isle of Matriculation*—First entrance into the University.

<sup>8</sup> *Dad’s Will*—Parental authority.

<sup>9</sup> *Port for Stuffs*—Assumption of commoner’s gown.

<sup>10</sup> *Fields of Temptation*—The attractions held out to him.

make the *Land of Promise*,<sup>11</sup> anchor his bark in the *Isthmus of Grace*,<sup>12</sup> and lay up snugly for life on the *Land of Incumbents*.<sup>13</sup> "For heaven's sake, Tom," said I, "speak in some intelligible language; it's hardly fair to fire off your battery of Oxonian wit upon a poor freshman at first sight." At this moment a rap at the oak announced an addition to our party, and in bounded that light-hearted child of whim, Horace Eglantine:—"What, Black-mantle here? Why then, Tom, we can form as complete a trio as ever got *bosky*<sup>14</sup> with *bishop*<sup>15</sup> in the *province of Bacchus*<sup>16</sup>! Why, what a plague, my old fellow, has given you that rueful-looking countenance? I am sure you was not plucked upon *Maro Common* or *Homer Downs*<sup>17</sup> in passing *examination* with the *big wig* this morning; or has Tom been *frisking*<sup>18</sup> you already with some of his jokes about the *straits of independency*<sup>19</sup>; the *waste of ready*<sup>20</sup>; the *dynasty of Venus*,<sup>21</sup> or the *quicksands of rustication*<sup>22</sup>? Cheer up, old fellow! you are not half way through the cere-

<sup>11</sup> *Land of Promise*—The fair expectations of a steady novice in Oxford.

<sup>12</sup> *Isthmus of Grace*—Obtainment of the grace of one's college.

<sup>13</sup> *Land of Incumbents*—Good livings.

<sup>14</sup> *Bosky* is the term used in Oxford to express the style of being "half seas over."

<sup>15</sup> *Bishop*—A good orthodox mead composed of port wine and roasted oranges or lemons.

<sup>16</sup> *Province of Bacchus*—Inebriety.

<sup>17</sup> *Maro Common* and *Homer Downs* allude to the *Æneid* of Virgil and the *Iliad* of Homer—two books chiefly studied for the little-go or responsions.

<sup>18</sup> *Frisking*—Hoaxing.

<sup>19</sup> *Straits of Independency*—Frontiers of extravagance.

<sup>20</sup> *Waste of Ready*, including in it *Hoyle's Dominions*—Course of gambling, including Loo tables.

<sup>21</sup> *Dynasty of Venus*—Indiscriminate love and misguided affections.

<sup>22</sup> *Quicksands of Rustication*—On which our hero may at any time run foul when inclined to visit a new county.



mony of initiation yet. We must brighten up that solemn phiz of yours, and give you a lesson or two on *college principles*." If I had been thrown upon some newly-discovered country, among a race of wild Indians, I could not have been more perplexed and confounded than I now felt in endeavouring to rally, and appear to comprehend this peculiar phraseology.

A conversation now ensuing between a gentleman commoner, whom the party designated Pontius Pilate<sup>23</sup> and Tom Echo, relative to the comparative merits of their hunters, afforded me an opportunity of surveying the *larium* of my friend; the entrance to which was through a short passage, that served the varied purposes of an ante-room or vestibule, and a *scout's* pantry and boot-closet. On the right was the sleeping-room, and at the foot of a neat French bed I could perceive the wine bin, surrounded by a regiment of *dead men*,<sup>24</sup> who had, no doubt, departed this life like heroes in some battle of Bacchanalian sculls. The principal chamber, the very *penetrable* of the Muses, was about six yards square, and low, with a rich carved oaken wainscoting, reaching to the ceiling; the monastic gloom being materially increased by two narrow loopholes, intended for windows, but scarcely yielding sufficient light to enable the student to read his *Scapula* or *Lexicon*<sup>25</sup> with the advantage of a meridian sun: the fire-place was immensely wide, emblematical, no doubt, of the capacious stomachs of the good fathers and fellows, the ancient inhabitants of this

<sup>23</sup> A quaint cognomen applied to him from the *rapidity* with which he boasted of repeating the *Nicene Creed*,—i. e. offering a bet that he would give any man as far as "*Pontius Pilate*," and beat him before he got to the "*resurrection of the dead*."

<sup>24</sup> *Dead Men*—Empty bottles.

<sup>25</sup> *Scapula*, *Hederic*, and *Lexicon*, the principal Dictionaries in use for studying Greek.

*sanctum*; but the most singularly-striking characteristic was the modern decorations, introduced by the present occupant. Over the fire-place hung a caricature portrait of a *well-known* Bachelor of Arts, drinking at the *Pierian spring*, *versus* gulping down the contents of a Pembroke *overman*,<sup>26</sup> sketched by the facetious pencil of the humorist, Rowlandson.

### ECCE SIGNUM.



I could not help laughing to observe on the one side of this jolly personage a portrait of the little female Giovanni Vestris, under which some wag had inscribed, "*A Mistress of Hearts*," and on the other a full-length of Jackson the pugilist, with this motto—"A *striking* likeness of a *fancy lecturer*." In the centre of the opposite side hung the portrait of an old

<sup>26</sup> *An Overman*—At Pembroke, a large silver tankard, holding two quarts and half a pint, so called from the donor, Mr. George Overman. The late John Hudson, the college tonsor and *common*

*scout*, formerly of Brazennose, whose head now forms the admission ticket to the college club. Right and left were disposed the plaster busts of Aristotle and Cicero; the former noseless, and the latter with his eyes painted black, and a huge pair of mustachios annexed. A few volumes of the Latin and Greek classics were thrown into a heap in one corner of the room, while numerous modern sporting publications usurped their places on the book shelves, richly gilt and bound in calf, but *not lettered*. The hunting cap, whip, and red coat were hung up like a trophy between two foxes' tails, which served the purpose of bell pulls. At this moment, my topographical observations were disturbed by the arrival of the *scout* with candles, and two strange-looking fellows in smock frocks, bringing in, as I supposed, a piano forte, but which, upon being placed on the table, proved to be a mere case: the top being taken off, the sides and ends let down in opposite directions, and the cloth pulled out straight, displayed an elegant dinner, smoking hot, and arranged in as much form as if the college butler had superintended the feast. "Come, old fellow," said Tom, "turn to—no ceremony. I hope, Jem," addressing his *scout*, "you took care that no

*room man*,\* was famous for having several times, for trifling wagers, drank a full overman of strong beer off at a draught.

A *Tun*, another vessel in use at Pembroke, is a half pint silver cup.

A *Whistler*, a silver pint tankard also in use there, was the gift of Mr. Anthony Whistler, a cotemporary with Shenstone.

---

\* *Common room man*, a servant who is entirely employed in attending upon the members of the common room.

*Junior common room*, a room in every college, except Christ Church, set apart for the junior members to drink wine in and read the newspapers.

N.B. There is but one common room at Christ Church; none but *masters of arts* and noblemen can be members of it,—the latter but seldom attend. The last who attended was the late Duke of Dorset. All common rooms are regularly furnished with newspapers and magazines.

*Curator of the common rooms*.—A senior master of arts, who buys the wine and inspects the accounts.

*college telegraph*<sup>27</sup> was at work while you were *smuggling* the dinner in." "I made certain sure of that, sir," said Jem; "for I placed *Captain Cook*<sup>28</sup> sentinel at one corner of the quadrangle, and old Brady at the other, with directions to whistle, as a signal, if they saw any of the *dons* upon the look out."

Finding we were not likely to be interrupted by the *domine*, Tom took the chair. The fellows in the smock frocks threw off their disguises, and proved to be two genteelly dressed waiters from one of the inns. "Close the *oak*, Jem," said Horace Eglantine, "and take care no one *knocks in*<sup>29</sup> before we have *knocked down* the contents of your master's musical *melange*." "Punning as usual, Eglantine," said the Honourable Mr. Sparkle, a gentleman commoner. "Yes; and *pun-ishing* too, old fellow!" said Horace. "Where's the *cold tankard*,<sup>30</sup> Echo? We must give our old *con*,

<sup>27</sup> *A college telegraph*—A servant of a college, who carries an account of every trifling offence committed, either by gentlemen or servants, to the college officers.

<sup>28</sup> Well-known characters in Christ Church.

<sup>29</sup> *Knocking in*—Going into college after half-past ten at night. The names of the gentlemen who *knock in* are entered by the porter in a book kept for that purpose, and the next morning it is carried to the dean and censors, who generally call upon the parties so offending to account for being out of college at so late an hour. A frequent recurrence of this practice will sometimes draw from the dean a very severe reprimand.

*Knocking in money*—Fines levied for knocking into college at improper hours: the first fine is fixed at half-past ten, and increased every half hour afterwards. These fines are entered on the *butter* book, and charged among the *battels and decrements*,\* a portion of which is paid to the porter quarterly, for being knocked up.

<sup>30</sup> *Cold tankard*—A summer beverage, used at dinner, made of brandy, cider, or perry, lemons cut in slices, cold water, sugar, nutmeg, cinnamon, and the herbs balm and burridge. Sometimes

---

\* *Decrements*.—The use of knives, forks, spoons, and other necessities, with the firing, &c. for the hall and chapel.

Blackmantle, a *warm* reception." "Sure, that's a *Thorpism*,"<sup>31</sup> said a young Irish student. "Nothing of the sort," replied Horace: "are we not all here the sons of *Isis* (*Ices*)? and tell me where will you find a group of *warm* hearted souls?" "Bravo! bravo!" shouted the party. "That fellow Eglantine will create another *Pun-ic* war," said Sparkle. "I move that we have him *crossed in the buttery*"<sup>32</sup> for making us laugh during dinner, to the great injury of our digestive organs, and the danger of suffocation." "What! deprive an Englishman of his right to *battel*"<sup>33</sup>!" said Echo: "No; I would sooner inflict the orthodox fine of a double bumper of *bishop*." "Bravo!" said Horace: "then I plead guilty, and swallow the *imposition*." "I'll thank you for a cut out of the back of that *lion*,"<sup>34</sup> tittered a man opposite. With all the natural timidity of the hare whom he thus particularised, I was proceeding to help him, when Echo inquired if he should send me the breast of a *swiss*"<sup>35</sup>; and the facetious Eglantine, to increase my confusion, requested to be allowed to cut me a slice off the *wing* of a *wool bird*.<sup>36</sup>

To have remonstrated against this species of persecution would, I knew, only increase my difficulties;

sherry or port wine is substituted for cider. The tankard is put into a pitcher, which is iced in a tub, procured from the confectioners.

<sup>31</sup> A *Paddyism* is called in this university a "*Thorpism*" from Mr. Thorp, formerly a hosier of some note in the city. He was famous for making blunders and coining new words, was very fond of making long speeches, and when upon *the toe*, never failed to convulse his hearers with laughter.

<sup>32</sup> *Crossed in the buttery*—not allowed to *battel*, a punishment for missing lecture. By being frequently crossed, a man will lose his term.

<sup>33</sup> *Battels*—Bread, butter, cheese, salt, eggs, &c.

<sup>34</sup> A *lion*—a hare.

<sup>35</sup> *Swiss*—a pheasant.

<sup>36</sup> *Wing of a wool bird*—Shoulder of lamb.

summoning, therefore, all the gaiety I was master of to my aid, I appeared to participate in the joke, like many a modern *roue*, laughing in unison without comprehending the essence of the whim, merely because it was the fashion. What a helpless race, old father Etona, are thine (thought I), when first they assume the Oxford man; spite of thy fostering care and classic skill, thy offspring are here little better than *cawkers*<sup>37</sup> or wild Indians. "Is there no glossary of university wit," said I, "to be purchased here, by which the *fresh* may be instructed in the art of conversation; no *Lexicon Balatronicum* of college eloquence, by which the *ignorant* may be *enlightened*?" "Plenty, old fellow," said Echo: "old Grose is exploded; but, never fear, I will introduce you to the *Dictionnaire Universel*,<sup>38</sup> which may always be consulted, at our *old grandmamas*' in St. Clement's, or Eglantine can introduce you at Vincent's,<sup>39</sup> where

<sup>37</sup> *Cawker*—an Eton phrase for a stranger or novice.

<sup>38</sup> *Dictionnaire Universel*—a standing toast in the common room at — College.

The origin of the toast is as follows: When Buonaparte was at Elba, Dr. E—, one of the wealthy senior Fellows of — College, better known as the *poor* curate of H—, crossed the channel. Soon after his arrival at Paris, as he was walking through the streets of that city, he was accosted by an elegantly dressed Cyprian, to whom he made a profound bow, and told her (in English), that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the French language to comprehend what she had said to him, expressing his regret that he had not his French and English dictionary with him. Scarcely had he pronounced the word *dictionary*, when the lady, by a most *astonishing display*, which in England would have disgraced the lowest of the frail sisterhood, exclaimed, "Behold the *Dictionnaire Universel*, which has been *opened* by the learned of all nations." Dr. E—, on his return from France, related this anecdote in the common room at —, and the *Dictionnaire universel* has ever since been a *standing* toast there.

<sup>39</sup> A well known respectable bookseller near Brazennose, who has published a whimsical trifle under the title of "Oxford in Epitome" very serviceable to *freshmen*.

you may purchase 'Oxford in Epitome,' with a Key accompaniment explaining the whole art and mystery of the *finished style*." After a dissertation upon *new college puddings*,<sup>40</sup> rather a choice dish, an elegant dessert and ices was introduced from Jubbers.<sup>41</sup> The glass now circulated freely, and the open-hearted mirth of my companions gave me a tolerable idea of many of the leading eccentricities of a collegian's life. The Oxford toast, the college divinity, was, I found, a Miss W—, whose father is a wealthy horse-dealer, and whom all agreed was a very amiable and beautiful girl. I discovered that Sadler, Randal, and Crabbe were *rum ones* for *prime hacks*—that the *Esculapii dii* of the university, the demi-gods of medicine and surgery, were Messrs. Wall and Tuckwell—that all proctors were tyrants, and their men savage *bull dogs*—that *good wine* was seldom to be bought in Oxford by students—and pretty girls were always to be met at *Bagley Wood*—that *rowing* a fellow<sup>42</sup> was considered good sport, and an *idle master*<sup>43</sup> a jolly dog—that all tradesmen were *duns*, and all gownsmen *suffering innocents*—and lastly, I was informed that a freshman was a *scamp without seasoning*—and a fellow of no

<sup>40</sup> *New College puddings*—a favourite dish with *freshmen*, made of grated biscuit, eggs, suet, moist sugar, currants and lemon-peel, rolled into balls of an oblong shape, fried in boiling fat, and moistened with brandy.

<sup>41</sup> A celebrated Oxford pastry-cook.

<sup>42</sup> *Rowing a fellow*—going with a party in the dead of the night to a man's room, nailing or screwing his oak up, so as it cannot be opened on the inside, knocking at his door, calling out fire, and when he comes to the door, burning a quantity of shavings, taken from halfpenny faggots dipped in oil from the staircase lamps, so as to impress him with an idea that the staircase, in which his rooms are, is on fire. And when he is frightened almost out of his senses, setting up a most hideous horse-laugh and running away. This joke is practised chiefly upon quiet timid men.

<sup>43</sup> *An idle master*—a Master of Arts on the foundation, who does not take pupils.

spirit till he had been *pulled up* before the *big wig* and suffered *imposition*,<sup>44</sup> *fine*, and *rustication*.<sup>45</sup>

It was now half an hour since old *Magnus Thomas* had tolled his heavy note, most of the party were a *little cut*,<sup>46</sup> and the *salt pits* of *attic wit* had long since been drained to the very bottom—Sparkle proposed an adjournment to the *Temple* of *Bacchus*,<sup>47</sup> while Echo and a man of Trinity set forth for the *plains of Betteris*.<sup>48</sup> Pleading the fatigues of the day, and promising to attend a *spread*<sup>49</sup> on the morrow to be given by Horace Eglantine, I was permitted to depart to my inn, having first received a caution from Echo to steer clear of the *Don Peninsula*<sup>50</sup> and the *seat of magistracy*.<sup>51</sup>

On regaining my inn, I was not a little surprised to hear the smirking barmaid announce me by my christian and surname, directing the waiter to place candles for Mr. Bernard Blackmantle in the *sanctum*. How the deuce, thought I, have these people discovered my family nomenclature, or are we here under the same system of *espionage* as the puerile inhabitants of France, where every hotel-keeper, waiter, and servant, down to the very shoe-black, is a spy upon your actions, and a *creature* in the pay of the police<sup>52</sup>? “Pray, waiter,” said I, “why is this snug little *larium* designated the *sanctum*?” “Be-

<sup>44</sup> *Imposition*—translations set by the Principal for absence and other errors.

<sup>45</sup> *Rustication* is the term applied to temporary dismissal for non-observance of college discipline.

<sup>46</sup> *A little cut*—half seas over.

<sup>47</sup> *Temple of Bacchus*—some favourite inn.

<sup>48</sup> *Plains of Betteris*—the diversion of billiards.

<sup>49</sup> *A spread*—a wine party.

<sup>50</sup> *The Don Peninsula*—the range of all who wear long black hanging sleeves, and bear the name of Domini.

<sup>51</sup> *Seat of magistracy*—proctor's authority.

<sup>52</sup> The tact of the Oxford tradesmen in this particular is very ingenious.—The *strength* of a man's account is always regulated by



cause it's *extra-proctorial*, sir: none of the town *raff* are ever admitted into it, and the marshal and his *bull dogs* never think of intruding here. With your leave, sir, I'll send in master—he will explain things better; and mayhap, sir, as you are *fresh*, he may give you a little useful information." "Do so,—send me in a bottle of old Madeira and two glasses, and tell your master I shall be happy to see him." In a few moments I was honoured with the company of mine host of the Mitre, who, to do him justice, was a more humorous fellow than I had anticipated. Not quite so ceremonious as he of the Christopher at Eton, or the superlative of a Bond-street *restaurateur*; but with an unembarrassed roughness, yet respectful demeanour, that partook more of the sturdy English farmer, or an old weather-beaten sportsman, than the picture I had figured to myself of the polished landlord of the principal inn in the sacred city of learning. We are too much the creatures of prejudice in this life, and first impressions are not unfrequently the first faults which we unthinkingly commit against the reputation of a new acquaintance. Master Peake was, I discovered, a fellow of infinite jest, an old fox-hunter, and a true sportsman; and supposing me, from my introduction by Tom Echo to his house, to be as fond of a *good horse*, a *hard run*, and a *black bottle*, as my friend, he had eagerly sought an opportunity for this early introduction. "No man in the country, sir," said Peake, "can boast of a *better horse* or a *better wife*: I always leave the management of the *bishop's cap* to the *petticoat*; for look ye, sir, *gown* against *gown* is the true orthodox system, I believe.—When I kept the *Blue Pig*<sup>53</sup> by the Town Hall, the *big wigs* used to *grunt* a little now and then about the gemmen of the university getting *bosky* in a *pig-sty*; the report they receive on his entering, from some college friend, respecting the wealth of his relations, or the weight of his expectancies.

<sup>53</sup> The Blue Boar, since shut up.

so, egad, I thought I would fix them at last, and removed here ; for I knew it would be deemed sacrilegious to attack the mitre, or hazard a pun upon the head of the church. If ever you should be *tiled* up in *Eager heaven*,<sup>54</sup> there's not a kinder hearted soul in Christendom than Mrs. Peake : Dr. Wall says that he thinks she has saved more gentlemen's lives in this university by good nursing and sending them niceties, than all the *material medicals* put together. You'll excuse me, sir, but as you are *fresh*, take care to avoid the *gulls*<sup>55</sup> ; they fly about here in large flocks, I assure you, and do no little mischief at times." "I never understood that *gulls* were birds of prey," said I.—"Only in Oxford, sir ; and here, I assure you, they bite like hawks, and pick many a poor young gentleman as bare before his three years are expired, as the crows would a dead sheep upon a common. Every thing depends upon your obtaining an honest *scout*, and that's a sort of *haro ravis* (I think they call the bird) here." Suppressing my laughter at my host's Latinity, I thought this a fair opportunity to make some inquiries relative to this important officer in a college establishment.

"I suppose you know most of these *ambassadors* of the *togati* belonging to the different colleges?" "I think I do, sir," said Peake, "if you mean the *scouts* ; but I never heard them called by that name before. If you are of Christ Church, I should recommend Dick Cook, or, as he is generally called, Gentleman Cook, as the most finished, spritely, honest fellow of the whole. Dick's a *trump*, and no *telegraph*,—up to every *frisk*, and down to every *move* of the *domini*, *thorough bred*, and no *want* of *courage*." "But not having the honour of being entered there, I cannot avail myself of Dick's services : pray tell me, who is

<sup>54</sup> *Eager haven*—laid up in the depot of invalids.

<sup>55</sup> *Gulls*—knowing ones who are always on the look out for freshmen.

there at Brazennose that a young fellow can make a confidant of?" "Why, the very best old fellow in the world,—nothing like him in Oxford,—rather *aged*, to be sure, but a *good one to go*, and a *rum one to look at*; —I have known Mark Supple these fifty years, and never heard a gentleman give him a bad word: shall I send for him, sir? he's the very man to put you *up to a thing or two*, and *finish you off in prime style*." "In the morning, I'll see him, and if he answers your recommendation, engage with him:" for, thought I, such a man will be very essential, if it is only to act as *interpreter* to a young novice like myself.

The conversation now turned to sporting varieties, by which I discovered mine host was a leading character in the neighbouring hunts; knew every sportsman in the field, and in the course of half an hour, carried me over *Codrington's manors*, *Moyston's district*, and *Somerset range*,<sup>56</sup> taking many a *bold leap* in his progress, and never losing *sight of the dogs*. "We shall try your *mettle*, sir," said he, "if we catch you out for a day's sport; and if you are not quite *mounted* at present to your mind, I have always a spare nag in the stable for the use of a *freshman*."

Though I did not relish the concluding appellation, coming from a tavern-keeper, I could not help thanking Peake for his liberal offer; yet without any intention of risking my neck in a *steeple* chase. The interview had, however, been productive of some amusement and considerable information. The bottle was now nearly finished; filling my last glass, I drank success to the Mitre, promised to patronise the landlord, praise the hostess, coquet with the little cherry-cheek, chirping lass in the bar, and kiss as many of the chamber-maids as I could persuade to let me. Wishing mine host a good night, and ringing for my bed-candle, I proceeded to put the last part of my promise into immediate execution.

<sup>56</sup> The three packs of hounds contiguous to Oxford.

## COLLEGE SERVANTS.

### *Descriptive Sketch of a College Scout—Biography of Mark Supple—Singular Invitation to a Spread.*

THE next morning, early, while at breakfast, I received a visit from Mr. Mark Supple, the *scout*, of whom mine host of the Mitre had on the preceding night spoken so highly. There was nothing certainly very prepossessing in his exterior appearance; and if he had not previously been eulogised as the most estimable of college servants, I should not have caught the impression from a first glance. He was somewhere about sixty years of age, of diminutive stature and spare habit, a lean brother with a scarlet countenance, impregnated with tints of many a varied hue, in which however the richness of the ruby and the soft purple of the ultramarine evidently predominated. His forehead was nearly flat; upon his eyebrows and over his *os frontis* and scalp, a few straggling straight hairs were extended as an apology for a wig, but which was much more like a discarded crow's nest turned upside down. Immense black bushy eyebrows overhung a pair of the queerest looking *oculars* I had ever seen; below which sprung forth what had once been, no doubt, a nose, and perhaps in youth an elegant feature; but, Heaven help the wearer! it was now grown into such a strange form, and presented so many choice exuberances, that one might have supposed it was the original Bardolph's, and charged with the additional sins of every succeeding generation. The loss of his

teeth had caused the other lip to retire inwards, and consequently the lower one projected forth, supported by a huge chin, like the basin or receiver round the crater of a volcano.

His costume was of a fashion admirably corresponding with his person. It might once have graced a dean, or, perhaps, a bishop, but it was evident the present wearer was not by when the *artiste* of the needle took his measure or instructions. Three men of Mark's bulk might very well have been buttoned up in the upper habiliment; and as for the *inexpressibles*, they hung round his *ultimatum* like the petticoat trowsers of a Dutch smuggler: then for the colour, it might once have been sable or a clerical mixture; but what with the powder which the collar bore evidence it had once been accustomed to, and the weather-beaten trials it had since undergone, it was quite impossible to specify. The *beaver* was in excellent keeping, *en suite*, except, perhaps, from the constant application of the hand to pay due respect to the dignitaries, it was here and there enriched with some more shining qualities. I at first suspected this ancient visitor was a hoax of my friend Tom Echo's, who had concerted the scheme with the landlord; but a little conversation with the object of my surprise soon convinced me it was the genuine Mark Supple, the true college *scout*, and no counterfeit.

"The welcome of Isis to you, sir," said the old man. "The *domini* of the *bishop's cap* here gave me a hint you wished to see me.—I have the honour to be Mark Supple, sir, *senior scout* of Brazennose, and as well known to all the members of the university for the last fifty years, as Magdalen bridge, or old *Magnus Thomas*. The first of your name, sir, I think, who have been of Oxford—don't trace any of the Black-mantles here antecedent—turned over my list this morning before I came—got them all arranged, sir, *take notice*, in chronological order, from the friars of

Oseny abbey down to the university of bucks of 1824—very entertaining, sir, *take notice*—many a glorious name peeping out here and there—very happy to enrol the first of the Blackmantles in my remembrance, and hope to add M. A. and M. S. S. which signifies *honour* to you, as master of arts, and *glory* to your humble servant, Mark Supple *Scout*—always put my own initials against the gentleman's names whom I have attended, *take notice*." The singularity of the ancient's climax amused me exceedingly—there was something truly original in the phrase: the person and manners of the man were in perfect keeping. "You must have seen great changes here, Mark," said I; "were you always of Brazennose?" "I was born of Christ Church, sir, *take notice*, where my father was college barber, and my mother a bed-maker; but the students of that period insisted upon it that I was so like to a certain old *big wig*, whose Christian name was Mark, that I most censoriously obtained the appellation from at least a hundred godfathers, to the no small annoyance of the dignitary, *take notice*. My first occupation, when a child, was carrying *billet doux* from the students of Christ Church to the tradesmen's daughters of Oxford, or the *nuns* of St. Clement's, where a less important personage might have excited suspicion and lost his situation. From a college *Mercury*, I became a college *devil*, and was promoted to the chief situation in *glorio*,<sup>1</sup> alias *hell*, where I continued for some time a *shining* character, and *sharpened* the *edge* of many a *cutting thing*, *take notice*. Here, some wag having a design upon my reputation, put a large piece of cobbler's wax into the dean's boots one morning, which so irritated the *big wig* that I was instantly

<sup>1</sup> *Glorio*.—A place in Christ Church called the *scout's* pantry, where the boots and shoes and knives are cleaned, and a *small* quantity of Geneva, or Bill Holland's double, is daily consumed during term time.

*expelled college, discommoned, and blown up at point non plus, take notice.* Having saved a trifle, I now commenced stable-keeper, bought a few prime hacks, and mounted some of the best tandem *turn outs* in Oxford, *take notice*: but not having wherewithal to stand *tick*, and being much averse to *dunning*, I was soon *sold up*, and got a birth in Brazennose as college *scout*, where I have now been upwards of forty years, *take notice.* No gentleman could ever say old Mark Supple deceived him. I have run many risks for the *gown*; never cared for the *town*; always stuck up for my college, and never *telegraph'd* the *big wigs* in my life, *take notice.*—"Is your name Blackmantle?" said a sharp-looking little fellow, in a grey frock livery, advancing up to me with as much *sang froid* as if I had been one of the honest fraternity of college servants. Being answered in the affirmative, and receiving at the same time a look that convinced him I was not pleased with his boldness, he placed the following note in my hand and retired.

*Infernal Beast,*

*I will give you liquor to night,*

*Confound you,*

*Your enemy,*

*Eglantine* <sup>2</sup>

*To Blackmantle, Esq.                      Brazennose.*

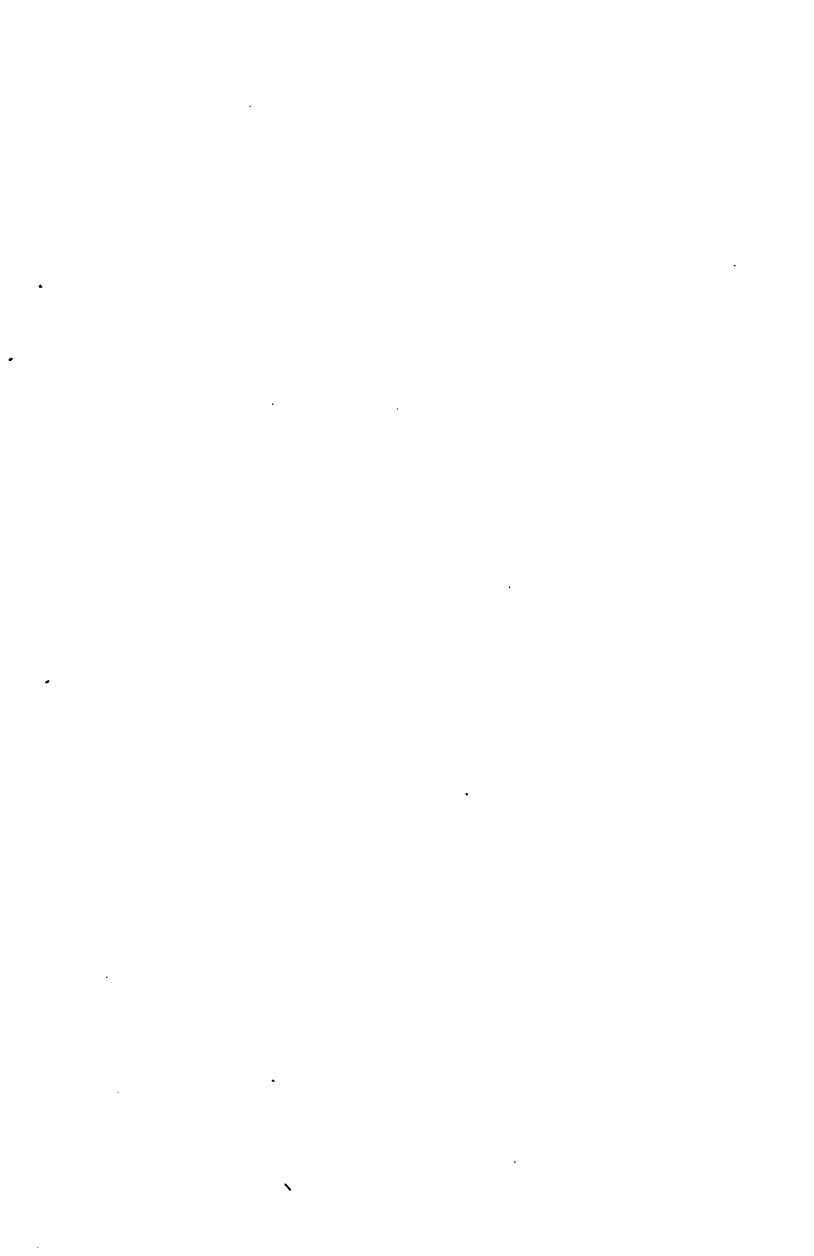
Handing the note to old Mark—"Pray," said I, not a little confused by the *elegance* of the composition,

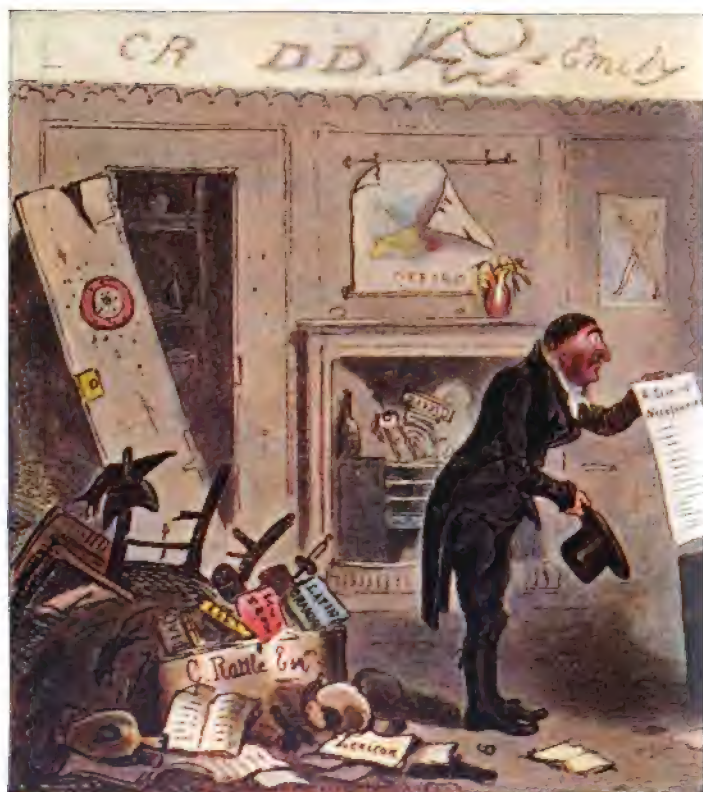
<sup>2</sup> The usual style of invitation to a college wine party or spread. The above is an exact copy of a note received from a man of Brazennose.

"is this the usual style of college invitations?" Mark mounted his spectacles, and having deciphered the contents, assured me with great gravity that it was very *polite indeed*, and considering where it came from, *unusually civil*.

Another specimen of college *ceremony*, thought I;—  
"But come, Mark, let us forth and survey my rooms." We were soon within-side the gates of Brazennose; and Mark having obtained the key, we proceeded to explore the forsaken chamber of the Muses.







*College Comforts. A Freshman*



*in taking possession of his Rooms -*

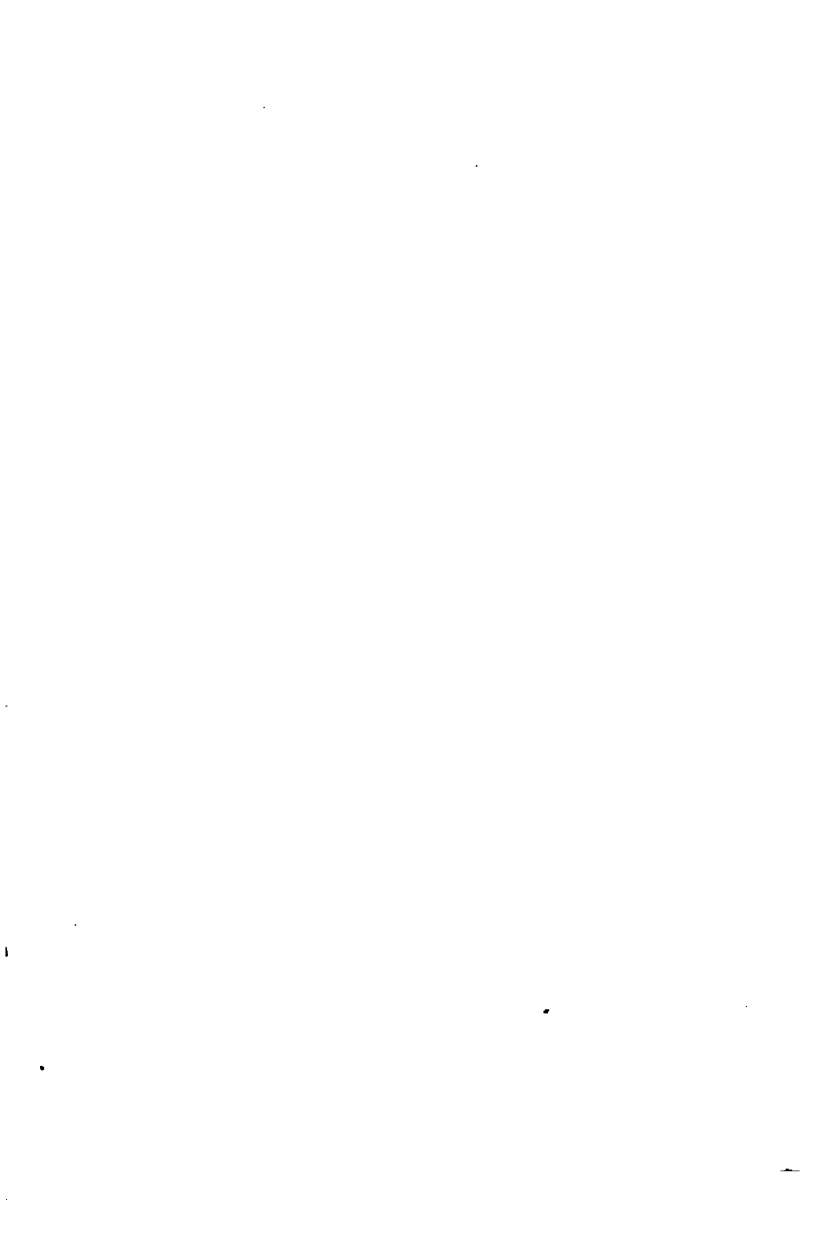


## TAKING POSSESSION OF YOUR ROOMS.

*Topography of a vacant College Larium—Anecdotes and Propensities of Predecessors—A long Shot—Scout's List of Necessaries — Condolence of University Friends.*

ASCENDING a dark stone staircase till the oaken beams of the roof proclaimed we had reached the domiciliary abode of genius, I found myself in the centre of my future habitation, an attic on the third floor : I much doubt if poor Belzoni, when he discovered the Egyptian sepulchre, could have exhibited more astonishment. The old bed-maker, and the scout of my predecessor, had prepared the apartment for my reception by *gutting* it of every thing useful to the value of a cloak pin : the former was engaged in sweeping up the dust, which, from the clouds that surrounded us, would not appear to have been disturbed for six months before at least. I had nearly broken my shins, on my first entrance, over the fire-shovel and bucket, and I was now in more danger of being choked with filth. "Who inhabited this delightful place before, Mark?" "A mad wag, but a generous gentleman, Sir, *take notice*, one Charles Rattle, Esq., who was expelled college for *smuggling*, *take notice* : the proctor, with the town marshal and his bull dogs, detected him and two others one night drawing up some *fresh provision* in the college plate-basket. Mr. Rattle, in his fright, dropped the fair nun of St. Clement's plump upon the proctor, who could *not understand* the joke ; but, having recovered

his legs, entered the college, and found one of the fair sisters concealed in Mr. Rattle's room, *take notice*. In consequence he was next day *pulled up* before the *big wigs*, when, refusing to make a suitable apology, he received sentence of *expulsion, take notice*." "He must have been a genius," quoth I, "and a very eccentric one too, from the relics he has left behind of his favourite propensities." In one corner of the room lay deposited a heap of lumber, thrown together, as a printer would say, in *pie*, composed of broken tables, broken bottles, trunks, noseless bellows, books of all descriptions, a pair of *muffles*, and the cap of sacred academus with a hole through the crown (emblematical, I should think, of the pericranium it had once covered), and stuck upon the leg of a broken chair. The rats, those very agreeable visitors of ancient habitations, were seen scampering away upon our entrance, and the ceiling was elegantly decorated with the smoke of a candle in a great variety of ornamented designs, consisting of caricatures of dignitaries and the Christian names of favourite damsels. There was poor Cicero, with a smashed crown, turned upside down in the fire-place, and a map of Oxford hanging in tatters above it; a portrait of Tom Crib was in the space adjoining the window, not one whole pane of which had survived the general wreck; but what most puzzled me was the appearance of the cupboard door: the bottom hinge had given way, and it hung suspended by one joint in an oblique direction, exhibiting, on an inside face, a circle chalked for a target and perforated with numerous holes. This door was in a right line with the bedroom, and, when thrown open, covered a loop-hole of a window that looked across the quadrangle directly into the principal's apartments. It was in this way (as Mark informed me) my predecessor amused himself in a morning by lying in bed and firing at the target, till, unhappily, on one occasion the ball passed through a





CAPPING A PROCTOR, *or Oxford St.*





*Ball-dogs, detecting Brazen Smugglers.*



hole in the door, the loop-hole window, and, crossing the quadrangle, entered whizzing past the dignitary's ear and that of his family who were at breakfast with him into the back of the chair he had but a moment before providentially quitted to take a book from his library shelves.<sup>1</sup> The affair occasioned a strict search, and the door in question bore too strong an evidence to escape detection ; Rattle was *rusticated* for a *term*, but, returning the same singular character, was always in some scrape or other till his final expulsion. Having given the necessary orders for repairs, Mark made one of his best bows, and produced a long scroll of paper, on which was written a *list of necessities*,<sup>2</sup> "which," said the ancient, "*take notice*, every gentleman provides on his taking possession of his rooms." "And every gentleman's *scout* claims upon his leaving, *take notice*," said I. Mark bowed assent.

I had now both seen and heard enough of college comforts to wish myself safe back again at Eton in the snug, clean, sanded dormitory of my old dame. Looking first at my purse and then at the *list of necessities*, I could not resist a sigh on perceiving my *new guinea*<sup>3</sup> to be already in danger, that it would require some caution to steer clear of the *forest of debt*,<sup>4</sup> and keep out of *south jeopardy*,<sup>5</sup> and some talent to gain the *new settlements*,<sup>6</sup> or prevent my being ultimately laid up in the *river tick*,<sup>7</sup> condemned in the

<sup>1</sup> The circumstance here alluded to actually occurred some time since, when G— C—n and Lord C—e nearly shot Dr. Capplestone of Oriel and his predecessor, Dr. Eveleigh : the former was expelled in consequence.

<sup>2</sup> A *list of necessities* consists of all the necessary culinary articles, tea equipage, brooms, brushes, pails, &c. &c. &c.

<sup>3</sup> *New guinea*—First possession of income.

<sup>4</sup> *Forest of debt*—payment of debts.

<sup>5</sup> *South jeopardy*—terrors of insolvency.

<sup>6</sup> *New settlements*—final reckoning.

<sup>7</sup> *River tick*—springing out of standing debts, which only dis-

*Vice-Chancellor's court*,<sup>8</sup> and consigned, for the benefit of the captors, to *fort marshal*.<sup>9</sup>

"Rather romantic, but not elegant," said some voices at the door, which, on turning my head, I discovered to be my two friends, Echo and Eglantine, who, suspecting the state of the rooms, from the known character of the previous occupier, had followed me up stairs to enjoy the pleasure of quizzing a novice. "A snug appointment this, old fellow," said Echo. "Very *airy* and *contemplative*," rejoined Eglantine, pointing first to the broken window, and after to the mutilated remains of books and furniture. "Quite the *larium* of a man of genius," continued the former, "and very fine scope for the exhibition of *improved taste*." "And an excellent opportunity for *raillery*," quoth I. "Well, old fellow," said Tom, "I wish you safe through *dun territory*<sup>10</sup> and the *preserve of long bills*<sup>11</sup>: if you are not pretty well *blunted*,<sup>12</sup> the first start will try *your wind*." "Courage, Blackmantle," said Eglantine, "we must not have you laid up here in the *marshes of impediment*<sup>13</sup> with all the horrors of *east jeopardy*,<sup>14</sup> as if you was lost in the *cave of antiquity*<sup>15</sup>: rally, my old fellow, for *the long hope*,<sup>16</sup> shoot past *mounts*

charge themselves at the expiration of three years by leaving the lake of credit, and meandering through the haunts of a hundred creditors.

<sup>8</sup> *Vice-Chancellor's court*—creditor's last shift.

<sup>9</sup> *Fort marshal*—university marshal's post.

<sup>10</sup> *Dun territory*—circle of creditors to be paid.

<sup>11</sup> *Preserve of long bills*—stock of debts to be discharged.

<sup>12</sup> *Blunted*—London slang for plenty of money.

<sup>13</sup> *Marshes of impediment*—troublesome preparation for the schools.

<sup>14</sup> *East jeopardy*—terrors of anticipation.

<sup>15</sup> *Cave of antiquity*—depôt of old authors.

<sup>16</sup> *The long hope*—Johnson defines "a Hope" to be any sloping plain between two ridges of mountains. Here it is the symbol of long expectations in studying for a degree.

*Aldrich and Euclid*,<sup>17</sup> the *Roman tumuli*<sup>18</sup> and *Point Failure*,<sup>19</sup> and then, having gained *Fount Stagira*,<sup>20</sup> pass easily through *Littlego Vale*,<sup>21</sup> reach the summit of the *Pindaric heights*,<sup>22</sup> and set yourself down easy in the *temple of Bacchus*<sup>23</sup> and the *region of rejoicing*.<sup>24</sup> "Or if you should fall a sacrifice in the *district of sappers*,<sup>25</sup> old fellow!" said Echo, "or founder in *Dodd's sound*,<sup>26</sup> why, you can retreat to *Cam Roads*,<sup>27</sup> or lay up for life in the *Bay of Condolence*."<sup>28</sup> "For heaven's sake, let us leave the *Gulf of Misery*," said I, alluding to the state of my rooms, "and bend our course where some more amusing novelty presents itself." "To Bagley wood," said Echo, "to *break cover* and introduce you to the *Egyptians*; only I must give my *scout* directions first to see the old bookseller<sup>29</sup> and have my *imposition*<sup>30</sup> ready for being *absent* from chapel this morning, or else I shall be favoured with another

<sup>17</sup> *Mount Aldrich, mount Euclid*—logic and mathematics.

<sup>18</sup> *Tumuli raised by the Romans*—difficulties offered by Livy and Tacitus in the studies for first class honours.

<sup>19</sup> *Point Failure*—catastrophe of plucking.

<sup>20</sup> *Fount Stagira*—fount named after the birth-place of Aristotle.

<sup>21</sup> *Littlego Vale*—orderly step to the first examination.

<sup>22</sup> *Pindaric heights*—study of Pindar's odes.

<sup>23</sup> *Temple of Bacchus*—merry-making after getting a liceat.

<sup>24</sup> *Region of rejoicing*—joy attendant on success in the schools.

<sup>25</sup> *District of sappers*—track of those who sap at their quarto and folio volumes.

<sup>26</sup> *Dodd's sound*—where the candidate will have to acknowledge the receipt of a certificate empowering him to float down Bachelor Creek.

<sup>27</sup> *Cam Roads*—retreat to Cambridge by way of a change.

<sup>28</sup> *Bay of Condolence*—where we console our friends, if plucked, and left at a nonplus.

<sup>29</sup> A well-known bookseller in Oxford generally called *imposition* G—, from his preparing translations for the members of the university.

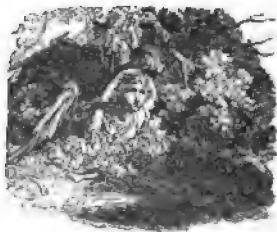
<sup>30</sup> *Imposition*—see *prick bill*.

visit from the *prick bill*.”<sup>31</sup> “Agreed,” said Eglantine, “and Blackmantle and myself will, in the meantime, visit Sadler, and engage a couple of his prime hacks to accompany you.”

<sup>31</sup> *Prick bills*—at Christ Church, junior students who prick with a pin the names of those gentlemen who are at chapel. Immediately after the service, the bills, with the noblemen and gentlemen commoners’ names, are taken to the dean; those with the students and commoners’ names, to the acting censor for the week; and the bachelors’ bills to the sub-dean, who generally inform the prick bills what impositions shall be set those gentlemen who absented themselves from chapel: these are written upon strips of paper and carried to the gentlemen by the prick bill’s scouts.

*Copy of an original imposition.*

“Sp 259 particular M M C. P. B.”—Signifies translate No. 259 Spectator to the word “particular” by Monday morning at chapel time.—Prick bill.





BAGLEY WOOD FROM THE BROW OF THE HILL.

## THE EXCURSION TO BAGLEY WOOD.

*Oxford Scholars and Oxford Livery Men—How to insure a good Horse and prevent Accidents—Description of Bagley Wood—a Freshman breaking cover—Interview with the Egyptians—Secrets of Futurity unveiled—Abingdon Beauties—Singular Anecdote and History of Mother Goose.*

THE ride to Bagley Wood introduced me to some new features of a college life, not the least entertaining of which was the dialogue before starting between my friend Eglantine, the livery-stable keeper, and his man, where we went to engage the horses.

EGLAN. (*to the ostler*) Well, Dick, what sort of a *stud*, hey? any thing *rum*, a *ginger* or a *miller*, three legs or *five*, got by *Whirlwind* out of *Skyscraper*? Come, *fig* out two lively ones.

DICK. I mun see measter first, zur, before I lets any gentleman take a nag out o' yard. It's more as my pleast is worth to act otherwise.

EGLAN. What coming *Tip-street* over us, hey, Dick?

*frisking* the *freshman* here, old fellow? (*pointing to me*). It won't do—*no go*, Dick—he's my friend, a *cawker* to be sure, but must not *stand Sam* to an *Oxford raff*, or a *Yorkshire Johnny Raw*.

DICK. I axes pardon, zur. I didna mean any such thing, but ever since you rode the grey tit last, she's never been out o' stall.

EGLAN. Not surprised at that, Dick. Never crossed a greater *slug* in my life—She's only fit to carry a dean or a bishop—*No go* in her.

DICK. No, zur, measter zays as how you took it *all out on her*.

EGLAN. Why, I did give her a *winder*, Dick, to be sure, only one day's hunting, though, a good *hard run* over *Somerset range*, not *above sixty miles* out and home.

DICK. Ay, I thought as how you'd been in some break-neck tumble-down country, zur, for Tit's *knuckles* showed she'd had a *somerset* or two.

EGLAN. Well, *blister* the mare, Dick! there's *half a bull* for your trouble: now put us on the *right scent* for a good one: any thing young and fresh, sprightly and *shewy*?

DICK. Why, there be such a one to be zure, zur, but you munna *split* on me, or I shall *get the zack* for telling on ye. If you'll *sken* yon stable at end o' the yard, there be two prime tits just com'd in from Abingdon fair, thorough-bred and devils to go, but measter won't let 'em out.

EGLAN. Won't he? here he comes, and we'll try what a little persuasion will do. (*Enter LIVERY MAN.*) Well, old fellow, I've brought you a *new* friend, Black-mantle of Brazennose: what sort of *prads* can you give us for a trot to Bagley Wood, a short ride for something shewy to *lionise* a bit?

LIVERY M. Nothing *new*, sir, and you know all the stud pretty well (*knowingly*). Suppose you try the *grey mare* you rode t'other day, and I'll find a quiet one for your friend.



EGLAN. If I do, I am a *black horse*. She's *no paces*, nothing *but a shuffle*, not a *leg to stand on*.

LIVERY M. Every one as good as the *principal of All-Souls*. Not a *better bred thing* in Oxford, and all horses here *gallop by instinct*, as every body knows, but they *can't go for ever*, and when gentlemen ride *steeple chases* of sixty miles or more right a-head, they ought to find their own *horse-flesh*.

EGLAN. What coming *crabb* over us, old fellow, hey? Very well, I shall *bolt* and try *Randall*, and *that's all about it*. Come along, Blackmantle.

My friend's threat of withdrawing his patronage had immediately the desired effect. Horace's judgment in horse-flesh was universally admitted, and the knowing dealer, although he had suffered in one instance by hard riding, yet deeply calculated on retrieving his loss by some unsuspecting *Freshman*, or other university Nimrod in the circle of Eglantine's acquaintance. By this time Echo had arrived, and we were soon mounted on the two fresh purchases which the *honest* Yorkshireman had so *disinterestedly* pointed out; and which, to do him justice, deserved the eulogium he had given us on their merits. One circumstance must not however be forgotten, which was the following notice posted at the end of the yard. "To *prevent accidents*, gentlemen pay *before mounting*." "How the deuce can this practice of paying beforehand *prevent accidents*?" said I. "You're *fresh*, old fellow," said Echo, "or you'd understand after a man breaks his neck he fears no *duns*. Now you know by *accident* what old *Humanity* there means."

Bagley is about two miles and a half from Oxford on the Abingdon road, an exceedingly pleasant ride, leaving the sacred city and passing over the old bridge where formerly was situated the study or observatory of the celebrated Friar Bacon. Not an object in the shape of a petticoat escaped some raillery, and scarcely

a town *ruff* but what met with a corresponding display of university wit, and called forth many a cutting joke: the place itself is an extensive wood on the summit of a hill, which commands a glorious panoramic view of Oxford and the surrounding country richly diversified in hill and dale, and sacred spires shooting their varied forms on high above the domes, and minarets, and towers of Rhedycina. This spot, the favourite haunt of the Oxonians, is covered for many miles with the most luxuriant foliage, affording the cool retreat, the love embowered shades, over which Prudence spreads the friendly veil. Here many an amorous couple have in softest dalliance met, and sighed, and frolicked, free from suspicion's eye beneath the broad umbrageous canopy of Nature; here too is the favourite retreat of the devotees of Cypriani, the spicy grove of assignations where the velvet sleeves of the Proctor never shake with terror in the wind, and the savage form of the university *bull dog* is unknown.

A party of wandering English Arabs had pitched their tents on the brow of the hill just under the first cluster of trees, and materially increased the romantic appearance of the scene. The group consisted of men, women, and children, a tilted cart with two or three asses, and a lurcher who announced our approach. My companions were, I soon found, well known to the females, who familiarly approached our party, while the male animals as condescendingly betook themselves into the recesses of the wood. "Black Nan," said Echo, "and her daughter, the gypsy beauty, the Bagley brunette."—"Shall I tell your honour's fortune?" said the elder of the two, approaching me; while Eglantine, who had already dismounted and given his horse to one of the brown urchins of the party, had encircled the waist of the younger sibyl, and was tickling her into a trot in an opposite direction. "Ay do, Nan,"

said Echo, "cast his nativity, open the book of fate, and tell the boy his future destiny." It would be the height of absurdity to repeat half the nonsense this oracle of Bagley uttered relative to my future fortunes ; but with the cunning peculiar to her *cast*, she discovered I was *fresh*, and what tormented me more, (although on her part it was no doubt accidental) alluded to an amour in which my heart was much interested with a little divinity in the neighbourhood of Eton. This hint was sufficient to give Tom his *cue*, and I was doomed to be pestered for the remainder of the day with questions and raillery on my progress in the court of Love. On our quitting the old gypsy woman, a pair of buxom damsels came in sight, advancing from the Abingdon road ; they were no doubt like ourselves, I thought, come to consult the oracle of Bagley, or, perhaps, were the daughters of some respectable farmer who owned the adjoining land. All these doubts were, however, of short duration ; for Tom Echo no sooner caught sight of their faces, than away he bounded towards them like a young colt in all the frolic of untamed playfulness, and before I could reach him, one of the ladies was rolling on the green carpet of luxuriant Nature. In the deep bosom of Bagley Wood, impervious to the eye of authority, many a sportive scene occurs which would alarm the ethics of the solemn sages of the cloistered college. They were, I discovered, sisters, too early abandoned by an unfeeling parent to poverty, and thus became an easy prey to the licentious and the giddy, who, in the pursuit of pleasure, never contemplate the attendant misery which is sure to follow the victim of seduction. There was something romantic in their story : they were daughters of the celebrated Mother Goose, whose person must have been familiar to every Oxonian for the last sixty years prior to her decease, which occurred but a short time since Of

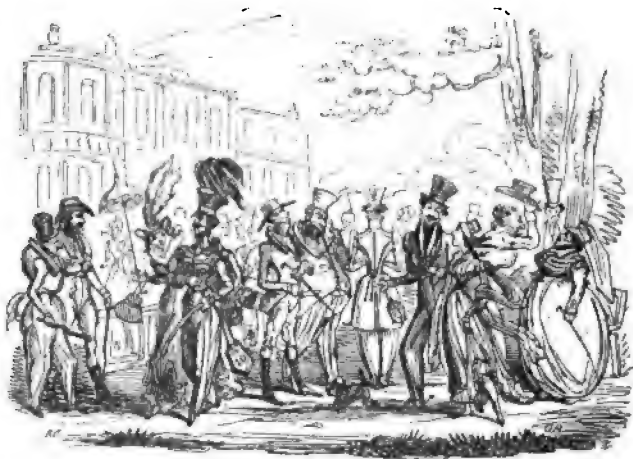
this woman's history I have since gleaned some curious particulars, the most remarkable of which (contained in the annexed note) have been authenticated by living witnesses.<sup>1</sup> Her portrait, by a member of All Souls, is admirable, and is here faithfully copied.



<sup>1</sup> "*Mother Goose*," formerly a procuress, and one of the most abandoned of her profession. When from her advanced age, and the loss of her eye-sight, she could no longer obtain money by seducing females from the path of virtue, she married a man of the name of H., (commonly called Gentleman H.) and for years was led by him to the students' apartments in the different colleges with baskets of the choicest flowers. Her ancient, clean, and neat appearance, her singular address, and, above all, the circumstance of her being blind, never failed of procuring her at least ten times the price of her posy, and which was frequently doubled when she informed the young gentlemen of the generosity, benevolence, and charity of their grandfathers, fathers, or uncles whom she knew when they were at college. She had several illegitimate children, all females, and all were sacrificed by their unnatural mother, except one, who was taken away from her at a

Having, as Echo expressed it, now *broke cover*, and being advanced *one step* in the *study of the fathers*, we prepared to quit the Abingdon fair and rural shades of Bagley on our return to Oxford, something *lighter in pocket*, and a *little too in morality*. We raced the whole of the distance home, to the great peril of several groups of *town raff* whom we passed in our way. On our arrival my friends had each certain lectures to attend, or college duties to perform. An idle Freshman, there was yet three hours good before the invitation to *the spread*, and as kind fortune willed it to amuse the time, a packet arrived from Horatio Heartley. He had been spending the winter in town with his aunt, Lady Mary Oldstyle, and had, with his usual *tact*, been sketching the varied groups which form the circle of fashionable life. It was part of the agreement between us, when leaving each other at Eton, that we should thus communicate the characteristic traits of the society we were about to amalgamate with. He has, in the phraseology of the day, *just come out*, and certainly appears to have made the best use of his time.

very tender age by the child's father's parents. When of age, this child inherited her father's property, and is now (I believe) the wife of an Irish nobleman, and to this time is unconscious that Mother Goose, of Oxford, gave her birth. The person who was instrumental in removing the child is still living in Oxford, and will testify to the authenticity of the fact here related. His present majesty never passed through Oxford without presenting Mother Goose with a donation, but of course without knowing her early history.



KENSINGTON GARDENS.—SUNDAY EVENING.  
Singularities of 1824.

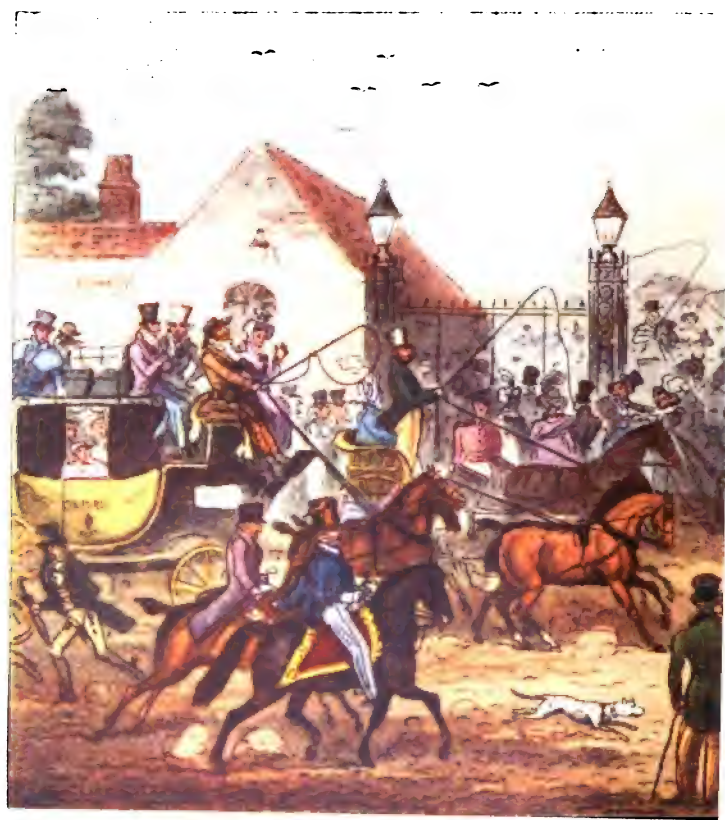
## WESTERN ENTRANCE INTO THE METROPOLIS ;

### A DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH.

*General Views of the Author relative to Subject and Style—Time and Place—Perspective Glimpse of the great City—The Approach—Cockney Salutations—The Toll House—Western Entrance to Cockney Land—Hyde Park—Sunday Noon—Sketches of Character, Costume, and Scenery—The Ride and Drive—Kensington Gardens—Belles and Beaux—Stars and Fallen Stars—Singularities of 1824—Tales of Ton—On Dits and Anecdotes—Sunday Evening—High Life and Low Life, the Contrast—Cockney Goths—Notes, Biographical, Amorous, and Exquisite.*

OF Cockney Land, its breadth, and length,  
Houses, inhabitants, and strength ;





THE ARRIVAL, *or Western*





*Entrance to Cockney Land.*



Its wealth and fashion, wit and folly,  
 Pleasures, whims, and melancholy :  
 Of all the charming belles and beaux  
 Who line the parks, in double rows ;  
 Of princes, peers, their equipage,  
 The splendour of the present age ;  
 Of west-end fops, and crusty cits,  
 Who drive their gigs, or sport their *tits* ;  
 With all the groups we mean to dash on  
 Who form the busy world of fashion :  
 Proceeding onwards to the city,  
 With sketches, humorous and witty.  
 The man of business, and the Change,  
 Will come within our satire's range :  
 Nor rank, nor order, nor condition,  
 Imperial, lowly, or patrician,  
 Shall, when they see this volume, cry—  
 "The satirist has pass'd us by,"  
 But with good humour view our page  
 Depict the manners of the age.  
 Our style shall, like our subject, be  
 Distinguished by variety ;  
 Familiar, brief we could say too—  
 (It shall be whimsical and new),  
 But reader that we leave to you.

'Twas morn, the genial sun of May  
 O'er nature spread a cheerful ray,  
 When Cockney Land, clothed in her best,  
 We saw, approaching from the west,  
 And 'mid her steeples straight and tall  
 Espied the dome of famed St. Paul,  
 Surrounded with a cloud of smoke  
 From many a kitchen chimney broke ;  
 A nuisance since consumed below  
 By bill of Michael Angelo.<sup>1</sup>  
 The coach o'er stones was heard to rattle,

<sup>1</sup> M. A. Taylor's act for compelling all large factories, which have steam and other apparatus, to consume their own smoke.

The guard his bugle tuned for battle,  
The horses snorted with delight,  
As Piccadilly came in sight.  
On either side the road was lined  
With vehicles of ev'ry kind,  
And as the rapid wheel went round,  
There seem'd scarce room to clear the ground.  
"Gate—gate—push on—how do—well met—  
Pull up—my *tits* are on the fret—  
The number—lost it—*tip* then straight,  
That *covey* wants to *bilk* the gate."  
The toll-house welcome this to town.  
Your *prime*, *flash*, *bang up*, *fly*, or *down*,  
A *tidy team of prads*,—your *castor's*  
Quite a *Joliffe tile*,—my *master*.  
Thus buck and coachee greet each other,  
And seem familiar as a brother.  
No Chinese wall, or rude barrier,  
Obstructs the view, or entrance here ;  
Nor fee or passport,—save the *warder*,  
Who *draws* to keep the roads in order ;  
No questions ask'd, but all that please  
May pass and repass at their ease.

In cockney land, the seventh day  
Is famous for a grand display  
Of modes, of finery, and dress,  
Of cit, west-ender, and *noblesse*,  
Who in Hyde Park crowd like a fair  
To stare, and lounge, and take the air,  
Or ride or drive, or walk, and chat  
On fashions, scandal, and all that.—  
Here, reader, with your leave, will we  
Commence our London history.  
'Twas Sunday, and the park was full  
With Mistress, John, and Master Bull,  
And all their little *fry*.  
The crowd pour in from all approaches,  
Tilb'ries, dennets, gigs, and coaches ;

The bells rung merrily.  
 Old dowagers, their *fubsy* faces<sup>2</sup>  
 Painted to eclipse the Graces,  
 Pop their noddles out  
 Of some old family affair  
 That's neither chariot, coach, or chair,  
 Well known at ev'ry rout.  
 But bless me, who's that coach and six ?  
 "That, sir, is *Mister* Billy Wicks,  
 A great *light* o' the city,  
 Tallow-chandler, and lord mayor<sup>3</sup> ;  
 Miss *Flambeau* Wicks's are the fair,  
 Who're drest so very pretty.  
 It's only for a year you know  
 He keeps up such a *flashy* show ;  
 And then he's *melted* down.  
 The man upon that half-starved nag<sup>4</sup>  
 Is an Ex-S—ff, a strange wag,  
 Half *flash*, and half a clown.  
 But see with artful lures and wiles  
 The Paphian goddess, Mrs. G\*\*\*s,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> There are from twenty to thirty of these well known relics of antiquity who regularly frequent the park, and attend all the fashionable routs, — perfumed and painted with the utmost extravagance : if the wind sets in your face, they may be scented at least a dozen carriages off.

<sup>3</sup> It is really ludicrous to observe the ridiculous pride of some of these ephemeral things ;—during their mayoralty, the gaudy city vehicle with four richly caparisoned horses is constantly in the drive, with six or eight persons crammed into it like a family waggon, and bedizened out in all the colours of the rainbow ;—ask for them six months after, and you shall find them more suitably employed, packing rags, oranges, or red herrings.

<sup>4</sup> This man is such a strange compound of folly and eccentricity, that he is eternally in hot water with some one or other.

<sup>5</sup> Mrs. Fanny G—l—s, the *ci-devant* wife of a corn merchant,—a celebrated courtesan, who sports a splendid equipage, and has long figured upon town as a star of the first order in the Cyprian hemisphere. She has some excellent qualities, as poor M——n can vouch ; for when the fickle goddess Fortune left him in the

From out her carriage peeps ;  
 She nods to am'rous Mrs. D——,<sup>6</sup>  
 Who bends with most sublime *congé*,  
 While ruin'd ——— sleeps.  
 Who follows ? 'tis the hopeful son  
 Of the proud Earl of H——n,  
 Who stole the parson's wife.<sup>7</sup>  
 The Earl of H—— and *flame*,  
 For cabriolets she's the dame,<sup>8</sup>  
 A dasher, on my life.  
 Jack T——t shows his pleasant face<sup>9</sup> ;  
 A royal likeness here you'll trace,  
 You'd swear he was a Guelph.  
 See Lady Mary's U—— walk,<sup>10</sup>  
 And though but *aide-de-camp* to YORK,  
 An Adonis with himself.

lurch, she has a handsome annuity from a sporting peer, who was once the favoured swain.

<sup>6</sup> Mrs. D——, alias Mrs. B—k—y, alias Miss Montague,—the wife of poor Jem B—k—y, the greater his misfortune,—a well known Paphian queen, one of five sisters, who are all equally notorious, and whose history is well known. She is now the favoured sultana of a *ci-devant* banker, whose name she assumes, to the disgrace of himself and family.

<sup>7</sup> The clerical cornuto recovered, in a crim. con. action, four thousand pounds for the loss of his frail rib, from this hopeful sprig of nobility.

<sup>8</sup> Mrs. S——, a most voluptuous lady, the discarded *chère amie* of the late Lord F—l—d, said to be the best carriage woman in the park : she lies in the Earl of H——'s cabriolet most delightfully stretched out at full length, and in this elegant posture is driven through the park.

<sup>9</sup> Captain T——t of the guards, whose powerful similitude to the reigning family of England is not more generally admitted than his good-humoured qualities are universally admired.

<sup>10</sup> The Hon. General U——, aide-de-camp to the Duke of York, whose intrigue with Lady Mary —— was, we have heard, a planned affair to entrap a very different person. Be that as it may, it answered the purpose, and did not disturb the friendship of the parties. The honourable general has obtained the appellation of the Park Adonis, from his attractive figure and known gallantries.

A——y mark, a batter'd beau,<sup>11</sup>  
 Who'll still the fatal dice-box throw  
 Till not a guinea's left.  
 Beyond's the brothers B——e,<sup>12</sup>  
 Of gold and acres quite as free,  
 By gaming too bereft.  
 Here trips *commercial dandy* Ra—k—s,<sup>13</sup>

<sup>11</sup> Lord A——y, the babe of honour—once the gayest of the gay, where fashion holds her bright enchanting court; now wrinkled and depressed, and plucked of every feather, by merciless Greek banditti. Such is the infatuation of play, that he still continues to linger round the fatal table, and finds a pleasure in recounting his enormous losses. A——y, who is certainly one of the most polished men in the world, was the leader of the *dandy* club, or *the unique four*, composed of Beau Brummell, Sir Henry Mildmay, and Henry Pierrepont, the *Ambassador*, as he is generally termed. When the celebrated dandy ball was given to his Majesty (then Prince of Wales), on that occasion the prince seemed disposed to cut Brummell, who, in revenge, coolly observed to A——y, when he was gone,—“Big Ben was vulgar as usual.” This was reported at Carlton House, and led to the disgrace of the *exquisite*.—Shortly afterwards he met the Prince and A——y in public, arm in arm, when the former, desirous of avoiding him, quitted the baron: Brummell, who observed his motive, said loud enough to be heard by the prince,—“Who is that *fat* friend of yours?” This expression sealed his doom; he was never afterwards permitted the honour of meeting the parties at the palace. The story of “George, ring the bell,” and the reported conduct of the prince, who is said to have obeyed the request and ordered Mr. Brummell's carriage, is, we have strong reasons for thinking, altogether a fiction: Brummell knew the dignity of his host too well to have dared such an insult. The king since generously sent him 300*l.* when he heard of his distress at Calais. Brummell was the son of a tavern-keeper in St. James's, and is still living at Calais.

<sup>12</sup> The brothers are part of a flock of R——r geese, who have afforded fine plucking for the Greeks. Parson Ambrose, the high priest of Pandemonium, had a leg of one and a wing of the other *devilled* for supper one night at the Gothic Hall. They have cut but a *lame* figure ever since.

<sup>13</sup> A quaint cognomen given to the city banker by the west-end beaux;—he is a very amiable man.

Who never plays for heavy stakes,  
 But looks to the *main* chance.  
 There's Georgy W—b—ll, all the go,—<sup>14</sup>  
 The mould of fashion,—the court beau,  
 Since BRUMMELL fled to France :  
 His bright brass harness, and the gray,  
 The well known black cabriolet,  
 Is always latest there ;  
 The reason,—George, with Captain P——  
 The lady-killing coterie,  
 Come late—to catch the fair.  
 See W—s—r, who with pious love,<sup>15</sup>  
 For her, who's sainted now above,  
 A sister kindly takes ;  
 So, as the ancient proverb tells,  
 "The best of husbands, *modern belles*,  
 Are your reformed rakes."  
 In splendid mis'ry down the ride  
 Alone,—see \*\*\*\*\* lady glide,<sup>16</sup>  
 Neglected for a ——.  
 What's fame, or titles, wealth's increase,  
 Compared unto the bosom's peace ?  
 They're bubbles,—nothing more.

<sup>14</sup> George, although a *roué* of the most superlative order, is not deficient in good sense and agreeable qualifications. Since poor Beau Brummell's removal from the hemisphere of fashion, George has certainly shone a planet of the first magnitude: among the fair he is also considered like his friend, Captain P—r—y, a perfect lady-killer:—many a little milliner's girl has had cause to regret the seductive notes of A.Z.B. Limmer's Hotel.

<sup>15</sup> The Marquis of W—c—t—r has, since his first wife's death, married her sister.—Reformation, we are happy to perceive, is the order of the day. The failure of Howard and Gibbs involved more than one noble family in embarrassments.

<sup>16</sup> The amours of this child of fortune are notorious both on the continent and in this country. It is very often the misfortune of great men to be degraded by great profligacy of conduct: the poor lady is a suffering angel.



Observe yon graceful modest group<sup>17</sup>  
 Who look like chaste Diana's troop,  
     The Ladies Molineaux ;  
 With Sefton, the Nimrod of peers,  
 As old in honesty,—as years,  
     A stanch true buff and blue.  
 "What portly looking man is that  
 In plain blue coat,—to whom each hat  
     Is moved in ride and walk ?"  
 That pleasant fellow, be it known,  
 Is heir presumptive to the throne,  
     'Tis Frederick of York.<sup>18</sup>  
 A better, kinder hearted soul  
 You will not find, upon the whole,  
     Within the British isle.  
 But see where P—t's wife appears,<sup>19</sup>  
 Who changed, though rather late in years,  
     For honest George Ar—le.  
 Now by my faith it gives me pain

<sup>17</sup> The female branches of the Sefton family are superior to the slightest breath of calumny, and present an example to the peerage worthy of more general imitation.

<sup>18</sup> No member of the present royal family displays more agreeable qualifications in society than the heir presumptive.—Unaffected, affable, and free, the duke may be seen daily pacing St. James's-street, Pall-mall, or the Park, very often wholly unattended : as his person is familiar to the public, he never experiences the slightest inconvenience from curiosity, and he is so generally beloved, that none pass him who know him without paying their tribute of respect. In all the private relations of life he is a most estimable man,—in his public situation indefatigable, prompt, and attentive to the meanest application.

<sup>19</sup> A more lamentable instance of the profligacy of the age cannot be found than in the history of the transaction which produced this exchange of wives and persons. A wag of the day published a new list of promotions headed as follows,—Lady B—n to be Lady A—r P—t,—*by exchange*—Lady P—t to be Duchess of A—e,—*by promotion*—Lady Charlotte W—y to be Lady P—t, *vice* Lady P—t, *promoted*.

To see thee, cruel Lady J—,<sup>20</sup>

Regret the *golden Ball*.

Tis useless now :—" the fox and grapes "

Remember, and avoid the apes

Which wait an *old maid's* fall.

Gay lady H——e's twinkling star<sup>21</sup>

<sup>20</sup> It is not long since that, inspired by love or ambition, a wealthy commoner sought the promise of the fair hand of Lady J—, nor was the consent of her noble father (*influenced* by certain weighty reasons\*) wanting to complete the anticipated happiness of the suitor.—All the preliminary forms were arranged,—jointure and pin money liberally fixed,—some legal objections as to a *covenant of forfeiture* overcame, a suitable establishment provided. The happy day was fixed, when—" mark inconstant fickle woman"—the evening previous to completion (to the surprise of all the town), she changed her mind; she had reconsidered the subject!—The man was wealthy, and attractive in person; but then—insupportable objection—he was a mere plebeian, a common esquire, and his name was odious,—Lady J— B—l,—she could never endure it: the degrading thought produced a fainting fit,—the recovery a positive refusal,—the circumstance a week's amusement to the fashionable world. Reflection and disappointment succeeded, and a revival was more than once spoken of; but the recent marriage of the bachelor put an end to all conjecture, and the poor lady was for some time left to bewail in secret her single destiny. Who can say, when a lady has the golden ball at her foot, where she may kick it? Circumstances which have occurred since the above was written prove that the lady has anticipated our advice.

<sup>21</sup> Her ladyship's crimson vis-à-vis and her tall footman are both highly attractive—there are *no seats* in the vehicle—the fair owner reclines on a splendid crimson velvet divan or cushion. She must now be considered a beauty of the last century, being already turned of fifty: still she continued to flourish in the annals of—fashion, until within the last few years; when she ceased to go abroad for *amusement*, finding it more convenient to purchase it *at home*. As her parties in Grosvenor-square are of the most splendid description, and her dinners (where she is the presiding

---

\* The marquis is said to have shown some aversion in the first instance, till H—s B—l sent his rent roll for his inspection: this was immediately returned with a very satisfactory reply, but accompanied with a more embarrassing request, namely, a sight of his pedigree.

Glimmers in eclipse,—afar's  
 The light of former time.  
 In gorgeous pride and vis-à-vis,<sup>22</sup>  
 A—b—y's orange liv'ry see,  
 The gayest in the clime.  
 Camac and wife, in chariot green,  
 Constant as turtle-doves are seen,  
 With two bronze slaves behind ;  
 Next H—tf—d's comely, widow'd dame,<sup>23</sup>  
 With am'rous G——, a favourite name,  
 When G—— was true and kind.  
 See S—b—y's peeress, whom each fool

deity, and the only one) are frequent, and unrivalled for a display of the "*savoir vivre*," her ladyship can always draw on the *gratitude* of her guests for that homage to hospitality which she must cease to expect to her charms, "now in the sear and yellow leaf:"—she is a M—nn—rs—" *verbum sat*." Speaking of M—nn—rs, where is the portly John (the Regent's double, as he was called some few years since), and the amiable duchess, who bestowed her hand and fortune upon him?—but, *n'importe*.

<sup>22</sup> "The gorgeous A—b—y in the sun-flower's pride." This lady's vis-à-vis by far the most splendidly rich on town. Her footmen (of which there are four on drawing-room days) are a proper emblem of that gaudy flower—bright yellow liveries, *black lower garments, spangled and studded*. There is a *general keeping* in this gorgeous equipage, which is highly creditable to the taste of the marchioness, for the marquis, "good easy man," (though a *Bruce*), he is too much engaged preserving his *game* at Ro—er—n park, and keeping up *the game* in *St. Stephen's* (where his influence is represented by no less than *eight* "sound men and true"), to attend to these trifling circumstances. This, with a well paid rental of upwards of £100,000 per annum, makes the life of this happy pair pass in an uninterrupted stream of *fashionable felicity*.

<sup>23</sup> The marchioness is said to bear the neglect of a certain capricious friend with much cool philosophy. Soon after the intimacy had ceased, they met by *accident*. On the sofa, by the side of the inconstant, sat the reigning favourite; the marchioness placed herself (uninvited) on the opposite side: astonishment seized the \*\*\*\*; he rose, made a very graceful bow to one of the ladies, and coolly observed to the marchesa—"If this conduct is repeated, I must decline meeting you in public." This was the *cut royal*.

Of fashion meets in *Sunday school*,<sup>24</sup>  
 To chat in learned lore ;  
 Where rhyming peers, and letter'd beaus,  
 Blue stocking belles to love dispose,  
 And wit is deem'd a bore.  
 With brave Sir Ronald, toe to toe,  
 See Mrs. M—h—l A—g—lo,<sup>25</sup>  
*Superb equestriana*.  
 Next—that voluptuous little dame,<sup>26</sup>  
 Who sets the dandy world in flame,  
 The female Giovanni.  
 Erin's sprightly beauteous belle,  
 Gay Lady G—t—m, and her *swell*  
 'The Yorkshire Whiskerandoes.'<sup>27</sup>

<sup>24</sup> The dulness of the marchioness's Sunday evening *conversations* have obtained them the fashionable appellation of the *Sunday-school*. Lord Byron thought it highly dangerous for any wit to accept a second invitation, lest he should be inoculated with *ennui*.

<sup>25</sup> Mrs. M— A—g—e, a very amiable and accomplished woman, sister to Sir H—y V—ne T—p—t. She is considered the best female equestrian in the ride.

<sup>26</sup> A consideration for the delicacy of our fair readers will not allow us to enter upon the numerous amours of this favourite of Apollo and the Muses, and not less celebrated intrigant. She may, however, have ample justice *entailed* upon her under another *head*. Latterly, since the police have been so active in suppressing the gaming houses, a small party have met with security and profit for a little chicken hazard in Curzon-street, at which Mr. C—t has occasionally acted as croupier and banker. Elliston used to say, when informed of the sudden indisposition or absence of a certain little actress and singer—"Ay, I *understand* ; she has a more *profitable* engagement than mine this evening." The amorous trio, Cl—g—t, Charles H—r—s, and the *exquisite* Master G—e, may not have cause to complain of neglect. The first of these gentlemen has lately, we understand, been very successful at play ; we trust experience will teach him prudence.

<sup>27</sup> His lordship commands the York hussars, in defence of whose whiskers he sometime since made a Quixotic attack upon a public writer. As he is full six feet high, and we are not quite five, prudence bids us place our finger on our lip.

Pale Lambton, he who loves and hates  
 By turns, what *Pitts*, or *Pit*, creates,  
 Led by the Whig fandangoes.  
 Sound folly's trumpet, fashion's drums,—  
 Here great A——y W——ce comes,<sup>28</sup>  
 'Mong tailors, a *red button*.  
 With luminarious nose and cheeks,  
 Which love of much good living speaks,  
 Observe the city glutton :  
 Sir W—m, admiral of yachts,  
 Of turtles, capons, port, and pots,  
 In curricule so big.  
 Jack F—r follows ;—Jack's a wag,<sup>29</sup>

<sup>28</sup> A——y W——e, Esq. otherwise the renowned Billy Button, the son and heir to the honours, fortune, and shopboard of the late Billy Button of Bedford-street, Covent Garden. The latter property he appears to have transferred to the front of the old brown landau, where the aged coachman, with nose as flat as the ace of clubs, sits, transfixed and rigid as the curls of his caxon, from three till six every Sunday evening, urging on a *cabbage-fed pair of ancient prads*, which no exertion of the venerable Jehu has been able for the last seven years to provoke into a trot from Hyde park gate to that of Cumberland and back again. The contents of the vehicle are *equally* an *exhibition*. Billy, with two watches hung by one chain, undergoing the revolutionary movements of buckets in a well, and his eye-glass set round with false pearls, are admirably "*en suite*" with his *bugle* optics. The frowsy madam in faded finery, with all the little Buttons, attended by a red-haired poor relation from Inverness (who is at once their governess and their victim), form the happy tenantry of this moving *closet*. No less than *three* crests surmount the arms of this descendant of Wallace the Great. A waggish Hibernian, some few months since, added a fourth, by chalking a goose proper, crested with a cabbage, which was observed and laughed at by every one in the park except the purblind possessor of the vehicle, who was too busy in looking at himself.

<sup>29</sup> Honest Jack is no longer an M.P., to the great regret of the admirers of senatorial humours. Some few years since, being *Bacchi plenus*, he reeled into St. Stephen's chapel a little out of a *perpendicular* ; when the then dignified *Abbot* having called him to order, he boldly and vociferously asserted that "Jack F—r of

A jolly dog, who sports his nag,  
 Or *queers* the Speaker's wig :  
 To Venus, Jack is stanch and true ;  
 To Bacchus pays devotion too,  
 But likes not bully Mars.  
 Next him, some guardsmen, exquisite,—  
 A well-dress'd troop ;—but as to fight,  
 It may leave ugly scars.  
 Here a church militant is seen,<sup>30</sup>  
 Who'd rather fight than preach I ween,  
 Once major, now a parson ;  
 With one leg in the grave, he'll laugh,  
*Chant up a pard*, or quaintly *chaff*,  
 To keep life's pleasant farce on.

Rose-Hill was not to be set down by any *little fellow in a wig*." This offence against the person and high office of the Abbot of St. Stephen's brought honest Jack upon his knees, to get relieved from a troublesome serjeant attendant of the chapel. Knowing his own infirmities, and fearing perhaps that he might be compelled to make another *compulsory prayer*, Jack resigned his pretensions to senatorial honors at the last general election. His chief amusement, when in town, is the watching and tormenting the little *marchandes des modes* who cross over or pass in the neighbourhood of Regent-street—he is, however, *perfectly harmless*.

<sup>30</sup> An unlucky accident, occasioned by little Th—d the wine merchant overturning F—z—y in his tandem, compelled the latter to sell out of the army, but not without having lost a leg in the service. A determined patriot, he was still resolved to *serve* his country. A barrister on *one* leg might be thought *ominous* of his client's cause, or afford food for the raillery of his opponent. The bar was therefore rejected. But the church opened her arms to receive the dismembered son of Mars (a parson with a *cork leg*, or two *wooden ones*, or indeed without a *leg to stand on*, was not unorthodox), and F—z—y was soon inducted to a valuable benefice. He is now, we believe, a pluralist, and, if report be true, has shown *something* of the *old soldier* in his method of retaining them. F—y married Miss Wy—d—m, the daughter of Mrs. H—s, who was the *admired* of his brother, L—d P—. He is generally termed the fighting parson, and considered one of the best judges of a horse in town : he sometimes does a little business in that way among the *young ones*.

Lord Arthur Hill his Arab sports,  
 And gentle-usher to the courts :  
 See Horace and Kang C—k,<sup>31</sup>  
 Who, with the modern Mokamna  
 C—m—c, must ever bear the sway  
 For ugliness of look.  
 A pair of ancients you may spy,<sup>32</sup>  
 Sir Edward and Sir Carnaby,  
 From Brighton just set free ;  
 The jesters of our lord the king,  
 Who loves a joke, and aids the thing  
 In many a sportive way.  
 A motley group come rattling on,<sup>33</sup>

<sup>31</sup> Horace S—y—r, gentleman usher to the king, and K—g C—k, said to be the ugliest man in the British army : in the park he is rivalled only by C—c. For the benefit of all the married ladies, we would recommend both of these *singularities* to wear the *veil* in public.

<sup>32</sup> Sir Ed—d N—g—e. His present majesty is not less fond of a pleasant joke than his laughter-loving predecessor, Charles II. The Duke of Clarence, while at the Pavilion (a short time since), admired a favourite grey pony of Sir E—d N—e's ; in praise of whose qualities the baronet was justly liberal. After the party had returned to the palace, the duke, in concert with the k—g, slyly gave directions to have the pony painted and disfigured (by spotting him with water colour and attaching a long tail), and then brought on the lawn. In this state he was shown to Sir E—, as one every way superior to his own. After examining him minutely, the old baronet found great fault with the pony ; and being, at the duke's request, induced to mount him, objected to all his paces, observing that he was not half equal to his grey. The king was amazingly amused with the sagacity of the good-humoured baronet, and laughed heartily at the astonishment he expressed when convinced of the deception practised upon him. Sir C—n—y H—s—ne, although a constant visitor at the Pavilion, is not particularly celebrated for any attractive qualification, unless it be his unlimited love of *little* ladies. He is known to all the horse dealers round London, from his constant inquiries for a "nice quiet little horse to carry a lady ;" but we never heard of his making a purchase.

<sup>33</sup> The middle order of society was formerly in England the most virtuous of the three—folly and vice reared their standard and

Who ape the style and dress of ton,  
 And scarce are worth review ;  
 Yet forced to note the silly elves,  
 Who take such pains to note themselves,  
 We'll take a name or two.  
 H—s—ly, a thing of shreds and patches,<sup>34</sup>  
 Whose manners with his calling matches,  
 That is, he's a mere goose.  
 Old St—z of France, a worthy peer,  
 From shopboard rais'd him to a sphere  
 Of ornament and use.  
 The double dandy, fashion's fool,  
 The lubin log of Liverpool,  
 Fat *Mister* A—p—ll,  
 Upon his cob, just twelve hands high,  
 A mountain on a mouse you'll spy  
 Trotting towards the Mall.  
 Sir \*——\*—, the *chicken* man,<sup>35</sup>

recruited their ranks in the highest and the lowest ; but the medium being now lost, all is in the extreme. The superlative dandy inhabitant of a first floor from the ground in Bond-street, and the *finished* inhabitant of a first floor from heaven (who lives by *diving*) in Fleet-street, are in kindness and habits precisely the same.

<sup>34</sup> Young Primefit, as he is generally termed, the once dashing foreman and cutter out, now co-partner of the renowned Baron St—z, recently made a peer of France. Who would not be a tailor (St—z has retired with a fortune of £100,000.) ! Lord de C—ff—d, some time since objecting to certain items in his son's bill from St—z, as being too highly charged, said, "Tell Mr. S— I will not pay him, if it costs me a thousand pounds to resist it." St—z, on hearing this, said, "Tell his lordship that he shall pay the charge, if it costs me *ten thousand to make him*." H—s—ly with some little satisfaction was displaying to a customer the Prince of C—b—g's bill for three months (on the occasion of his Highness's new field-marshal's suit, we suppose) : "Here," said he, "see what *we* have done for him : his quarter's tailor's bill now comes to more than his *annual income* formerly amounted to." Mr. H—s—ly sports a bit of blood, a dennet, and a filly ; and, for a tailor, is a *superfine* sort of dandy, but with a strong scent of the shop about him.

<sup>35</sup> The redoubtable general's *penchant* for little girls has obtained him the *tender* appellation of the *chicken* man. Many of these



With pimp \*—a—t in the van,  
 The Spy of an old Spy ;  
 Who beat up for recruits in town,  
 'Mong *little* girls, in chequer'd gown,  
 Of *ages* rather shy.  
 That mild, complacent-looking face,<sup>36</sup>  
 Who sits his bit of blood with grace,  
 Is tragic Charley Young :  
 With dowager *savant* a beau,  
 Who'll spout, or tales relate, you know,  
 Nobility among.  
 "Sure such a pair was never seen "  
 By nature form'd so sharp and keen  
 As H—ds—n and Jack L—g ;  
 Or two who've play'd their cards so well,  
 As many a pluck'd *roué* can tell,  
 Whose purses once were strong :  
 Both deal in *pipes*—and by the nose  
 Have led to many a *green horn's* woes  
 A few gay bucks to Surrey,  
 Where Marshal Jones commands in chief  
 A squadron, who to *find relief*  
 Are always in a hurry.  
 They're *follow'd* by a merry set—  
 Cl—m—ris, L—n—x, young B—d—t,  
 Whom *they* may shortly follow.  
 That tall *dismember'd* dandy mark,  
 Who strolls dejected through the park,  
 With cheeks so lank and hollow ;  
 That's Badger B—t—e, poet A—  
 The mighty author of "To-day,"

*petits amours* are carried on in the assumed name of Sir Lewis N—t—n, aided by the skill and ingenuity of Captain \*—. Youth may plead whim and novelty for low intrigue ; but the aged beau can only resort to it from vitiated habit.

<sup>36</sup> This truly respectable actor is highly estimated among a large circle of polished society ; where his amusing talents and gentlemanly demeanour render him a most entertaining and agreeable companion.

Forgotten of "To-morrow ;"  
 A superficial wit, who'll write  
 For Shandy little books of spite,  
 When cash he wants to borrow.  
 The *pious* soul who's driving by,  
 And at the poet looks so shy,  
 Is parson A— the gambler ;<sup>37</sup>  
 His deaf-lugg'd daddy a known blade  
 In Pandemonium's fruitful trade,  
 'Mong Paphians a rambler.  
 Augusta H—ke (or C—i) moves  
 Along the path—her little doves—  
 Decoys, upon each arm.  
 Where's Jehu Martin, four-in-hand,  
 An exile in a foreign land  
 From fear of legal *charm*.  
 A pensioner of Cyprian queen,  
 The Bond-street tailor here is seen,  
 The tally-ho so gay.  
 Next P——s,<sup>38</sup> who by little goes,

<sup>37</sup> The parson is so well known, and has been so plentifully bespattered on all sides, that we shall, with true orthodox charity, leave him with a strong recommendation to the notice of the society for the suppression of vice, with this trite remark, "*Vide hic et ubique*."

<sup>38</sup> This man, who is now reported to be worth three hundred thousand pounds, was originally a piece-broker in Bedford-bury, and afterwards kept a low public house in Vinegar-yard, Drury-lane ; from whence he merged into an illegal lottery speculation in Northumberland-street, Strand, where he realized a considerable sum by insurances and *little goes* ; from this spot he was transplanted to Norris-street, in the Haymarket, managing partner in a gaming-house, when, after a run of ill luck, an affair occurred that would have occasioned some *legal difficulty* but for the oath of a pastry-cook's wife, who proved an *alibi*, in return for which act of kindness he afterwards made her his wife. Obtaining possession of the rooms in Pall-Mall (then the celebrated E. O. tables, and the property of W—, the husband, by a sham warrant), the latter became extremely jealous ; and, to make all comfortable, our hero, to use his own phrase, generously

And west-end hells, to fortune rose  
 By many a subtle way.  
 Patron of bull-baits, racings, fights ,  
 A chief of black-legg'd low delights—  
 'Tis the new m——s, F—k ;  
 Time was, his heavy vulgar gait,  
 With ONE of highest regal state  
 Took precedence of rank :  
 But now, a little in disgrace  
 Since J—e usurp'd his m——'s place,  
 A stranger he's at court ;  
 Unlike the greatest and the best  
 Who went before, his feather'd nest  
 Is well enrich'd by sport.  
 F—l—y disastrous, honour's child ;  
 L—t—he the giddy, gay, and wild,  
 And sportive little Jack ;  
 The prince of dandies join the throng,  
 Where Gwydir spans his fours along,  
 The silvery grays or black.  
 The charming F—te, and Colonel B—,<sup>30</sup>  
 Snugly in close carriage see  
 With crimson coats behind :  
 And Mrs. C—, the Christmas belle,

bought the *mare* and *colt*—Mrs. W— and her son—both since dead : the latter rose to very high rank in an honourable profession. The old campaigner has now turned pious, and recently erected and endowed a chapel. He used to boast he had more promissory notes of gambling dupes than would be sufficient to cover the whole of Pall-Mall ; he may with justice add, that he can command bank notes enough to cover Cavendish-square.

<sup>30</sup> We shall not follow the colonel's example, or we could give some extracts from the letters of a *female correspondent* of his that would be both curious and interesting ; but *n'importe*, consideration for the lady alone prevents the publication. In town he is always discovered by a group of would-be *exquisites*, the satellites of the Jupiter of B—k—y C—t—e at Gl—r ; or at Ch——m they have *some name* ; but here they are more fortunate, for o'er them *oblivion throws the friendly veil*.

With banker's clerk, a tale must tell  
To all who are not blind.

Ah ! Poodle Byng appears in view,<sup>40</sup>

Who gives at whist a point or two

To dowagers in years.

And see where ev'ry body notes

The star of fashion, Romeo Coates<sup>41</sup>

The amateur appears :

But where ! ah ! where, say, shall I tell

Are the brass cocks and cockle shell ?

Ill hazard, *rouge et noir*

If it but speak, can tales relate

Of many an equipage's fate,

And may of many more.

Ye rude *canaille*, make way, make way,

The Countess and the Count ———, <sup>42</sup>

<sup>40</sup> This gentleman is generally designated by the name of "the whist man : " he holds a situation in the secretary of state's office, and is in particular favour with all the old dowagers, at whose card parties it is said he is generally fortunate. He has recently been honoured with the situation of grand chamberlain to their black majesties of the Sandwich isles.

<sup>41</sup> Poor Romeo's brilliancy is somewhat in eclipse, and though not quite a fallen star, he must not run on *black* too long,—lest his diamond-hilted sword should be the price of his folly.

<sup>42</sup> The Countess of ——— is the daughter of Governor J——— ; her mother's name was Patty F——, the daughter of an auctioneer who was the predecessor of the present Mr. Christie's father. Patty, then a very beautiful woman, went with him to India, and was a most faithful and attentive companion.—On the voyage home with J——— and her three children, by him, the present countess, and her brothers James and George, they touched at the Cape, where the old governor most ungratefully fell in love with a young Portuguese lady, whom he married and brought to England in the same ship with his former associate, whom he soon after completely abandoned, settling 500*l.* a year upon her for the support of herself and daughter ; his two sons, James and George, he provided with writerships in the company's service, and sent to India. James died young, and George returned to England in a few years, worth 180,000 pounds.—He lingered in a very infirm state of

Who play *de prettee* flute,  
 Who charm *une petit* English ninnie,  
 Till all the Joueur J——'s guinea  
 Him *pochée en culotte*.  
 Who follows? 'tis the Signor Tori,  
 'Bout whom the gossips tell a story,  
 With *some* who've gone *before* :  
 "The bird in yonder cage confined  
 Can sing of lovers young and kind,"  
 But there, he'll sing no more.

health, the effects of the climate and Mrs. M—, alias Madame Haut Gout; and at his death, being a bachelor, he left the present countess, his sister who lived with him, the whole of his property. There are various tales circulated in the fashionable world relative to the origin and family of the count, who has certainly been a most fortunate man: he is chiefly indebted for success with the countess to his skill as an amateur on the flute, rather than to his paternal estates. The patron of foreigners, he takes an active part in the affairs of the Opera-house.—Poor Tori having given some offence in this quarter, was by his influence kept out of an engagement; but it would appear he received some amends, by the following extract from a fashionable paper of the day.

#### FASHIONABLE VARIETIES.

A certain fashionable ——t, who was thought to be *au comble de bonheur*, has lately been much tormented with that green-eyed monster, Jealousy, in the shape of an opera singer. *Plutôt mourir que changer*, was thought to be the motto of the pretty round-faced *English* ——s; but, alas! like the original, it was written on the sands of disappointment, and was scarcely read by the admiring husband, before his joy was dashed by the prophetic wave, and the inscription erased by a favoured son of Apollo. *L'oreille est le chemin du cœur*: so thought the ——t, and forbade the ——s to hold converse with Monsieur T.; but *les femmes peuvent tout, parce-qu'elles gouvernent ceux qui gouvernent tous*. A meeting took place in Grosvenor-square, and, amid the interchange of *doux yeux*, the ——t arrived: a desperate scuffle ensued; the intruder was banished the house, and, as he left the door, is said to have whistled the old French proverb of *Le bon temps viendra*. This affair has created no little amusement among the *beau monde*. All the dowagers are fully agreed on one point, that *l'amour est une passion qui vient souvent sans qu'on s'en aperçoive, et qui s'en va aussi de même*.

Lord L—— looks disconsolate,<sup>43</sup>  
 No news from Spain I think of late,  
 Per favour M——i.  
 Ne'er heed, my lord, you still may find  
 Some opera damsel true and kind,  
 Who'll prove less coy and naughty.  
 "Now by the pricking of my thumbs,  
 There's something wicked this way comes,"  
 'Tis A—'s false dame,<sup>44</sup>  
 Who at Almack's, or in the park,  
 With whispers charms a ducal spark,  
 To blight his wreath of fame.  
 Observe, where princely Devonshire,<sup>45</sup>

<sup>43</sup> His lordship, though not quite so deeply smitten as the now happy swain, had, we believe, a little *penchant* for the charming little daughter of Terpsichore. "What news from Spain, my lord, this morning?" said Sir C. A. to Lord L——. "I have no connexion with the foreign office," replied his lordship.—"I beg pardon, my lord, but I am sure I met a *Spanish messenger* quitting your house as I entered it." On the turf, his lordship's *four year old* (versus *five*) speculations with Cove B—n have given him a notoriety that will, we think, prevent his ruining himself at Newmarket. Like the immortal F—e, he is one of the opera directors, and has a great inclination for foreign *curiosities*. *Vide* the following extract.—

"The New Corps de Ballet at the Opera this season, 1823, is entirely composed of Parisian elegantes, selected with great *taste* by Lord L——, whose judgment in these matters is perfectly *con amore*. In a letter to a noble friend on this subject, Lord L—— says that he has *seen, felt, and (ap-)proved* them all—to be excellent *artistes* with very *finished movements*."

<sup>44</sup> Charley loves good *place* and wine,  
 And Charley loves good brandy,  
 And Charley's *wife* is *thought divine*,  
 By many a Jack a dandy.

PARODY ON AN OLD NURSERY RHYME.

<sup>45</sup> A CHARACTER OF DEVONSHIRE.

He hath a heart of princelie mould, and, what is worth  
 more than his ducal coronet,—he is liberal of mind, and  
 full of charitie; loyal, yet independent, he doth find favour

In action, heart, and mind, a peer,  
 Avoids the public gaze ;

in his sovereign's eyes, the while he doth oppose his ministers. The graces all do court him, yet doth he churlishlie resolve to live a bachelor. Possessing more of this world's garnered stores than might suffice to keep a hundred of his own goodlie progenie, he passes his time in travel and in solitude, defeating the great purpose for which he breathes below. Good, my lord duke ; go to—take from the fairest of the land some beauteous helpmate, and follow in your noble father's steps.

Certain ridiculous reports have long been current in the fashionable world, relative to a mysterious family affair, which would preclude the noble duke's entering into the state of matrimony : it is hardly necessary to say they have no foundation in truth. The duke was certainly born in the same house and at nearly the same time (in Florence) when Lady E. F—st—r, since Duchess of D—, was delivered of a child—but that offspring is living, and, much to the present duke's honour, affectionately regarded by him. The duke was for some years abroad after coming to his title, owing, it is said, to an unpleasant affair arising out of a whisk party at a great house, which was composed of a Prince, Lords L— and Y—th, another foreign Prince, and a Colonel B—, of whom no one has heard much since.—A noble mansion in Piccadilly was there and then assigned to the colonel, who at the request of the —e, who had long wished to possess it as a temporary residence, during some intended repairs at the great house, re-conveyed it to the —. On the receipt of a note from Y— the next morning, claiming the amount of the duke's losses, he started with surprise at the immense sums, and being now perfectly recovered from the overpowering effects of the bottle, hastened with all speed to take the opinions of two well-known sporting peers, whose honour has never been questioned, Lords F—y and S—n ; they, upon a review of the circumstances, advised that the money should not be paid, but that all matters in dispute should be referred to a third peer, Earl G—y, who was not a sporting man : to this effect a note was written to the applicant, but not before some communication had taken place with a very high personage ; the consequence was that no demand was ever afterwards made to the referee. Lord G— C— afterwards re-purchased the great house with the consent of the duke from the fortunate holder, as he did not like it to be dismembered

Graceful, yet simple in attire,  
 You'd take him for a plain esquire ;  
 " His acts best speak his praise."  
 That queer, plain, yellow chariot, mark,  
 Which drives so rapid through the park,  
 The servants clothed in gray—  
 That's George, incog.—George who? George—  
 king,<sup>46</sup>  
 Of whom near treason 'tis to sing,  
 In this our sportive lay.  
 Kings like their subjects should have air  
 And exercise, without the stare  
 Which the state show attends ;  
 I love to see in public place  
 The monarch, who'll his people face,  
 And meet like private friends.  
 So may the crown of this our isle  
 Be ever welcomed with a smile,  
 And, George, that smile be thine !  
 Then when the time,—and come it must,  
 That crowns and sceptres shall be dust,  
 Thou shalt thy race outshine,  
 Shalt live in good men's hearts, and tears,  
 From age to age, while mem'ry rears  
 The proud historic shrine.

from the family. We believe this circumstance had a most salutary effect in preventing any return of a propensity for play.

<sup>46</sup> FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

"Through Manchester-square took a canter just now,  
 Met the *old yellow chariot*, and made a low bow ;  
 This did of course, thinking 'twas loyal and civil,  
 But got such a look,—oh ! 'twas black as the devil.  
 How unlucky !—*incog.* he was trav'ling about,  
 And I like a noodle must go find him out !

*Mem.* When next by the old yellow chariot I ride,  
 To remember there is nothing princely inside."

TOM MOORE.



What rueful-looking knight is that,<sup>47</sup>  
With sunken eye and silken hat,

<sup>47</sup> Lord P—r—m, the delicate dandy.

Laced up in stays to show his waist,  
And highly rouged to show his taste,  
His whiskers meeting 'neath his chin,  
With gooseberry eye and ghastly grin,  
With mincing steps, conceited phrase,  
Such as insipid P— displays :  
These are the requisites to shine  
A dandy, *exquisite*, divine.

ANCIENT DANDIES.—A Confession.

The *Doctor*\*, as we learn, once said,  
To *Mistress* THRALE—  
Howe'er a man be stoutly made,  
And free from ail,  
In flesh and bone, and colour thrive,  
“*He's going down at 35.*”  
Yet *Horace* could his vigour muster  
And would not till a later lustre †  
One single inch of ground surrender  
To any swain in Cupid's calendar.  
But one I think a jot too low,  
And t'other is too high, I know.  
Yet, what I've found, I'll freely state—  
The thing may do till 38.—  
But that's a job—for then, in truth,  
One's but a clumsy sort of *youth* :  
And maugre looks, some evil tongue  
Will say the *Dandy* is not *young* :—  
For 'mid the yellow and the sear, ‡  
Though here and there a *leaf* be green  
No more the summer of the year  
It is, than when *one swallow's* seen.

---

\* Johnson.

† ————— *fuge suspicari*  
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas  
Claudere lustrum.—Od. 4. l. ii.  
Now tottering on to forty years,  
My age forbids all jealous fears.

‡ “My May of life is fallen into the sear and yellow leaf.”—*Macbeth*.

Pinch'd in behind and 'fore ?  
 Whose visage, like La Mancha's chief,  
 Seems the pale frontispiece to grief,  
 As if 'twould ne'er laugh more :  
 Whose dress and person both defy  
 The poet's pen, the painter's eye,  
 'Tis *outré tout nature*.  
 His Arab charger swings his tail,  
 Curvets and prances to the gale  
 Like Death's pale horse,—  
 And neighing proudly seems to say,  
 Here Fashion's vot'ries must pay  
 Homage of course :  
 'Tis P—h—m, whom Mrs. H—g—s  
 At opera and play-house dodges  
 Since he gain'd Josephine ;

---

Tailors adorn a thousand ways,  
 And (though *Time* won't) *men may make Stays*;  
 The dentist, barber, make repairs,  
 New teeth supply, and colour hairs ;  
 But art can ne'er return *the Spring*—  
 And spite of all that she can do,  
 A *Beau's* a very wretched thing  
 At 42 !

The late Princess Charlotte issued an order, interdicting any one of her household appearing before her with frightful fringes to their leaden heads. In consequence of this cruel command, P—r—m, being one of the lords of the bed-chamber, was compelled to curtail his immense whiskers. A very feeling ode appeared upon the occasion, entitled *My Whiskers*, dedicated to the princess ; it was never printed, but attributed to Thomas Moore. The *Kiss*, or *Lady Francis W— W—'s Frolic*, had nearly produced a fatal catastrophe. How would poor Lady Anne W—m have borne such a misfortune ? or what purling stream would have received the divine form of the charming Mrs. H—d—s ? But alas ! he escaped little W—'s ball, only to prove man's base ingratitude, for he has since *cut* with both these beauties for the interesting little Josephine, the protégée of T—y B—t, and the sister of the female Giovanni.

Ye madly vicious, can it be !  
 A mother sunk in infamy,  
 To sell her child is seen.  
 Let Bow-street annals, and Tom B—t,<sup>48</sup>  
 Who paid the mill'ner, tell the rest,  
 It suits not with our page ;  
 Just satire while she censures,—feels,—  
 Verse spreads the vice when it reveals  
 The foulness of the age.  
 'Tis half-past five, and fashion's train  
 No longer in Hyde Park remain,  
 Bon ton cries hence, away ;  
 The low-bred, vulgar, Sunday throng,  
 Who dine at two, are ranged along  
 On both sides of the way ;  
 With various views, these honest folk  
 Descant on fashions, quiz and joke,  
 Or mark a *shy cock* down<sup>49</sup> ;  
 For many a star in fashion's sphere  
 Can only once a week appear  
 In public haunts of town,  
 Lest those two ever *watchful* friends,  
 The *step*-brothers, whom sheriff sends,  
 John Doe and Richard Roe,  
 A *taking* pair should deign to borrow,  
 To wit, until *All Souls*, the morrow,  
 The body of a beau ;

<sup>48</sup> Poor Tom B—t has paid dear for his protection of the Josephine : fifteen hundred pounds for millinery in twelve months is a very *moderate* expenditure for so young a lady of fashion. It is, to be sure, rather provoking that such an ape as Lord — should take command of the frigate, and sail away in defiance of the chartered party, the moment she was well *found* and *rigged* for a cruise.

See *Common Plea Reports*, 1823.

<sup>49</sup> The SUNDAY men, as they are facetiously called in the fashionable world, are not now so numerous as formerly : the facility of a trip across the Channel enables many a *shy cock* to evade the scrutinizing eye and *affectionate attachment* of the law.

But Sunday sets the pris'ner free,  
He *shows* in Park, and laughs with glee  
At creditors and *Bum*.  
Then who of any taste can bear  
The coarse, low jest and vulgar stare  
Of all the city scum,  
Of fat Sir Gobble, Mistress Fig,  
In buggy, sulky, coach, or gig,  
With Dobbin in the *shay*?  
At ev'ry step some odious face,  
Of true mechanic cut, will place  
Themselves plump in your way.  
Now onward to the *Serpentine*,  
A river *straight* as any line,  
Near Kensington, let's walk ;  
Or through her palace gardens stray,  
Where *elegantes* of the day  
Ogle, *congee*, and talk.  
Here imperial fashion reigns,  
Here high bred belles meet courtly swains  
By assignation.  
Made at Almack's, Argyle, or rout,  
While Lady Mother walks about  
In perturbation,  
Watching her false peer, or to make  
A Benedict of some high rake,  
To miss a titled prize.  
Here, cameleon-colour'd, see  
Beauty in bright variety,  
Such as a god might prize.  
Here, too, like the bird of Juno,  
Fancy's a gaudy group, that you know,  
Of gay *marchands des modes*.  
Haberdashers, milliners, fops  
From city desks, or Bond-street shops,  
And belles from Oxford-road,  
Crowds here, commingled, pass and gaze,  
And please themselves a thousand ways ;

Some read the *naughty* rhymes  
 Which are on ev'ry alcove writ,  
 Immodest, lewd attempt at wit,  
 Disgraceful to the times.  
 Here Scotland's dandy Irish Earl,<sup>50</sup>  
 With Noblet on his arm would whirl,  
 And frolic in this sphere ;  
 With mulberry coat, and pink cossacks,  
 The red-hair'd Thane the fair attacks,  
 F—'s ever on the leer ;  
 And when alone, to every belle  
 The am'rous beau love's tale will tell,  
 Intent upon their ruin.  
 Beware, Macduff, the fallen stars !  
 Venus aggrieved will fly to Mars ;  
 There's mischief brewing.  
 What *mountain* of a fair is that,  
 Whose jewels, lace, and Spanish hat,  
 Proclaim her high degree,  
 With a tall, meagre-looking man,  
 Who bears her reticule and fan ?  
 That was Maria D—,  
 Now the first favourite at court,

<sup>50</sup> His lordship is equally celebrated in the wars of Mars and Venus, as a general in the service of Spain. When Lord M—d—ff, in the desperate bombardment of Matagorda (an old fort in the Bay of Cadiz), the falling of a fragment of the rock, struck by a shell, *broke his great toe* ; in this wounded state he was carried about the *alameda* in a cherubim chair by two bare-legged gallegos, to receive the *condolations* of the grandees, and, we regret to add, the *unfeeling jeers* of the British, who made no scruple to assert that his lordship had, as usual, "*put his foot in it*." The noble general would no doubt have added another leaf to his laurel under the auspices of the ex-smuggler, late illustrissimo general Ballasteros, had not he suddenly become a willing captive to the soul-subduing charms of the beauteous Antonia of Terrifa, of whose history and melancholy death we may speak hereafter. On a late occasion, he has been honoured with the star of the Guelphic order (when, for the first time in

And, if we may believe report,  
 She holds the golden key  
 Of the backstairs, and can command  
 A potent influence in the land,  
 But K——n best can tell ;  
 'Tis most clear, no ill betide us,  
 Near the *Georgium sidus*  
 This planet likes to dwell.  
 Lovely as light, when morning breaks<sup>51</sup>  
 Above the hills in golden streaks,  
 Observe yon blushing rose,  
 Uxbridge, the theme of ev'ry tongue,  
 The sylph that charms the ag'd and young,  
 Where grace and virtue glows.  
 Gay Lady H—e her lounge may take,<sup>52</sup>  
 Reclining near the Indian lake,  
 And think she's quite secure ;

his life, he went on his knees), as some amends for his sudden dismissal from the bed-chamber. Noblet, who has long since been placed upon the pension list, has recently retired, and is succeeded by a charming little Parisian actress who lives in the New Road, and plays with the French company now at Tottenham-street theatre. Lord L—— has also a *little interest* in the same concern. His lordship's *affaires des cœur* with Antonia, Noblet, and M——, though perfectly *platonic*, have proved more expensive than the most determined votary to female attractions ever endured : for the gratification of this *innocent* passion, Marr's\* mighty pines have bit the dust, and friendly purses bled.

<sup>51</sup> The beautiful little countess, the charming goddess of the golden locks, was a Miss Campbell, a near relation of the Duke of Argyll. She is a most amiable and interesting *elegante*.

<sup>52</sup> Although Lord L—e is the constant attendant of Lady H—, report says the attachment is merely platonic. His lordship was once smitten with her sister ; and having there suffered the most cruel disappointment, consoles himself for his loss in the sympathizing society of Lady H——.

---

\* Marr Forest, belonging to his lordship, producing the finest mast pines in the empire ; the noble earl has lately cut many scores of them and some *old friends*, rather than balk his fancy.

As well might C—l—ft hope to pass  
 Upon the town his C——r lass  
 For genuine and pure.  
 See Warwick's charming countess glide,<sup>53</sup>  
 With constant Harry by her side,  
 Along the gay *parterre*;  
 And look where the loud laugh proclaims  
 The cits and their cameleon dames,  
 The gaudy Cheapside fair,  
 Drest in all colours o' the shop,  
 Fashion'd for the Easter hop,  
 To grace the civic feast,  
 Where the *great* Lord Mayor presides  
 O'er tallow, ribands, rags, and hides,  
 The sultan o' the east.  
 The would-be poet, Ch—s L—h,<sup>54</sup>  
 Comes saunt'ring with his graces three,  
 The little gay coquettes.  
 After, view the Cyprian corps  
 Of well-known traders, many score,  
 From Bang to Angel M—tz,  
 A heedless, giddy, laughing crew,  
 Who'd seem as if they never knew  
 Of want or fell despair;  
 Yet if unveil'd the heart might be,  
 You'd find the demon, Misery,  
 Had ta'en possession there.  
 Think not that satire will excuse,  
 Ye frail, though fair; or that the muse  
 Will silent pass ye by:  
 To you a chapter she'll devote,  
 Where all of fashionable note

<sup>53</sup> Lady Sarah Saville, afterwards Lady Monson, now Countess of Warwick, a most beautiful, amiable, and accomplished woman. By constant "Harry" is meant her present earl.

<sup>54</sup> See *Amatory Poems* by Ch—os L—h. We could indulge our readers with a curious account of the demolition of the *Paphian car* at Covent Garden theatre, but the story is somewhat musty.

Shall find their history.  
 "Vice to be hated, needs but be seen ;"  
 And thus shall ev'ry Paphian queen  
   Be held to public view ;  
 And though *protected* by a throne,  
 The gallant and his Miss be shown  
   In colours just and true.  
 The countess of *ten thousand* see,<sup>55</sup>  
 The dear delightful *Savante* B—,  
   Who once was sold and bought :  
 The magic-lantern well displays  
 The scenes of long forgotten days,  
   And gives new birth to thought.  
 Nay, start not, here we'll not relate  
 The *break-neck* story gossips prate  
   Within the Em'rald Isle :  
 No spirit gray, or black, or BROWN,  
 We'll conjure up, with hideous frown,  
   To chase the dimpled smile.  
 In fleeting numbers, as we pass,  
 We find these shadows in our glass,  
   We move, and they're no more.  
 But see where chief of folly's train,

<sup>55</sup> The beautiful and accomplished countess is a lovely daughter of Hibernia ; her maiden name was P—r, and her father an Irish magistrate of high respectability. Her *first* matrimonial alliance with Captain F—r proved unfortunate ; an early separation was the consequence, which was effected through the intervention of a kind friend, Captain J—s of the 11th. Shortly afterwards her fine person and superior endowments of mind made an impression upon the earl that nothing but the entire possession of the lady could allay. The affair of Lord A— and Mrs. B— is too well known to need repetition—it could not succeed a second time. Abelard F— having paid the debt of nature, there was no impediment but a visit to the temple of Hymen, on which point the lady was determined ; and the yielding suitor, wounded to the vital part, most readily complied. It is due to the countess to admit, that since her present elevation, her conduct has been exemplary and highly praiseworthy.



Conceited, simple, rash, and vain,  
 Comes lib'ral master G—e,<sup>56</sup>  
 A dandy, half-fledged exquisite,  
 Who paid nine thousand pounds a night  
 To female Giovanni.  
 Reader, I think I hear you say,  
 "What pleasure had he for his pay?"  
 Upon my word, not any ;  
 For soon as V—t—s got the cash,  
 She set off with a splendid dash  
 From Op'ra to Paris ;  
 Left Cl—t and this simple fool,<sup>57</sup>  
 Who no doubt's been an easy tool,  
 To spend it with Charles H—s.  
 See, Carolina comes in view,  
 A Lamb, from merry Melbourne's ewe,  
 Who scaped the fatal knife.  
 H—ll—d's blue stocking rib appears,  
 Who makes amends in latter years  
 For early cause of strife.  
 Catullus George, the red-hair'd bard,  
 Whose rhymes, pedantic, crude, and hard,  
 He calls translations,  
 Follows the fair ; a nibbling mouse  
 From Westminster, by Cam Hobhouse  
 Expell'd his station.  
 Now twilight, with his veil of gray,  
 The stars of fashion frights away  
 Who fear the dews of night :  
 The carriage homeward rolls along

<sup>56</sup> A very singular adventure, which occurred in 1823. The enamoured swain, after settling an annuity of seven hundred pounds per annum upon the fair inconstant, had the mortification to find himself abandoned on the very night the deeds were completed, the lady having made a precipitate retreat, with a more favoured lover, to Paris. The affair soon became known, and some friends interfered, when the deeds were cancelled.

<sup>57</sup> Captain citizen Cl—t, an *exquisite* of the first order, for a long time the favourite of the reigning sultana.

To *music party, cards and song,*  
 And many a gay delight.  
 The Goths of Essex-street may groan,<sup>58</sup>  
 Turn up their eyes, and inward moan,  
 They dare not here intrude ;  
 Dare not attack the rich and great,  
 The titled vicious of the state,  
 The dissolute and lewd.  
 Vice only is, in some folks' eyes,  
 Immoral, when in rags she lies,  
 By poverty subdued ;  
 But deck her forth in gaudy vest,  
 With courtly state and titled crest,  
 She's every thing that's good.  
 "Doth Ralpho break the Sabbath-day ?  
 Why, Ralpho hath no funds to pay ;  
 How dare he trespass then ?  
 How dare he eat, or drink, or sleep,  
 Or shave, or wash, or laugh, or weep,  
 Or look like other men ?"  
 My lord his concerts gives, 'tis true,  
 The Speaker holds his levee too,  
 And Fashion cards and dices ;  
 But these are trifles to the sin  
 Of selling apples, joints, or gin—

<sup>58</sup> The present times have very properly been stigmatized as the age of cant. The increase of the puritans, the smooth-faced evangelical, and the lank-haired sectarian, with their pious love-meetings and bible associations, have at last roused the slumbering spirit of the constituted authorities, who are now making the most vigorous efforts to impede the progress of these anti-national and hypocritical fanatics, who, mistaking the true dictates of religion and benevolence, have, in their inflamed zeal, endeavoured to extirpate every species of innocent recreation, and have laid formidable siege to honest-hearted mirth and rustic revelry. "I am no prophet, nor the son of one ;" but if ever the noble institutions of my country suffer any revolutionary change, it is my humble opinion it will result from these sainted associations, from these pious opposers of our national characteristics, and the noblest

Low, execrable vices.  
 Cease, persecutors, mock reclaimers,  
 Ye jaundiced few, ye legal maimers  
 Of the lone, poor, and meek ;  
 Ye moral fishers for stray gudgeons,  
 Ye sainted host of old curmudgeons,  
 Who ne'er the wealthy seek !  
 If moralists ye would appear,  
 Attack vice in its highest sphere,  
 The cause of all the strife ;  
 The spring and source from whence does flow  
 Pollution o'er the plains below,  
 Through all degrees of life.

institution of our country, the foundation stone of our honour and glory, the established church of England. There is (in my opinion) more mischief to be apprehended to the state from the *humbug* of piety than from all the violence of frothy, political demagogues, or the open-mouthed howl of the most hungry radicals. Let it be understood I speak not against toleration in its most extended sense, but war only with hypocrisy and fanaticism, with those of whom Juvenal has written—

*“ Qui aurios simulant et bacchanalia vivunt.”*



## THE OPERA.

*The Man of Fashion—Fop's Alley—Modern Routé and Frequenters—Characteristic Sketches in High Life—Blue Stocking Illuminati—Motives and Manners—Meeting with the Honourable Lillyman Lionise—Dinner at Long's—Visit to the Opera—Joined by Bob Transit—A Peep into the Green Room—Secrets behind the Curtain—Noble Amateurs and Foreign Curiosities—Notes and Anecdotes by Horatio Heartly.*

THE OPERA, to the man of fashion, is the only tolerable place of public amusement in which the varied orders of society are permitted to participate. Here, lolling at his ease, in a snug box on the first circle, in dignified security from the vulgar gaze, he surveys the congregated mass who fill the arena of the house, deigns occasionally a condescending nod of recognition to some less fortunate *routé*, or younger brother of a titled family, who is forcing his way through the well-united phalanx of vulgar faces that guard the entrance to *Fop's Alley*; or, if he should be in a state of single blessedness, inclines his head a little forward to cast round an inquiring glance, a sort of preliminary overture, to some fascinating daughter of fashion, whose attention he wishes to engage for an amorous interchange of significant looks and melting expressions during the *last* act of the opera. For the *first*, he would not be thought so *outré* as to witness it—the attempt would require a sacrifice of the dessert and Madeira, and completely revolutionize





THE OPERA GREEN ROOM. *or Noble.*



*Amateurs viewing Foreign Curiosities.*





the regularity of his dinner arrangement. The *divertissement* he surveys from the *side wings* of the stage, to which privilege he is entitled as an annual subscriber ; trifles a little *badinage* with some well-known operatic intrigant, or favourite *danseuse* ; approves the finished movements of the male *artistes*, inquires of the manager or committee the forthcoming novelties, strolls into the green room to make his selection of a well-turned ankle or a graceful shape, and, having made an appointment for some non play night, makes one of the distinguished group of operatic cognoscenti who form the circle of taste in the centre of the stage on the fall of the curtain.

This is one, and, perhaps, the most conspicuous portrait of an opera frequenter ; but there are a variety of characters in the same school all equally worthy of a descriptive notice, and each differing in contour and force of *chiar-oscuro* as much as the *one thousand and one family maps* which annually cover the walls of the Royal Academy, to the exclusion of meritorious performances in a more elevated branch of art. The Dowager Duchess of A—— retains her box to dispose of her unmarried daughters, and enjoy the gratification of meeting in public the once flattering groups of noble expectants who formerly paid their ready homage to her charms and courted her approving smile ; but then her ducal spouse was high in favour, and in office, and now these “summer flies o’ the court” are equally steady in their devotion to his successor, and can scarcely find memory or opportunity to recognise the relict of their late ministerial patron. Lord E—— and the Marchioness of R—— subscribe for a box between them, enjoying the proprietorship in alternate weeks. During the *Marchesa’s* periods of occupation you will perceive Lady H., and the whole of the blue stocking illuminati, irradiating from this point, like the tributary stars round some major planet, forming

a grand constellation of attraction. Here new novels, juvenile poets, and romantic tourists receive their *fiat*, and here too the characters of one half the fashionable world undergo the fiery ordeal of scrutinization, and are censured or applauded more in accordance with the prevailing *on dits* of the day, or the fabrications of the club, than with any regard to feeling, truth, or decorum.

The following week, how changed the scene!—the venerable head of the highly-respected Lord E——graces the corner, like a Corinthian capital finely chiseled by the divine hand of Praxiteles; the busy tongue of scandal is dormant for a term, and in her place the Solons of the land, in solemn thoughtfulness, attend the sage injunctions of their learned chief. Too enfeebled by age and previous exertion to undergo the fatigues of parliamentary duty, the baron here receives the visits of his former colleagues, and snatching half an hour from his favourite recreation, gives a decided turn to the politics of a party by the cogency of his reasoning and the brilliancy of his arguments. The Earl of F—— has a grand box on the ground tier, for the double purpose of admiring the *chaste evolutions* of the sylphic daughters of Terpsichore, and of being observed himself by all the followers of the cameleon-like, capricious goddess, Fashion.

The G—— B——, the wealthy commoner, Fortune's favoured child, retains a box in the best situation, if not on purpose, yet in fact, to annoy all those within hearing, by the noisy humour of his Bacchanalian friends, who reel in at the end of the first act of the opera, full primed with the choicest treasures of his well stocked bins, to quiz the young and modest, insult the aged and respectable, and annihilate the anticipated pleasures of the scientific and devotees of harmony, by the coarseness of their attempts at wit, the overpowering clamour of their conversation, and

the loud laugh and vain pretence to taste and critic skill.

The ministerialists may be easily traced by their affectation of consequence, and a certain air of authority joined to a demi-official royal livery, which always distinguishes the *corps politique*, and is equally shared by their highly plumed female partners. The opposition are equally discernible by outward and visible signs, such as an assumed *nonchalance*, or apparent independence of carriage, that but ill suits the ambitious views of the wearer, and sits as uneasily upon them as their measures would do upon the shoulders of the nation. Added to which, you will never see them alone; never view them enjoying the passing scene, happy in the society of their accomplished wives and daughters, but always, like restless and perturbed spirits, congregating together in conclave, upon some new measure wherewith to sow division in the nation, and shake the council of the state. And yet to both these parties a box at the opera is as indispensable as to the finished courtesan, who here spreads her seductive lures to catch the eye, and inveigle the heart of the inexperienced and unwary.

But what has all this to do with the opera? or where will this romantic correspondent of mine terminate his satirical sketch? I think I hear you exclaim. A great deal more, Mr. Collegian, than your philosophy can imagine: you know, I am nothing if not characteristic; and this, I assure you, is a true portrait of the place and its frequenters. I dare say, you would have expected my young imagination to have been encompassed with delight, amid the mirth-inspiring compositions of Corelli, Mozart, or Rossini, warbled forth by that enchanting siren, De Begnis, the scientific Pasta, the modest Caradori, or the astonishing Catalani:—Heaven enlighten your unsuspicious mind! Attention to the merits of the

performance is the last thing any fashionable of the present day would think of devoting his time to. No, no, my dear Bernard, the opera is a sort of high 'Change, where the court circle and people of *ton* meet to speculate in various ways, and often drive as hard a bargain for some purpose of interest or aggrandisement, as the plebeian host of all nations, who form the busy group in the grand civic temple of commerce on Cornhill. You know, I have (as the phrase is), *just come out*, and of course am led about like a university *lion*, by the more experienced votaries of *ton*. An accident threw the honourable Lillyman Lionise into my way the other morning; it was the first time we had met since we were at Eton: he was sauntering away the tedious hour in the Arcade, in search of a specific for *ennui*; was pleased to compliment me on possessing the universal *panacea*, linked arms immediately, complained of being *devilishly cut* over night, proposed an adjournment to Long's—a light dinner—*maintenon* cutlets—some of the Queensberry hock<sup>1</sup> (a century and a half old)—ice-punch—six whiffs from an odoriferous hookah—one cup of *renovating fluid* (impregnated with the *Parisian* aromatic<sup>2</sup>); and then, having reembellished our persons, *sported*<sup>3</sup> a figure at the opera. In the grand entrance, we enlisted Bob Transit, between whom and the honourable, I congratulated myself on being in a fair way to be *enlightened*. Bob knows every body—the *exquisite* was not so general in his information; but then he occasionally furnished some little anecdote of the surrounding *elegantes*, relative to *affaires de l'amour*, or pointed out the superlative of the *haut class*, without which much of the interesting

<sup>1</sup> The late Duke of Queensberry's famous old hock, which since his decease was sold by auction.

<sup>2</sup> A Parisian preparation, which gives a peculiar high flavour and sparkling effect to coffee.

<sup>3</sup> An Oxford phrase.

would have escaped my notice. In this society, I made my first appearance in the green room ; a little, narrow, pink saloon at the back of the stage, where the dancers congregate and practise before an immense looking-glass previous to their appearance in public.

To a fellow of warm imagination and vigorous constitution, such a scene is calculated to create sensations that must send the circling current into rapid motion, and animate the heart with thrilling raptures of delight. Before the mirror, in all the grace of youthful loveliness and perfect symmetry of form, the divine little fairy sprite, the all-conquering Andalusian Venus, Mercandotti, was exhibiting her soft, plump, love-inspiring person in a *pirouette* : before her stood the now happy swain, the elegant H—B—, on whose shoulder rested the Earl of Fe—, admiring with equal ecstasy the finished movements of his accomplished protégée<sup>4</sup> ; on the right hand of the earl stood the *single* duke of D———e, quizzing the little daughter of Terpsichore through his eye-glass ; on the opposite of the circle was seen the noble

<sup>4</sup> It was very generally circulated, and for some time believed, that the charming little Andalusian Venus was the natural daughter of the Earl of F—e : a report which had not a shadow of truth in its foundation, but arose entirely out of the continued interest the earl took in the welfare of the lady from the time of her infancy, at which early period she was exhibited on the stage of the principal theatre in Cadiz as an infant prodigy ; and being afterwards carried round (as is the custom in Spain) to receive the personal approval and trifling presents of the grandees, excited such general admiration as a beautiful child, that the Earl of F—e, then Lord M— and a general officer in the service of Spain, adopted the child, and liberally advanced funds for her future maintenance and instruction, extending his bounty and protection up to the moment of her fortunate marriage with her present husband. It is due to the lady to add, that in every instance her conduct has been marked by the strictest sense of propriety, and that too in situations where, it is said, every attraction was offered to have induced a very opposite course.

musical amateur B—h, supported by the director De R—s on one hand, and the communicative manager, John Ebers, of Bond-street, on the other ; in a snug corner on the right hand of the mirror was seated one of his majesty's most honourable privy council, the Earl of W—d, with a double Dollond's operatic magnifier in his hand, *studying nature* from this most delightful of all miniature models. "A most perfect divinity," whispered the exquisite. "A glorious fine study," said Transit,—and, pulling out his card-case and pencil, retired to one corner of the room, to make a *mem.*, as he called it, of the scene. (*See Plate.*) "Who the deuce is that eccentric-looking creature with the Marquis of Hertford?" said I. "Hush," replied the *exquisite*, "for heaven's sake, don't expose yourself! Not to know the superlative *roué* of the age, the all-accomplished Petersham, would set you down for a *barbarian* at once." "And who," said I, "is the amiable fair bending before the admiring Wor—ter?" "An old and *very dear* acquaintance of the Earl of F—e, Mademoiselle Noblet, who, it is said, displays much cool philosophy at the inconstancy of her once enamoured swain, consoling herself for his loss, in the enjoyment of a splendid annuity." A host of other bewitching forms led my young fancy captive by turns, as my eye travelled round the magic circle of delight: some were, I found, of that yielding spirit, which can pity the young heart's fond desire; while others had secured *honourable protection*: and if my companion's report was to be credited, there were very few among the enchanting spirits before me with whom that happiness which springs from virtuous pure affection was to be anticipated. It was no place to moralize, but, to you who know my buoyancy of spirit, and susceptibility of mind, I must confess, the reflection produced a momentary pang of the keenest misery.





*The Royal. Sal.*





Don Piccadilly



## THE ROYAL SALOON.

*Visit of Heartly, Lionise, and Transit—Description of the Place—Sketches of Character—The Gambling Parsons—Horse Chaunting, a true Anecdote—Bang and her Friends—Moll Raffle and the Marquis W.—The Play Man—The Touter—The Half-pay Officer—Charles Rattle, Esq.—Life of a modern Rout—B—the Tailor—The Subject—Jarvey and Brooks the Dissector—"Kill him when you want him."*

AFTER the opera, Bob Transit proposed an adjournment to the Royal Saloon, in Piccadilly, a place of fashionable resort (said Bob) for shell-fish and sharks, Greeks and pigeons, Cyprians and citizens, noble and ignoble—in short, a mighty rendezvous, where every variety of character is to be found, from the *finished* sharper to the *finished* gentleman ; a scene pregnant with subject for the pencil of the humorist, and full of the richest materials for the close observer of men and manners. Hither we retired to make a night of it, or rather to consume the hours between midnight and morning's dawn. The place itself is fitted up in a very novel and attractive style of decoration, admirably calculated for a saloon of pleasure and refreshment ; but more resembling a Turkish kiosk than an English tavern. On the ground floor, which is of an oblong form and very spacious, are a number of divisions enclosed on each side with rich damask curtains, having each a table and seats for the reception of supper or drinking parties ; at the extreme end, and

on each side, mirrors of unusual large dimensions give an infinity of perspective, which greatly increases the magnificence of the place. In the centre of the room are pedestals supporting elegant vases filled with choice exotics. A light and tasteful trellis-work surrounds a gallery above, which forms a promenade round the room, the walls being painted to resemble a conservatory, in which the most luxuriant shrubs are seen spreading their delightful foliage over a spacious dome, from the centre of which is suspended a magnificent chandelier. Here are placed, at stated distances, rustic tables, for the accommodation of those who choose coffee and tea; and leading from this, on each side, are several little snug private boudoirs for select parties, perfectly secure from the prying eye of vulgar curiosity, and where only the privileged few are ever permitted to enter. It was in this place, surrounded by well-known *Greeks*, with whom he appeared to be on the most intimate terms, that Transit pointed out to my notice the eccentric Vicar of K\*\*, the now *invisible* author of L\*\*\*\*, whose aphorisms and conduct bear not the slightest affinity to each other—nor was he the only clerical present; at the head of a jolly party, at an adjoining table, sat the ruby-faced Parson John A——e, late proprietor of the notorious *Gothic Hall*, in Pall Mall, a man of first rate wit and talent, but of the lowest and most depraved habits. “The Divine is a *character*,” said Bob, “who, according to the phraseology of the ring, is ‘*good at every thing* :’ as he came into the world without being *duly licensed*, so he thinks himself privileged to pursue the most *unlicensed* conduct in his passage through it. As a specimen of his ingenuity in horse-dealing, I’ll give you an anecdote.—It is not long since that the parson invited a party of bucks to dinner, at his snug little villa on the banks of the Thames, near Richmond, in Surrey. Previous to the repast, the reverend

led his visitors forth to admire the gardens and surrounding scenery, when just at the moment they had reached the outer gate, a fine noble-looking horse was driven past in a tilbury by a servant in a smart livery. —‘What a magnificent animal!’ said the parson; ‘the finest action I ever beheld in my life: there’s a horse to make a man’s fortune in the park, and excite the envy and notice of all the town.’ ‘Who does he belong to?’ said a young baronet of the party, who had just *come out*. ‘I’ll inquire,’ said the parson: ‘the very thing for you, Sir John.’ Away posts the reverend, bawling after the servant, ‘Will your master sell that horse, my man?’ ‘I can’t say, sir,’ said the fellow, ‘but I can inquire, and let you know.’ ‘Do, my lad, and tell him a gentleman here will give a handsome price for him.’ Away trots the servant, and the party proceed to dinner. As soon as the dessert is brought in, and the third glass circulated, the conversation is renewed relative to the horse—the whole party agree in extolling his qualities; when, just in the *nick* of time, the servant arrives to say his master being aged and infirm, the animal is somewhat too spirited for him, and if the gentleman likes, he may have him for one hundred guineas. ‘A mere trifle,’ vociferates the company. ‘Cheap as Rivington’s second-hand sermons,’ said the parson. The baronet writes a check for the money, and generously gives the groom a guinea for his trouble—drives home in high glee—and sends his servant down next morning to the parson’s for his new purchase—orders the horse to be put into his splendid new tilbury, built under the direction of Sir John Lade—just reaches Grosvenor-gate from Hamilton-place in safety, when the horse shows symptoms of being a *millar*. Baronet, nothing daunted, touches him smartly under the flank, when *up he goes* on his fore-quarters, smashes the tilbury into ten thousand pieces, *bolts* away with the *traces and shafts*, and leaves the baronet with a broken head

on one side of the road, and his servant with a broken arm on the other. 'Where the devil did you get that *quiet one* from, Sir John?' said the Honourable Fitzroy St—e, whom the accident had brought to the spot. 'The parson bought him of an old gentleman at Richmond yesterday for me.' '*Done, brown as a berry,*' said Fitzroy: 'I sold him only on Saturday last to the reverend myself for twenty pounds as an *incurable miller*. Why the old clerical's turned *coper*<sup>1</sup>—a new way of *raising the wind*—letting his friends *down easy*—gave you a good dinner, I suppose, Sir John, and took this method of *drawing the bustle*<sup>2</sup> for it: an old trick of the reverend's.' After this it is hardly necessary to say, the servant was a *confederate*, and the whole affair nothing more or less than a true orthodox farce of *horse chaunting*,<sup>3</sup> got up for the express purpose of raising a temporary supply."<sup>4</sup>

At this moment our attention was engaged by the entrance of a party of *exquisites* and *elegantes*, dressed in the very extreme of opera costume, who directed their steps to the regions above us. "I'll bet a hundred," said the honourable, "I know that leg," eyeing a divine little foot and a finely turned ankle that was just then discernible from beneath a rich pink drapery, as the possessor ascended the gallery of the conservatory, lounging on the arm of the Irish Earl of C—; "the best leg in England, and not a bad figure for an *ancient*," continued Lionise: "that is the celebrated Mrs. Bertram, alias *Bang*—every

<sup>1</sup> A horse-dealer.

<sup>2</sup> Money.

<sup>3</sup> Tricking persons into the purchase of unsound or vicious horses.

<sup>4</sup> A practice by no means uncommon among a certain description of dashing characters, who find *chaunting* a horse to a *green one*, a snug *accidental party* at *chicken hazard*, or a *confederacy* to entrap some inexperienced *bird* of fashion, where he may be *plucked* by *Greek banditti*, pay exceedingly well for these occasional dinner parties.

body knows *Bang*; that is, every body in the fashionable world. She must have been a most delightful creature when she first *came out*, and has continued longer in bloom than any of the present *houris of the west*; but I forgot you were *fresh*, and only in training, Heartily—I must introduce you to *Bang*: you will never arrive at any eminence among the *haut classe* unless you can call these beauties by name.” “And who the deuce is *Bang*?” said I: “not that elegantly-dressed female whom I see tripping up the gallery stairs yonder, preceded by several other delightful faces.” “The same, my dear fellow: a *fallen star*, to be sure, but yet a *planet* round whose orbit move certain other little *twinkling luminaries* whose attractive glimmerings are very likely to *enlighten* your obscure sentimentality. *Bang* was the daughter of a bathing-woman at Brighton, from whence she eloped early in life with a navy lieutenant—has since been well known as a *dasher* of the *first water* upon the *pavé*—regularly sports her carriage in the *drive*—and has numbered among her *protectors*, at various times, the Marquis W—, Lord A—, Colonel C—, and, lastly, a descendant of the mighty Wallace, who, in an auto-biographical sketch, boasts of his intimacy with this fascinating cyprian. She has, however, one qualification, which is not usually found among those of her class—she has had the prudence to preserve a great portion of her *liberal allowances*, and is now perfectly independent of the world. We must visit one of her evening parties in the neighbourhood of Euston-square, when she invites a select circle of her professional sisters to a ball and supper, to which entertainment her male visitors are expected to contribute liberally. She has fixed upon the earl, I should think, more for the honour of the title than with any pecuniary hopes, his dissipation having left him scarce enough to keep up appearances.” “The *amiable* who precedes her,” said I, “is of the same class, I

presume—precisely, and equally notorious.” “That is the celebrated Mrs. L——, better known as Moll *Raffle*, from the circumstance of her being actually *raffled* for, some years since, by the officers of the seventh dragoons, when they were quartered at Rochester : like her female friend, she is a woman of fortune, said to be worth eighteen hundred per annum, with which she has recently purchased herself a *Spanish cavalier* for a husband. A curious anecdote is related of Moll and her once kind friend, the Marquis of W——, who is said to have given her a bond for seven thousand pounds, on a certain great house, not a mile from Hyde-park corner, which he has since assigned to a fortunate general, the present possessor ; who, thinking his title complete, proceeded to take possession, but found his entry disputed by the lady, to whom he was eventually compelled to pay the forfeiture of the bond. Come along, my boy,” said Lionise ; “I’ll introduce you at once to the whole party, and then you can make your own selection.” “Not at present : I came here for general observation, not private intrigue, and must confess I have seldom found a more diversified scene.”

“I beg pardon, gentlemen,” said an easy good-looking fellow, with something rather imposing in his manner—“Shall I intrude here?—will you permit me to take a seat in your box?” “By all means,” replied I ; Bob, at the same moment, pressing his elbow into my side, and the *exquisite* raising his glass very significantly to his eye, the stranger continued—“A very charming saloon this, gentlemen, and the company very superior to the general assemblage at such places : my friend, the Earl of C——, yonder, I perceive, amorously engaged ; Lord P——, too, graces the upper regions with the delightful Josephine : really this is quite the *café royal* of London ; the accommodation, too, admirable—not *merely confined* to refreshments ; I am told there are excellent billiard



tables, and snug little private rooms for a quiet rubber, or a little *chicken hazard*. Do you *play*, gentlemen? very happy to *set* you for a *main* or two, by way of killing time." That one word, *play*, let me at once into the secret of our new acquaintance's character, and fully explained the distant reception and cautious bearing of my associates. My positive refusal to accommodate produced a very polite bow, and the party immediately retired to reconnoitre among some less suspicious visitants. "A *nibble*," said Transit, "from an *ivory turner*."<sup>5</sup> "By the honour of my ancestry," said Lionise, "a very finished sharper; I remember Lord F—— pointing him out to me at the last Newmarket spring meeting, when we met him, arm in arm, with a sporting baronet. What the fellow was, nobody knows; but he claims a military title—captain, of course—perhaps has formerly held a lieutenancy in a militia regiment: he now commands a *corps* of *sappers* on the *Greek* staff, and when he honoured us with a call just now was on the *recruiting service*, I should think; but our friend, Heartly, here, would not *stand drill*, so he has marched off on the *forlorn hope*, and is now, you may perceive, concerting some new scheme with a worthy brother *touter*,<sup>6</sup> who is on the *half pay* of the British army, and receives *full pay* in the service of the *Greeks*. We must make a *descent into hell* some night," said Transit, "and sport a few crowns at *roulette* or *rouge et noir*, to give Heartly his *degree*. We shall proceed regularly upon college principles, old fellow: first, we will visit the *Little Go* in King-street, and then drop into the *Great Go*, alias Watiers, in Piccadilly; after which we can sup in Crockford's *pandemonium* among parliamentary pigeons, unfledged

<sup>5</sup> A *tats man*, a proficient with the *bones*, one who knows every chance upon the *dice*.

<sup>6</sup> A *decoy*, who seduces the young or inexperienced to the gaming table, and receives a per centage upon their losses.

ensigns of the guards, broken down titled legs, and *à-devant* bankers, fishmongers, and lightermen ; and here comes the very fellow to introduce us—an old college *chum*, Charles Rattle, who was *expelled* Brazen-nose for *smuggling*, and who has since been pretty well *plucked* by merciless *Greek banditti* and New-market jockeys, but who bears his losses with the temper of a philosopher, and still pursues the destructive vice with all the infatuation of the most ardent devotee.” “How d’ye do, old fellows?—how d’ye do? Who would have thought to have met the philosopher (pointing to me) at such a place as this, among the *impures* of both sexes, *legs* and *leg-ees*? Come to *sport* a little *blunt* with the *table* or the *traders*, hey! Heartily! Always suspected you was no puritan, although you wear such a sentimental visage. Well, old fellows, I am glad to see you, however,—come, a bottle of *Champagne*, for I have just cast off all my *real* troubles—had a fine run of luck to-night—*broke the bank*, and bolted with all the cash. Just in the nick of time—off for Epsom tomorrow—double my bets upon the Derby, and if the *thing comes off right*, I’ll give somebody a thousand or two to *tie me up* from playing again above five pounds stakes as long as I live. The best thing you ever heard in your life—a *double to do*. Ned C—d having heard I had just received a few thousands, by the sale of the Yorkshire acres, planned it with Colonel T— to introduce me to the new club, where a regular *plant* was to be made, by some of his myrmidons, to *clear me out*, by *first* letting me win a few thousands, when they were to *pounce* upon me, double the stakes, and *finish me off* in prime style, *fleeing* me out of every guinea—very good—*trick and tie*, you know, is fair play—and for this very *honest service*, my friend, the colonel, was to receive a commission, or per centage, in proportion to my losses : the very last man in the world that the old *pike* could.

have *baited* for in that way—the colonel's *down* a little, to be sure, but not so *low* as to turn *confederate* to a *leg*—so suppressed his indignation at the proposition, and lent himself to the scheme, informing me of the whole circumstances—well, all right—we determined to give the old one a *benefit*—dined with him to-day—a very snug party—devilish good dinner—*superb* wines—drank freely—*punished* his claret—and having knocked about *Saint Hugh's bones*<sup>7</sup> until I was five thousand in pocket, politely took my leave, without giving the parties their *revenge*. Never saw a finer scene in the course of my life—such queer looks, and long faces, and smothered wailings when they found themselves *done* by a brace of *gudgeons*, whom they had calculated upon picking to the very bones! Come, old fellows, a toast: Here's *Fishmonger's Hall*, and may every suspected *gudgeon* prove a *shark*."

The bottle now circulated freely, and the open-hearted Rattle delighted us with the relation of some college anecdotes, which I shall reserve for a hearty laugh when we meet. The company continued to increase with the appearance of morning; and here might be seen the abandoned profligate, with his licentious female companion, completing the night's debauch by the free use of intoxicating liquors—the ruined spendthrift, fresh from the gaming-table, loudly calling for wine, to drown the remembrance of his folly, and abusing the drowsy waiter only to give utterance to his irritated feelings. In a snug corner might be seen a party of sober, quiet-looking gentlemen, taking their lobster and bucellas, whose first appearance would impress you with the belief of their respectability, but whom, upon inquiry, you would discover to be *Greek banditti*, retired hither to divide their ill gotten spoils. It was among a party of this description that Rattle pointed out a celebrated writer, whose lively style and accurate description of

<sup>7</sup> Saint Hugh's bones, a cant phrase for dice.

men and manners display no common mind. Yet here he was seen associated with the most depraved of the human species—the gambler by profession, the common cheat! What wonder that such connexions should have compelled him for a time to become an exile to his country, and on his return involved him in a transaction that has ended in irretrievable ruin and disgrace? “By the honour of my ancestry,” said Lionise, “yonder is that delectable creature, old *Crony*, the *dinner man*; that is the most *surprising animal* we have yet found among the modern discoveries—*polite* to a *point*—always well dressed—keeps the best society—or, I should say, the best society keeps him: to an amazing fund of the newest *on dits* and anecdotes of *ton*, always ready cut and dried, he joins a smattering of the classics, and *chops logic* with the learned that he may *carve* their more substantial fare gratis; has a memory tenacious as a chief judge on matter of *invitation*, and a stomach capacious as a city alderman in doing honour to the feast; pretends to be a connoisseur in wines, although he never possessed above one bottle at a time in his cellar—et, I should think, in the whole course of his life; talks about works of art and *virtù* as if Sir Joshua Reynolds had been his nurse—Claude his intimate acquaintance—or Praxiteles his great great grandfather. The fellow affects a most dignified contempt for the *canaille*, because, in truth, they never invite him to dinner—is on the *free list* of all the theatres, from having formerly been *freely hiss'd* upon their boards—a retired tragedy king on a small pension, with a *republican* stomach, who still enacts the starved apothecary at home, from penury, and liberally crams his voracious paunch, stuffing like Father Paul, when at the table of others. With these habits, he has just managed to scrape together some sixty pounds per annum, upon which, by good management, he contrives to live like an emperor; for instance, he keeps a regular book of

invitations, numbers his friends according to the days of the year, and divides and subdivides them in accordance with their habits and pursuits, so that an unexpected invitation requires a reference to his journal : if you *invite* him for Saturday next, he will turn to his tablets, apologise for a previous engagement, run his eye eagerly down the column for an occasional *absentee*, and then *invite* himself for some day in the ensuing week, to which your politeness cannot fail to accede. You will meet him in London, Brighton, Bath, Cheltenham, and Margate during the fashionable periods ; at all of which places he has his stated number of dinner friends, where his presence is as regularly looked for as the appearance of the *swallow*. Among the *play men* he is useful as a *looker on*, to make one at the table when they are thin of customers, or to drink a young one into a proper state for *plucking* : in other society he coins compliments for the fair lady of the mansion, extols his host's taste and good fellowship at table, tells a smutty story to amuse the *bon vivants* in their cups, or recites a nursery rhyme to send the children quietly to bed ; and in this manner Crony manages to come in for a good dinner every day of his life. Call on him for a song, and he'll give you, what he calls, a free translation of a Latin ode, by old Walter de Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford in the eleventh century, a true *gourmand's* prayer—

' Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori.'

I'll try and hum you Crony's English version of the

#### CANTILENA.

' I'll in a tavern end my days, midst boon companions merry,  
Place at my lips a lusty flask replete with sparkling sherry,  
That angels, hov'ring round, may cry, when I lie dead as door-nail,  
' Rise, genial deacon, rise, and drink of the well of life eternal.'

\* \* \* \* \*

' Various implements belong to ev'ry occupation ;  
 Give me an haunch of venison—and a fig for inspiration !  
 Verses and odes without good cheer, I never could indite 'em ;  
 Sure he who *meagre* days devised is d——d ad infinitum !

\* \* \* \* \*

' Mysteries and prophetic truths, I never could unfold 'em  
 Without a flagon of good wine and a slice of cold ham ;  
 But when I've drained my liquor out, and eat what's in the dish up,  
 Though I am but an arch-deacon, I can preach like an arch-  
 bishop.' "

" A good orthodox ode," said Transit, " and admirably suited to the performer, who, after all, it must be allowed, is a very entertaining fellow, and well worthy of his dinner, from the additional amusement he affords. I remember meeting him in company with the late Lord Coleraine, the once celebrated Colonel George Hanger, when he related an anecdote of the humorist, which his lordship freely admitted to be founded on fact. As I have never seen it in print, or heard it related by any one since, you shall have it *instantly* : It is well known that our present laughter-loving monarch was, in earlier years, often surrounded, when in private, by a coruscation of wit and talent, which included not only the most distinguished persons in the state, but also some celebrated bon vivants and amateur vocalists, among whom the names of the Duke of Orleans, Earl of Derby, Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the facetious poet laureat to the celebrated Beef-steak club, Tom Hewardine, Sir John Moore, Mr Brownlow, Captain Thompson, Bate Dudley, Captain Morris, and Colonel George Hanger, formed the most conspicuous characters at the princely *anacreontic* board. But

' Who would be grave—when wine can save  
 The heaviest soul from thinking,  
 And magic grapes give angel's shapes  
 To every girl we're drinking !'

It was on one of these festive occasions, when whim, and wit, and sparkling wine combined to render the festive scene the 'Feast of reason and the flow of soul,' that the Prince of Wales invited himself and his brother, the Duke of York, to dine with George Hanger. An honour so unlooked for, and one for which George was so little prepared (as he then resided in obscure lodgings near Soho-square), quite overpowered the Colonel, who, however, quickly recovering his surprise, assured his royal highness of the very high sense he entertained of the honour intended him, but lamented it was not in his power to receive him, and his illustrious brother, in a manner suitable to their royal dignity. 'You only wish to save your viands, George,' said the prince: 'we shall certainly dine with you on the day appointed; and whether you reside on the first floor or the third, never mind—the feast will not be the less agreeable from the altitude of the apartment, or the plainness of the repast.' Thus encouraged, George was determined to indulge in a joke with his royal visitors. On the appointed day, the prince and duke arrived, and were shown up stairs to George's apartments, on the second floor, where a very tasteful banquet was set out, but more distinguished by neatness than splendour: after keeping his illustrious guests waiting a considerable period beyond the time agreed on, by way of sharpening their appetites, the prince good-humouredly inquired what he meant to give them for dinner? 'Only one dish,' said George; 'but that one will, I flatter myself, be a novelty to my royal guests, and prove highly palatable.' 'And what may that be?' said the prince. '*The wing of a wool-bird,*' replied the facetious colonel. It was in vain the prince and duke conjectured what this strange title could import, when George appeared before them with a tremendous large red baking dish,

smoking hot, in which was supported a fine well-browned shoulder of mutton, dropping its rich gravy over some crisp potatoes. The prince and his brother enjoyed the joke amazingly, and they have since been heard to declare, they never ate a heartier meal in their life, or one (from its novelty to them in the state in which it was served up), which they have relished more. George had, however, reserved a *bonne bouche*, in a superb dessert and most exquisite wines, for which the prince had heard he was famous, and which was, perhaps, the principal incitement to the honour conferred."

After a night spent in the utmost hilarity, heightened by the vivacity and good-humour of my associates, to which might be added, the full gratification of my prevailing *penchant* for the observance of character, we were on the point of departing, when Transit, ever on the alert in search of variety, observed a figure whom (in his phrase) he had long wished to *book*; in a few moments a sketch of this eccentric personage was before us. "That is the greatest original we have yet seen," said our friend Bob: "he is now in the honourable situation of *croupier* to one of the most notorious hells in the metropolis. This poor devil was once a master tailor of some respectability, until getting connected with a gang of sharpers, he was eventually fleeced of all his little property: his good-natured qualifications, and the harmless pleasantries with which he abounds, pointed him out as a very proper person to act as a confederate to the more wealthy *legs*; from a *pigeon* he became a *bird of prey*, was enlisted into the corps, and regularly initiated into all the diabolical mysteries of the black art. For some time he figured as a *decoy* upon the town, dressed in the first style of fashion, and driving an unusually fine horse and elegant Stanhope, until a circumstance, arising out of a



joke played off upon him by his companions, when in a state of intoxication, made him so notorious, that his usefulness in that situation was entirely frustrated, and, consequently, he has since been employed within doors, in the more *sacred mysteries of the Greek temple*. The gentleman I mean is yonder, with the *Joliffe* tile and sharp indented countenance: his real name is B——; but he has now obtained the humorous *cognomen* of '*The subject*,' from having been, while in a state of inebriety, half stripped, put into a sack, and in this manner conveyed to the door of Mr. Brooks, the celebrated anatomist in Blenheim-street, by a hackney night-coachman, who was known to the party as the *resurrection Jarvey*. On his being deposited in this state at the lecturer's door, by honest Jehu, who offered him for sale, the surgeon proceeded to examine his *subject*, when, untying the sack, he discovered the man was breathing: 'Why, you scoundrel,' said the irritable anatomist, 'the man's not dead.' 'Not dead!' re-echoed coachee, laughing at the joke, 'Why, *then*, kill him when you want him.' The consequence of this frolic had, however, nearly proved more serious than the projectors anticipated: the anatomist, suspecting it was some trick to enter his house for burglarious purposes, gave the alarm, when *Jarvey* made his escape; but poor B—— was secured, and conveyed the next morning to Marlborough-street, where it required all the ingenuity of a celebrated Old Bailey solicitor to prevent his being committed for the attempt to rob a *bone-house*."

After this anecdote, we all agreed to separate. Transit would fain have led us to the Covent-garden *finish*, which he describes as being unusually rich in character; but this was deferred until another night, when I shall introduce you to some new

---

acquaintances.—Adieu. Lady Mary Oldstyle and the D'Almaine family are off to-morrow for Brighton, from which place expect some few descriptive sketches.

HORATIO HEARTLY.



“ Kill him when you want him.”

## THE SPREAD,<sup>1</sup> OR WINE PARTY AT BRAZEN-NOSE.

"Hear, Momus, hear! blithe sprite, whose dimpling cheek  
Of quips, and cranks ironic, seems to speak,  
Who lovest learned victims, and whose shrine  
Groans with the weight of victims asinine.  
Nod with assent! thy lemon juice infuse!  
Though of male sex, I woo thee for a Muse."

*A College Wine Party described—Singular Whim of Horace Eglantine—Meeting of the Oxford Crackademonians—Sketches of eccentric Characters, drawn from the Life—The Doctor's Daughter—An old Song—A Round of Skulls—Epitaphs on the Living and the Dead—Tom Tick, a College Tale—The Voyagers—Notes and Anecdotes.*

A COLLEGE wine party I could very well conceive from the specimen I had already of my companion's frolicsome humours, was not unlikely to produce some departure from college rules which might eventually involve me in *rustication*, *fine*, or *imposition*. To avoid it was impossible; it was the first invitation of an early friend, and must be obeyed. The anticipation of a bilious head-ache on the morrow, or perhaps a first appearance before, or lecture from, the vice-chancellor, principal, or proctor, made me somewhat tardy in my appearance at the *spread*.

The butler was just marching a second reinforce-

<sup>1</sup> *A spread.* A wine party of from thirty to one hundred and twenty persons. The party who gives the spread generally invites all the under-graduates he is acquainted with; a dessert is ordered either from Jubber's, or Sadler's, for the number invited, for which he is charged at per head.

ment of *black men*, or *heavy artillery* from the college magazine, across the quadrangle, for the use of the dignitaries' table; when I, a poor solitary *freshman*, advanced with sentimental awe and fearful stride beneath the arched entrance of Brazen-nose. Where Eglantine's rooms were situated I had no means of knowing, his card supplying only the name of his college; to make some inquiry would be necessary, but of whom, not a creature but what appeared much too busily employed, as they ran to and fro laden with wine and viands, to answer the interrogatories of a stranger. I was on the point of retreating to obtain the requisite information from the waiter at the Mitre, when old Mark Supple made his appearance, with "Your servant, sir: I have been in search of you at your inn, by command of Mr. Eglantine, *take notice*—who with a large party of friends are waiting your company to a *spread*." "A large party, Mark?" said I, suspecting there was some secret drama in rehearsal, in which I was to play a principal part. "A very large party, sir, and a very extraordinary one too, *take notice*—such a collection as I never saw before within the walls of a college—living curiosities, *take notice*—all the *comicals* of Oxford brought together,<sup>2</sup> and this

<sup>2</sup> This adventure, strange as it may appear, actually occurred a short time since, when Mr. J\*\*\*\*\*n of Brazen-nose invited the characters here named to an entertainment in the College. Sir Richard Steele, when on a visit to Edinburgh, indulged in a similar freak: he made a splendid feast, and whilst the servants were wondering for what great personages it was intended, he sent them into the streets, to collect all the eccentrics, beggars, and poor people, that chance might throw in their way, and invite them to his house. A pretty large party being mustered, they were well plied with whiskey-punch and wine; when, forgetting their cares, and free from all restraint, they gave loose to every peculiarity of their respective characters. When the entertainment was over, Sir Richard declared, that besides the pleasure of filling so many hungry bellies, and enjoying an hour of rich amusement, he had gleaned from them humour enough to form a good comedy, or at least a farce.

is what Mr. Eglantine calls his *museum of character*, but which I should call a *regiment of caricatures*, *take notice*—but I heard him say, that he had invited them on purpose to surprise you ; that he knew you was fond of eccentricity, and that he thought he had prepared a great treat. I only wish he may get rid of them as easily as he brought them there, for if the *bull-dogs* should gain scent of them there would be a pretty row, *take notice*.” Mark’s information, instead of producing the alarm he evidently anticipated, had completely dispelled all previous fears, and operated like the prologue to a rich comedy, from which I expected to derive considerable merriment : following, therefore, my conductor up one flight of stairs on the opposite side of the space from which I had entered, I found myself at the closed *oak* of my friend. “ Mr. Eglantine is giving them a *chaunt*,” said Mark, who had applied his ear to the key-hole of the door : “ we must wait till the song is over, or you will be fined in a double bumper of *bishop*, for interrupting the *stave*, *take notice*.” Curiosity prompted me to follow Mark’s example, when I overheard Horace chanting part of an old satirical ballad on John Wilkes, to the tune of the Dragon of Wantley ; commencing with—

And ballads I have heard rehearsed  
 By harmonists itinerant,  
 Who modern worthies celebrate,  
 Yet scarcely make a dinner on’t.  
 Some of whom sprang from noble race,  
 And some were in a pig-sty born,  
 Dependent upon royal grace  
 Or triple tree of Tyburn.

CHORUS.

John Wilkes he was for Middlesex,  
 They chose him knight of the shire :  
 He made a fool of alderman Bull,  
 And call’d parson Horne a liar.

The moment silence was obtained, old Mark gave

three distinct knocks at the door, when Horace himself appeared, and we were immediately admitted to the temple of the Muses ; where, seated round a long table, appeared a variety of characters that would have rivalled (from description) the Beggars' Club in St. Giles's—the Covent-Garden Finish—or the once celebrated Peep o' day boys in Fleet-lane. At the upper end of the table were Tom Echo and Bob Transit, the first smoking his cigar, the second sketching the portraits of the motley group around him on the back of his address cards ; at the lower end of the room, on each side of the chair from which Eglantine had just risen to welcome me, sat little Dick Gradus, looking as knowing as an Old Bailey counsel dissecting a burglary case, and the honourable Lillyman Lionise, the Eton *exquisite*, looking as *delicate* and frightened as if his whole system of ethics was likely to be revolutionized by this night's entertainment. To such a society a formal introduction was of course deemed essential ; and this favour Horace undertook by recommending me to the particular notice of the *crackademonians* (as he was pleased to designate the *elegant* assemblage by whom we were then surrounded), in the following oration : "Most noble *cracks*, and worthy cousin *trumps*—permit me to introduce a brother of the *togati*, *fresh* as a new-blown rose, and *innocent* as the *lilies* of St. Clement's. Be unto him, as ye have been to all gownsmen from the beginning, ever ready to *promote* his wishes, whether for *spree* or *sport*, *in term* or *out of term*—against the *Inquisition* and their *bull-dogs*—the *town raff* and the *bargees*—well *blunted* or *stiver cramped*—against *dun* or *don*—*nob* or *big wig*—so may you never want a bumper of *bishop* : and thus do I commend him to your merry keeping." "Full charges, boys," said Echo, "fill up their glasses, Count Dennett<sup>3</sup> ;

<sup>3</sup> Count Dennett, hair-dresser at Corpus and Oriel Colleges, a very eccentric man, who has saved considerable property ;

here's Brother Blackmantle of Brazen-nose." "A speech, a speech!" vociferated all the party. "Yes, worthy brother *cracks*," replied I, "you shall have a speech, the very acme of oratory; a brief speech, composed by no less a personage than the great Lexicographer himself, and always used by him on such occasions at the club in Ivy-lane. Here's all your healths, and *Esto perpetua*." "Bravo!" said Eglantine; "the boy improves. Now a toast, a university lass—come, boys, The Doctor's Daughter; and then a song from Crotchet C—ss."<sup>4</sup>

## BURTON ALE.

## AN ANCIENT OXFORD DITTY.

Of all the belles who Christ Church bless,  
None's like the doctor's daughter<sup>5</sup>;  
Who hates affected squeamishness  
Almost as much as *water*.

Unlike your modern dames, afraid  
Of Bacchus's caresses;  
She far exceeds the stoutest maid  
Of excellent queen Bess's.

Hers were the days, says she, good lack,  
The days to drink and munch in;  
When butts of Burton, tuns of sack,  
Wash'd down an ox for luncheon.

Confound your *nimpy-pimpy* lass,  
Who faints and fumes at liquor;  
Give me the girl that takes her glass  
Like Moses and the vicar.

---

celebrated for making bishops' wigs, playing at cribbage, and psalm-singing.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. C—ss, otherwise Crotchet C—ss, bachelor of music, and organist of Christ Church College, St. John's College, and St. Mary's Church. An excellent musician, and a jolly companion: he published, some time since, a volume of chants.

<sup>5</sup> A once celebrated university toast, with whose eccentricities we could fill a volume; but having received an intimation that it would be unpleasant to the lady's feelings, we gallantly forbear.

True emblem of immortal ale,  
 So famed in British lingo;  
 Stout, heady, and a little *stale*—  
 Long live the Burton stingo!

"A vulgar ditty, by my faith," said the *exquisite*, "in the true English style, all *tol der rol*, and a vile chorus to split the *tympanum* of one's auricular organs: do, for heaven's sake, Echo, let us have some *divertissement* of a less boisterous character." "Agreed," said Eglantine, winking at Echo; "we'll have a *round of skulls*. Every man shall sing a song, write a poetical epitaph on his right hand companion, or drink off a double dose of *rum booze*."<sup>6</sup> "Then I shall be confoundedly *cut*," said Dick Gradus, "for I never yet could chant a stave or make a couplet in my life." "And I protest against a practice," said Lionise, "that has a *tendency to trifle* with one's *transitory tortures*." "No appeal from the chair," said Eglantine: "another bumper, boys; here's The Fair Nuns of *St. Clement's*." "To which I beg leave to add," said Echo, "by way of *rider*, their favourite pursuit, *The Study of the Fathers*." By the time these toasts had been duly honoured, some of the party displayed symptoms of being *moderately cut*, when Echo commenced by reciting his epitaph on his next friend, Bob Transit:—

Here rests a wag, whose pencil drew  
 Life's characters of varied hue,  
 Bob Transit—famed in humour's sphere  
 For many a transitory year.  
 Though dead, still in the "ENGLISH SPY"  
 He'll live for ever to the eye.

BY BOB TRANSIT.

Here *uncle White*<sup>7</sup> reclines in peace,  
 Secure from nephew and from niece.

<sup>6</sup> *Rum booze*—Flip made of white or port wine, the yolks of eggs, sugar and nutmeg.

<sup>7</sup> *Uncle White*, a venerable bed-maker of All Souls' College,



Of All-Souls' he, alive or dead ;  
Of milk-white name, the milk-white head.

BY UNCLE WHITE.

Here lies *Billy* Chadwell,<sup>8</sup>  
Who perform'd the duties of a dad well.

BY BILLY CHADWELL.

Ye maggots, now's your time to crow :  
Old *Boggy* Hastings<sup>9</sup> rests below.

BY BOGGY HASTINGS.

A *grosser* man ne'er mix'd with stones  
Than lies beneath—'Tis *Figgy* Jones.<sup>10</sup>

BY FIGGY JONES.

Here *Marquis* Wickens<sup>11</sup> lies incrust,  
In clay-cold consecrated dust :

eighty-three years of age ; has been in the service of the college nearly seventy years : is always dressed in black, and wears very large silver knee and shoe-buckles ; his hair, which is milk-white, is in general tastefully curled : he is known to, and called uncle by, every inhabitant of the university, and obtained the cognomen from his having an incredible number of nephews and nieces in Oxford. In appearance he somewhat resembles a clergyman of the old school.

<sup>8</sup> *Billy* Chadwell, of psalm-singing notoriety, since dead ; would imitate syncope so admirably, as to deceive a whole room full of company—in an instant he would become pale, motionless, and ghastly as death ; the action of his heart has even appeared to be diminished : his sham fits, if possible, exceeded his fainting. He was very quarrelsome when in his cups ; and when he had aggravated any one to the utmost, to save himself from a severe beating would apparently fall into a most dreadful fit, which never failed to disarm his adversary of his rage, and to excite the compassion of every by-stander.

<sup>9</sup> Old *Boggy* Hastings supplies members of the university and college servants who are anglers with worms and maggots.

<sup>10</sup> *Tommy* J\*\*\*s, alias *Figgy* Jones, an opulent grocer in the High-street, and a common-councilman in high favour with the lower orders of the freemen ; a sporting character.

<sup>11</sup> *Marquis* Wickens formerly a confectioner, and now a com-

No more he'll brew, or pastry bake ;  
His *sun* is set—himself a *cake*.

BY MARQUIS WICKENS.

Ye *roués* all, be sad and mute ;  
Who now shall cut the stylish suit ?  
*Buck* Sheffield's <sup>12</sup> gone—Ye Oxford men,  
Where shall ye meet his like again ?

BY BUCK SHEFFIELD.

MacLean <sup>13</sup> or *Tackle*, which you will,  
In quiet sleeps beneath this hill.  
Ye anglers, bend with one accord ;  
The *stranger* is no more abroad.

BY MACLEAN.

Here rests a punster, Jemmy Wheeler,<sup>14</sup>  
In wit and whim a wholesale dealer ;

mon brewer. He accumulated considerable property as a confectioner, from placing his daughters, who were pretty genteel girls, behind his counter, where they attracted a great many gownsmen to the shop. No tradesman ever gained a fortune more rapidly than this man : as soon as he found himself independent of the university, he gave up his shop, bought the Sun Inn, built a brewhouse, and is now gaining as much money by selling beer as he formerly did by confectionery.

<sup>12</sup> Sheffield, better known by the name of *Buck* Sheffield, a master tailor and a member of the common council.

<sup>13</sup> MacLean, an old bacchanalian Scotchman, better known by the name of *Tackle* : a tall thin man, who speaks the broad Scotch dialect ; makes and mends fishing-tackle for members of the university ; makes bows and arrows for those who belong to the Archery Society ; is an indifferent musician, occasionally amuses under-graduates in their apartments by playing to them country dances and marches on the flute or violin. He published his *Life* a short time since, in a thin octavo pamphlet, entitled "The Stranger Abroad, or The History of Myself," by MacLean.

<sup>14</sup> *Jemmy* Wheeler of Magpie-lane, a bookbinder, of punning celebrity ; has published two or three excellent versified puns in the Oxford Herald. He is a young man of good natural abilities, but unfortunately applies them occasionally to a loose purpose.

*Unbound by care, he others bound,  
And now lies gather'd underground.*

BY JEMMY WHEELER.

*A speedy-man, by nimble foe,  
Lies buried in the earth below :  
The Baron Perkins,<sup>15</sup> Mercury  
To all the university.  
Men of New College, mourn his fate,  
Who early died by drinking late.*

BY BARON PERKINS.

*Ye Oxford duns, you're done at last ;  
Here Smiler W——d<sup>16</sup> is laid fast.  
No more his oak ye need assail ;  
He's book'd inside a wooden jail.*

By Smiler W—— OF C—— COLLEGE.

*A thing called exquisite rests here :  
For human nature's sake I hope,  
Without uncharitable trope,  
'Twill ne'er among us more appear.*

<sup>15</sup> William Perkins, alias *Baron Perkins*, alias the *Baron*, a very jovial watchman of Holywell, the New College *speedy-man*,\* and factotum to New College.

<sup>16</sup> Mr. W——d, alias *Smiler W——d*, a commoner of ————. This gentleman is always laughing or smiling ; is *long-winded*, and consequently pestered with *duns*, who are sometimes much chagrined by repeated disappointments ; but let them be ever so crusty, he never fails in laughing them into a good humour before they leave his room.

It was over *Smiler's oak* in ————, that some wag had printed and stuck up the following notice :

Men traps and spring guns  
Set here to catch *duns*.

---

\* A *speedy-man* at New College is a person employed to take a letter to the master of Winchester school from the warden of New College, acquainting him that a fellowship or scholarship is become vacant in the college, and requiring him to send forthwith the next senior boy. The *speedy-man* always performs his journey on foot, and within a given time.

## BY LILLYMAN LIONISE.

Here rests a poet—heaven keep him quiet,  
 For when above he lived a life of riot ;  
 Enjoy'd his joke, and drank his share of wine—  
 A mad wag he, one Horace Eglantine.<sup>17</sup>

The good old orthodox beverage now began to display its potent effects upon the heads and *understandings* of the party. All restraint being completely banished by the effect of the liquor, every one indulged in their characteristic eccentricities. Dick Gradus pleaded his utter incapability to sing or produce an impromptu rhyme, but was allowed to substitute a prose epitaph on the renowned schoolmaster of Magdalen parish, Fatty T—b,<sup>18</sup> who lay snoring under the table. “It shall be read over him in lieu of burial service,” said Echo. “Agreed, agreed,” vociferated all the party ; and Jemmy

<sup>17</sup> This whim of tagging rhymes and epitaphs, adopted by Horace Eglantine, is of no mean authority. During the convivial administration of Lord North, when the ministerial dinners were composed of such men as the Lords Sandwich, Weymouth, Thurlow, Richard Rigby, &c., various pleasantries passed current for which the present time would be deemed too refined. Among others, it was the whim of the day to call upon each member, after the cloth was drawn, to tag a rhyme to the name of his left hand neighbour. It was first proposed by Lord Sandwich, to raise a laugh against the facetious Lord North, who happened to sit next to a Mr. Mellagen, a name deemed incapable of a rhyme. Luckily, however, for Lord North, that gentleman had just informed him of an accident that had befallen him near the pump in Pall Mall ; when, therefore, it came to his turn, he wrote the following distich :—

Oh ! pity poor Mr. Mellagen,  
 Who walking along Pall Mall,  
 Hurt his foot when down he fell,  
 And fears he won't get well again.

<sup>18</sup> *Fatty T—*, better known as the sixpenny schoolmaster : a little fat man, remarkable for his love of good living.

Jumps,<sup>19</sup> the parish clerk of Saint Peter's, was instantly mounted on a chair, at the head of the defunct schoolmaster, to recite the following whim :—

EPITAPH ON A GLUTTON.

Beneath this table lie the remains of  
 Fatty T\*\*\* ;  
 Who more than performed the duties  
 of  
 An excellent eater, an unparelleled drinker,  
 and  
 A truly admirable sleeper.  
 His stomach was as disinterested as his appetite was  
 good ; so that  
 His impartial tooth alike chewed  
 The mutton of the poor,  
 and  
 The turtle of the rich.

<sup>19</sup> *James James*, alias *Jemmy Jumps*, alias the Oxford Caleb Quotum, a stay-maker, and parish-clerk of Saint Peter le Bailey—plays the violin to parties on water excursions, attends public-house balls—is bellows-blower and factotum at the music-room—attends as porter to the Philharmonic and Oxford Choral Societies—is constable of the race-course and race balls—a bill distributor and a deputy collector of poor rates—calls his wife his *solio*. He often amuses his companions at public-houses by reciting comic tales in verse. A woman who had lost a relative desired *Jemmy Jumps* to get a brick grave built. On digging up a piece of ground which had not been opened for many years, he discovered a very good brick grave, and, to his great joy, also discovered that its occupant had long since mouldered into dust. He cleaned the grave out, procured some redden and water, brushed the bricks over with it, and informed the person that he had a most excellent *second-hand grave to sell as good as new*, and if she thought it would suit her poor departed friend, would let her have it at half the price of a new one : this was too good an offer to be rejected ; but *Jemmy* found, on measuring the coffin, that his *second-hand grave* was too short, and consequently was obliged to dig the earth away from the end of the grave and beat the bricks in with a beetle, before it would admit its new tenant.

He was a zealous opposer of the Aqua-arian heresy,  
 A steady devourer of beef-steaks,  
 A stanch and devout advocate for *spiced bishop*,  
 A firm friend to Bill Holland's *double X*,  
 and  
 An active disseminator of the bottle,  
 He was ever uneasy unless employed  
 upon the *good things* of this world ;  
 and  
 The interment of a *swiss* or *lion*,  
 Or the dissolution of a pasty,  
 Was his great delight.

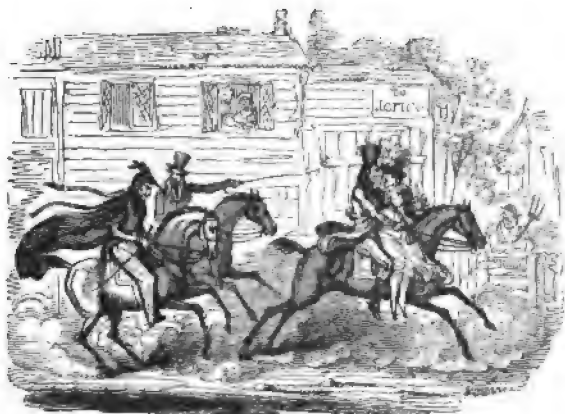
---

He died  
 Full of drink and victuals,  
 In the undiminished enjoyment of his digestive  
 faculties,  
 In the forty-fifth year of his appetite.  
 The collegians inscribed this memento,  
 In perpetual remembrance  
 of  
 His *pious* knife and fork.

"Very well for a *trencher* man," said Horace ; "now we must have a recitation from Strasburg.<sup>20</sup> Come, you jolly old teacher of Hebrew, mount the rostrum, and "give us a taste of your quality." "Ay, or by heavens we'll baptize him with a bumper of bishop," said Echo. "For conschence sake, mishter Echo, conshtder vat it is you're about ; I can no more shpeek in English than I can turn Christian—I've drank so much of your red port to-day as voud make anoder Red Sea." "Ay, and you shall be drowned in it, you old *Sheenie*," said Tom, "if you don't give us a speech." "A speech, a speech !" resounded from all

<sup>20</sup> *Strasburg*, an eccentric Jew, who gave lessons in Hebrew to members of the university.

the yet *living* subjects of the party. "Vell, if I musht, I musht ; but I musht do it by shubstitute then ; my old friend, Mark Supple here, vill give you the history of Tom Tick." To this Echo assented, on account of the allusions it bore to the Albanians, some of whom were of the party. Old Mark, mounted on the chair at the upper end of the table proceeded with the tale.



Albanians starting for a *sprees*, or Tom Tick on the road to Jericho.

## THE OXFORD RAKE'S PROGRESS.

TOM was a tailor's heir,  
 A dashing blade,  
 Whose sire in trade  
 Enough had made,  
 By *cribbage*, *short skirts*, and little *capas*,  
 Long *bills*, and *items* for *buckram*, *tapes*,  
*Buttons*, *twist*, and *small ware*;  
 Which swell a bill out so delightfully,  
 Or perhaps I should say frightfully,

That is, if it related to myself.  
     Suffice it to be told  
     In wealth he roll'd,  
 And being a fellow of some spirit,  
     Set up his coach ;  
     To 'scape reproach,  
 He put the tailor on the shelf,  
 And thought to make his boy a man of merit.  
 On old Etona's classic ground,  
 Tom's infant years in circling round  
     Were spent 'mid Greek and Latin ;  
 The boy had parts both gay and bright,  
 A merry, mad, facetious sprite,  
     With heart as *soft as satin*.  
 For *sport* or *spree* Tom never lack'd ;  
 A *con*<sup>21</sup> with all, his *sock* he crack'd  
     With *oppidan* or gownsman :  
 Could *smug* a sign, or quiz the *dame*,  
 Or row, or ride, or poach for game,  
     With *cads*, or Eton townsmen.  
 Tom's *admiral* design'd,  
 Most dads are blind  
     To youthful folly,  
 That Tom should be a man of learning,  
 To show his parent's great discerning,  
     A parson rich and jolly.  
 To Oxford Tom in due time went,  
 Upon degree D.D. intent,  
     But more intent on ruin :  
 A *Freshman*, steering for the *Port of Stuffs*,<sup>22</sup>  
 Round *Isle Matricula*, and *Isthmus of Grace*,  
     Intent on living well and little doing.  
 Here Tom came out a dashing blood,  
 Kept Doll at Woodstock, and a stud  
     For hunting, race, or tandem ;

<sup>21</sup> Eton phraseology—A friend.

<sup>22</sup> Oxford phraseology—All these terms have been explained in an earlier part of the work.







OXFORD TRANSPORTS *on Alban*



*men doing Penance for Past offences.*



Could *bag* a proctor, *floor* a *raff*,  
 Or stifle e'en a *bull-dog's* *gaff*,  
 Get *bosky*, drive at random.  
 But long before the first term ended,  
 Tom was inform'd, unless he mended,  
 He'd better change his college.  
 Which said, the *Don* was hobbling to the shelf  
 Where college butler keeps his book of *Battell* ;  
 Tom nimbly ran, erased his name himself,  
 To save the scandal of the students' prattle.  
 In Oxford, be it known, there is a place  
 Where all the mad wags in disgrace  
 Retire to improve their knowledge ;  
 The town *raff* call it *Botany Bay*,  
 Its inmates *exiles*, *convicts*, and they say  
 Saint Alban takes the student refugees :  
 Here Tom, to 'scape *Point Non plus*, took his seat  
 After a *waste* of *ready*—found his feet  
 Safe on the shores of indolence and ease ;  
 Here, 'mid choice spirits, in the *Isle* of *Flip*,  
 Dad's will, and *sapping*, valued not young *snip* ;  
 Scapula, Homer, Lexicon, laid by,  
 Join'd the peep-of-day boys in full cry.<sup>23</sup>  
 A saving sire a sad son makes

<sup>23</sup> It was in the actual participation of these bacchanalian orgies, during the latter days of Dr. W——y, the former head of the Hall, when infirmities prevented his exercising the necessary watchfulness over the buoyant spirits committed to his charge, that my friend Bob Transit and myself were initiated into the mysteries of the Albanians. The accompanying scene, so faithfully delineated by his humorous pencil, will be fresh in the recollection of the *choice spirits* who mingled in the joyous revelry. To particularise character would be to "betray the secrets of the prison-house," and is besides wholly unnecessary, every figure round the board being a portrait ; kindred souls, whose merrie laughter-loving countenances and jovial propensities, will be readily recognised by every son of *Alma Mater* who was at Oxford during the last days of the *beaux esprits* of Alban Hall. (See *Plate*.) In justice to the learned Grecian who now presides, it should be told, that these scenes are altogether suppressed.

This adage suits most modern rakes,

And Tom above all others.

I should have told before, he was an only child,

And therefore privileged to be gay and wild,

Having no brothers,

Whom his example might mislead

Into extravagance, or deed

Ridiculous and foolish.

Three tedious years in Oxford spent,

In midnight brawl and merriment,

Tom bid adieu to college,

To cassock-robe of orthodox,

To *construe* and *decline*—the box,

Supreme in *stable* knowledge ;

To dash on all within *the ring*,

Bet high, play deep, or rioting,

At *Long's* to sport his figure

In honour's cause, some *small affair*

Give modern bucks a finish'd air,

Tom pull'd the fatal trigger.

He kill'd his friend—but then remark,

His friend had kill'd another spark,

So 'twas but *trick* and *tie*.

The cause of quarrel no one knew,

Not *even* Tom,—away he flew,

Till time and forms of law,

To fashionable vices blind,

Excuses for the guilty find,

Call murder a *faux pas*.

The tinsell'd coat next struck his pride,

How dashing in the Park to ride

A cornet of dragoons ;

Upon a charger, thorough bred,

To show off with a high plumed head,

The gaze of *Legs* and *Spoons* ;

To rein him up in all his paces,

Then splash the passing trav'lers' faces,

And spur and caper by ;

Get drunk at mess, then sally out  
 To Lisle-street fair, or beat a scout,  
 Or *black* a waiter's eye.  
 Of all the clubs,—the *Clippers*, *Screws*,  
 The *Fly-by-nights*, *Four Horse*, and *Blues*,  
 The *Daffy*, *Snugs*, and *Peep-o-day*,  
 Tom's an elect ; at all the *Hells*,  
 At *Bolton-Row*, with *tip-top swells*,  
 And *Tat's men*, deep he'd play.  
 His debts oft paid by *Snyder's* <sup>24</sup> pelf,  
 Who paid at last a debt himself,  
 Which all that live must pay.  
 Tom *book'd* <sup>25</sup> the old one *snug inside*,  
 Wore sables, look'd demure and sigh'd  
 Some few *short* hours away ;  
 Till from the funeral return'd,  
 Then Tom with expectation burn'd  
 To hear his father's will :—  
 "Twice twenty thousand pounds in cash,"—  
 "That's prime," quoth Tom, "to cut a dash  
 "At races or a *mill*,"—  
 "All my leaseholds, house and plate,  
 My pictures and freehold estate,  
 I give my darling heir ;  
 Not doubting but, as I in trade  
 By careful means this sum have made,  
 He'll double it with care."—  
 "Ay, that I will, I'll hit the *nick*,  
*Seven's the main*,—here Ned and Dick  
 Bring down my blue and buff ;  
 Take off the hatband, banish grief,  
 'Tis time to turn o'er a new leaf,  
 Sorrow's but idle stuff."  
 Fame, trumpet-tongued, Tom's wealth reports,  
 His name is blazon'd at the courts  
 Of Carlton and the *Fives*.  
 His equipage, his greys, his dress,

<sup>24</sup> Flash for tailor.<sup>25</sup> Screwed up in his coffin.

His polish'd self, so like *noblesse*,  
 "Is ruin's sure perquise."  
 Beau Brummell's bow had not the grace,  
 Alvanly stood eclipsed in face,  
 The *Routs* all were mute,  
 So exquisite, so chaste, unique,  
 The mark for every *Leg* and *Greek*,  
 Who play the *concave suit*.<sup>26</sup>  
 At Almack's, paradise o' the West,  
 Tom's hand by prince and peer is press'd,  
 And fashion cries *supreme*.  
 His Op'ra box, and little *quean*,  
 To lounge, to *see*, and to *be seen*,  
 Makes life a pleasant dream.  
 Such dreams, alas ! are transient light,  
 A glow of brightness and delight,  
 That wakes to years of pain.  
 Tom's round of pleasure soon was o'er,  
 And clam'rous *duns* assail the door  
 When credit's on the wane.  
 His riches pay his folly's price,  
 And vanish soon a sacrifice,  
 Then *friendly* comrades fly ;  
 His ev'ry foible dragg'd to light,  
 And faults (unheeded) crowd in sight,  
 Asham'd to show his face.  
 Beset by tradesmen, lawyers, *bums*,<sup>27</sup>  
 He sinks where fashion never comes,  
 A wealthier takes his place.  
*Beat at all points, floor'd, and clean'd out,*  
 Tom yet resolv'd to brave it out,

<sup>26</sup> Cards cut in a peculiar manner, to enable the *Leg* to fleece his *Pigeon* securely.

<sup>27</sup> "Persons employed by the sheriff to hunt and seize human prey : they are always bound in sureties for the due execution of their office, and thence are called *Bound Bailiffs*, which the common people have corrupted into a much more homely expression—to wit, *Bum-Bailiffs* or *Bums*."—1 *Black Com.* 346.



If *die* he must, *die game*.  
 Some few months o'er, again he strays  
 'Midst scenes of former halcyon days,  
 On *other* projects bent ;  
 No more ambitious of a name,  
 Or mere unprofitable fame,  
 On *gain* he's now intent,  
 To *deal a flush*, or *cog a die*,  
 Or plan a deep confed'racy  
 To *pluck a pigeon bare*.  
 Elected by the *Legs a brother*,  
 His plan is to entrap some other  
 In *Greeking's* fatal snare.  
 Here for a time his arts succeed,  
 But vice like his, it is decreed,  
 Can never triumph long :  
 A noble, who had been his prey,  
 Convey'd the well *cogg'd bones* away,  
 Exposed them to the throng.  
 Now *blown*, "his occupation's" o'er,  
 Indictments, actions, on him pour,  
 His ill got wealth must fly ;  
 And faster than it came, the law  
 Can fraud's last ill got shilling draw,  
 Tom's pocket soon drain'd dry.  
 Again *at sea*, a *wreck*, *struck down*,  
 By fickle fortune and the town,  
 Without the means to *bolt*.  
 His days in bed, for fear of *Bums*,  
 At night among the *Legs* he comes,  
 Who *gibe* him for a *dolt*.  
 He's *cut*, and comrades, one by one,  
 Avoid him as they would a *dun*.  
 Here finishes our tale—  
 Tom Tick, the life, the soul, the whim  
 Of courts and fashion when in trim,  
 Is left—

WAITING FOR BAIL.



By the time old Mark Supple had finished his somewhat lengthy tale, the major part of the motley group of eccentrics who surrounded us were terribly *cut*: the garrulous organ of Jack Milburn was unable to articulate a word; *Goose B—t*, the gourmand, was crammed full, and looked, as he lay in the arms of Morpheus, like a fat citizen on the night of a lord mayor's dinner—a lump of inanimate mortality. In one corner lay a poor little Grecian, *papa* Chrysanthus Demetriades, whom Tom Echo had plied with *bishop* till he fell off his chair; Count Dennet was safely deposited beside him; and old Will Stewart,<sup>28</sup> the poacher, was just humming himself to sleep with the fag end of an old ballad as he sat upon the ground

<sup>28</sup> Portraits of the three last-mentioned eccentrics will be found in page 245, sketched from the life.

resting his back against the defunct Grecian. A diminutive little cripple, Johnny Holloway, was sleeping between his legs, upon whose head Tom had fixed a wig of immense size, crowned with an opera hat and a fox's tail for a feather. "Now to bury the dead," said Eglantine; "let in the lads, Mark." "Now we shall have a little sport, old fellows," said Echo: "come, Transit, where are your paints and brushes?" In a minute the whole party were most industriously engaged in disfiguring the objects around us by painting their faces, some to resemble tattooing, while others were decorated with black eyes, huge mustachios, and different embellishments, until it would have been impossible for friend or relation to have recognised any one of their visages. This ceremony being completed, old Mark introduced a new collection of worthies, who had been previously instructed for the sport; these were, I found, no other than the well-known Oxford *cads*, Marston Will, Tom Webb, Harry Bell, and Dick Rymal,<sup>29</sup> all out and outers, as Echo reported, for a *spree* with the gown, who had been regaled at some neighbouring public house by Eglantine, to be in readiness for the *wind-up* of his eccentric entertainment; to the pious care of these worthies were consigned the strange-looking mortals who surrounded us. The plan was, I found, to carry them out quietly between two men, deposit them in a cart which they had in waiting, and having taken them to the water-side, place them in a barge and send them drifting down the water in the night to Itfley, where their consternation on recovering the next morning and strange appearance would be sure to create a source of merriment both for the city and university. The instructions were most punctually obeyed, and the amusement the freak afterwards afforded the good people of Oxford will not very

<sup>29</sup> Well-known sporting *cads*, who are always ready to do a good turn for the *togati*, either for sport or *spree*.

quickly be forgotten. Thus ended the *spread*—and now having taken more than my usual quantity of wine, and being withal fatigued by the varied amusements of the evening, I would fain have retired to rest: but this, I found, would be contrary to good fellowship, and not at all in accordance with *college principles*. “We must have a *spree*,” said Echo, “by way of *finish*, the *rum ones* are all shipped off safely by this time—suppose we introduce Blackmantle to our *grandmamma*, and the pretty *Nuns* of St. Clement’s.” “Soho, my good fellows,” said Transit; “we had better defer our visit in that direction until the night is more advanced. The old don<sup>30</sup> of —, remember, celebrates the Paphian mysteries in that quarter occasionally, and we may not always be able to *shirk* him as effectually as on the other evening, when Echo and myself were snugly enjoying a *tête-à-tête* with Maria B—— and little Agnes S——<sup>31</sup>; we accidentally caught a glimpse of *old Morality* cautiously toddling after the pious Mrs. A—ms, *vide licet* of arts,<sup>32</sup> a lady who has been regularly matriculated at this university, and taken up her degrees some years since. It was too rich a bit to lose, and although

<sup>30</sup> We all must reverence *dons*; and I’m about  
To talk of *dons*—irreverently I doubt.

\* \* \* \* \*

For many a priest, when sombre evening gray  
Mantles the sky, o’er maudlin bridge will stray—  
Forget his oaths, his office, and his fame,  
And mix in company I will not name.

*Aphrodisiacal Licenses.*

<sup>31</sup> Paphian divinities in high repute at Oxford.

<sup>32</sup> Pretty much in the same sense, probably, in which Moore’s gifted leman Fanny is by him designated Mistress of Arts.

And oh!—if a fellow like me  
May confer a diploma of hearts,  
With my lip thus I seal your degree,  
My divine little Mistress of Arts.

For an account of Fan’s proficiency in astronomy, ethics, (not the Nicomachean), and eloquence, see Moore’s *Epistles*, vol. ii. p. 155.

at the risk of discovery, I booked it immediately *eo instanti*. ‘*Exegi monumentum aere perennius*’—and here it is.”



*The Don, and the fair Nun of St. Clement's.*

“An excellent likeness, i’faith, is it,” said Eglantine ; whose eyes twinkled like stars amid the wind-driven clouds, and whose half clipped words and unsteady motion sufficiently evinced that he had paid due attention to the old laws of potation. “There’s nothing like the *cloth* for comfort, old fellows ; remember what a man of Christ Church wrote to George Colman when he was studying for the law.

‘Turn parson, Colman, that’s the way to thrive ;  
Your parsons are the happiest men alive.  
Judges, there are but *twelve* ; and never more,  
But *stalls untold*, and Bishops *twenty-four*.  
Of pride and claret, sloth and venison full,  
Yon prelate mark, right reverend and dull !

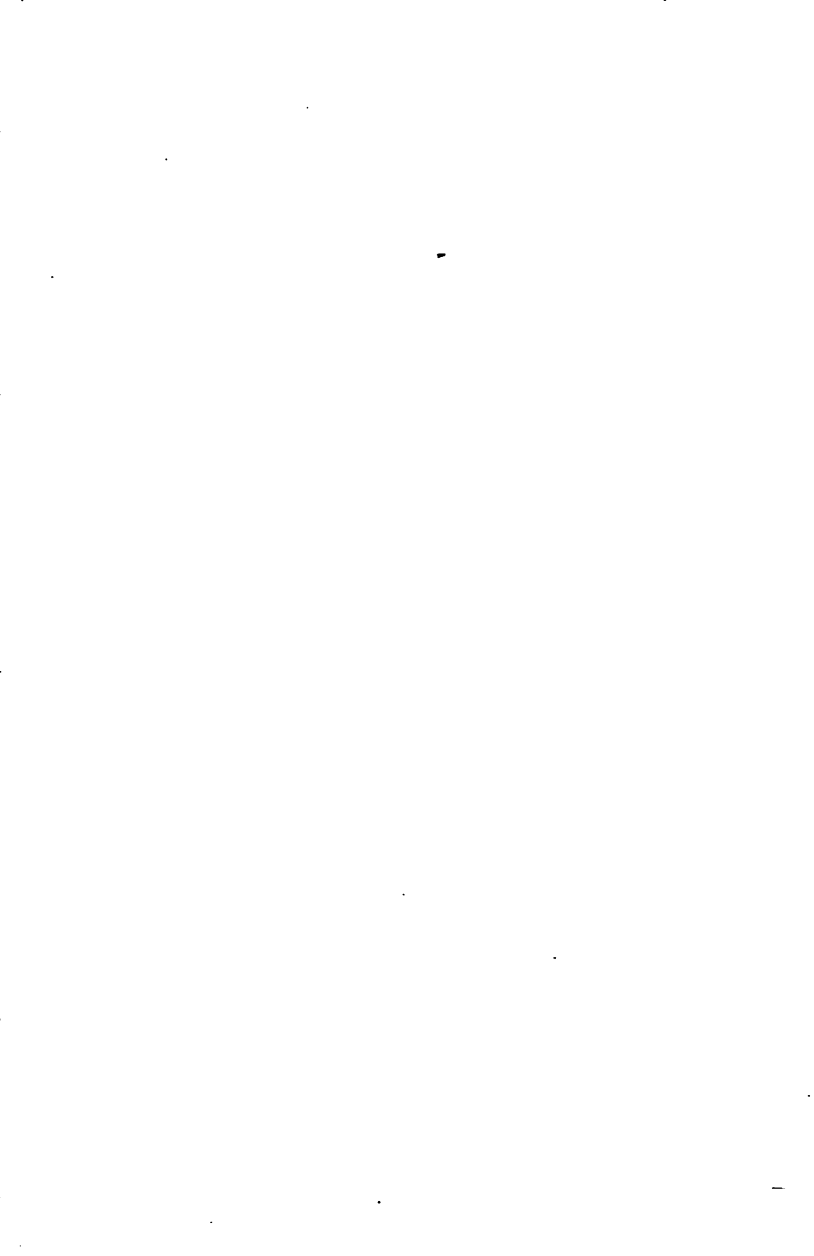
He ne'er, good man, need pensive vigils keep  
 To preach his audience once a week to sleep ;  
 On rich preferment battens at his ease,  
 Nor sweats for tithes, as lawyers toil for fees.'

If Colman had turned parson he would have had a bishoprick long since, and rivalled that jolly old ancient Walter de Mapes. Then what an honour he would have been to the church ; no drowsy epistles spun out in lengthened phrase,

'Like to the quondam student, named of yore,  
 Who with Aristotle calmly choked a boar ;'

but true orthodox wit : the *real light* of *grace* would have fallen from his lips and charmed the crowded aisle ; the rich epigrammatic style, the true creed of the churchman ; no fear of *canting* innovations or *evangelical sceptics* ; but all would have proceeded harmoniously, ay, and piously too—for true piety consists not in purgation of the body, but in purity of mind. Then if we could but have witnessed Colman filling the chair in one of our *common rooms*, enlivening with his genius, wit, and social conversation the learned *dromedaries* of the Sanctum, and dispelling the habitual gloom of a College Hospitium, what chance would the sectarians of Wesley, or the infatuated followers even of that arch rhapsodist, Irving, have with the attractive eloquence and sound reasoning of true wit ? "Bravo ! bravo !" vociferated the party. "An excellent defence of the church," said Echo, "for which Eglantine deserves to be inducted to a valuable benefice ; suppose we adjourn before the college gates are closed, and install him under the Mitre." A proposition that met with a ready acquiescence from all present.<sup>33</sup>

<sup>33</sup> The genius of wit, mirth, and social enjoyment, can never find more sincere worshippers than an Oxford wine-party seated round the festive board ; here the sallies of youth, unchecked by care, the gaiety of hearts made glad with wine and revelry, the





*Shew Sunday - Sketches of Character in the Br.*





*Broad Walk, Christ Church Meadows, Oxford.*



## OXFORD ECCENTRICS



Will Stewart.

Papa Demetriades.

Count Dennet.

brilliant flashes of genius, and the eye beaming with delight, are found in the highest perfection. The merits of the society to which the youthful aspirant for fame and glory happens to belong often afford the embryo poet the theme of his song. Impromptu parodies on old and popular songs often add greatly to the enjoyment of the convivial party. The discipline of the university prohibits late hours; and the evenings devoted to enjoyment are not often disgraced by excess. *Reginald Dalton.*

## TOWN AND GOWN,

### AN OXFORD ROW.

*Battle of the Togati and the Town-Raft—A Night-Scene in the High-Street, Oxford—Description of the Combatants—Attack of the Gownsmen upon the Mitre—Evolutions of the Assailants—Manceuvres of the Proctors and Bull Dogs—Perilous Condition of Blackmantle and his associates, Eglantine, Echo, and Transit—Snug Retreat of Lionise—The High-Street after the Battle—Origin of the Argotiers, and Invention of Cant-phrases—History of the Intestine Wars and Civil Broils of Oxford, from the Time of Alfred—Origin of the late Strife—Ancient Ballad—Retreat of the Togati—Reflections of a Freshman—Black Matins, or the Effect of late Drinking upon early Risers—Visit to Golgotha, or the Place of Skulls—Lecture from the Big-Wigs—Tom Echo receives Sentence of Rustication.*

THE clocks of Oxford were echoing each other in proclaiming the hour of midnight, when Eglantine led the way by opening the door of his *hospitium* to descend into the quadrangle of Brazen-nose. "Steady, steady, old fellows," said Horace; "remember the *don* on the first-floor—hush, all be silent as the grave till you pass his *oak*." "Let us *row* him—let us fumi-gate the old fellow," said Echo; "this is the *night of purification*, lads—bring some pipes, and a little *frankincense*, Mark." And in this *laudable*





*Town & Gown on the Battle of the Fogati*



*the Town Raff in the High Street Oxford.*





enterprise of blowing asafœtida smoke through the *don's* key-hole the whole party were about to be instantly engaged, when an accidental slip of Eglantine's spoiled the joke. While in the act of remonstrating with his jovial companions on the dangerous consequences attending detection, the scholar sustained a fall which left him suddenly deposited against the *oak* of the crabbed old Master of Arts, who inhabited rooms on the top of the lower staircase; fortunately, the dignitary had on that evening carried home more *liquor* than *learning* from the *common room*, and was at the time of the accident almost as sound asleep as the original founder. "There lies the *domini* of the feast," said Echo, "knocked down in true orthodox style by the *bishop*—follow your leader, boys; and take care of your *craniums*, or you may chance to get a few phrenolo-lo-logi-cal bu-lps—I begin to feel that *hard study* has somewhat impaired my artic-tic-u-u-la-tion, but then I can always raise a per-pendic-dic-u-u-lar, you see—always good at mathemat-tics. D—n Aristotle, and the rest of the saints! say I: you see what comes of being logical." All of which exultation over poor Eglantine's disaster, Echo had the caution to make while steadying himself by keeping fast hold of one of the balustrades on the landing; which that arch wag Transit perceiving, managed to cut nearly through with a knife, and then putting his foot against it sent Tom suddenly off in a flying leap after his companion, to the uproarious mirth of the whole party. By the time our two friends had recovered their legs, we were all in marching order for the Mitre; working in *sinuosities* along, for not one of the party could have moved at right angles to any given point, or have counted six street lamps without at least multiplying them to a dozen. In a word, they were ripe for any *sprees*, full of frolic, and bent on mischief; witness the piling a huge load of coals

against one man's door, screwing up the *oak* of another, and *milling* the *glaze* of a third, before we quitted the precincts of Brazen-nose, which we did separately, to escape observation from the Cerberus who guarded the portal.

It is in a college wine-party that the true character of your early associates are easily discoverable : out of the excesses of the table very often spring the truest impressions, the first, but indelible affection which links kindred spirits together in after-time, and cements with increasing years into the most inviolable friendship. Here the sallies of youth, unchecked by care, or fettered by restraint, give loose to mirth and revelry ; and the brilliancy of genius and the warm-hearted gaiety of pure delight are found in the highest perfection.

The blue light of heaven illumined the magnificent square of Radcliffe, when we passed from beneath the porch of Brazen-nose, and tipping with her silvery light the surrounding architecture, lent additional beauty to the solemn splendour of the scene. Sophisticated as my faculties certainly were by the copious libations and occurrences of the day, I could yet admire with reverential awe the imposing grandeur by which I was surrounded.

A wayward being from my infancy, not the least mark of my eccentricity is the peculiar humour in which I find myself when I have sacrificed too freely to the jolly god : unlike the major part of mankind, my temperament, instead of being invigorated and enlivened by the sparkling juice of the grape, loses its wonted nerve and elasticity ; a sombre gloominess pervades the system, the pulse becomes nervous and languid, the spirits flagging and depressed, and the mind full of chimerical apprehensions and *ennui*. It was in this mood that Eglantine found me ruminating on the noble works before me, while resting against a part of the pile of Radcliffe library, contemplating

the elegant crocketed pinnacles of All Souls, the delicately taper spire of St. Mary's, and the clustered enrichments and imperial canopies of masonry, and splendid traceries which every where strike the eye : all of which objects were rendered trebly impressive from the stillness of the night, and the flitting light by which they were illumined. I had enough of wine and frolic, and had hoped to have *shirked* the party and stolen quietly to my lodgings, there to indulge in my lucubrations on the scene I had witnessed, and note in my journal, according to my usual practice, the more prominent events of the day, when Horace commenced with—

“Where the devil, old fellow, have you been hiding yourself? I've been hunting you some time. A little *cut*, I suppose : never mind, my boy, you'll be better presently. Here's glorious sport on foot ; don't you hear the war-cry ?” At this moment a buzz of distant voices broke upon the ear like the mingled shouts of an election tumult. “There they are, old fellow : come, buckle on your armour—we must try your mettle to-night. All the university are out—a glorious row—come along, no *shirking*—the *togati* against the *town raff*—remember the *sacred cause*, my boy.” And in this way, spite of all remonstrance, was I dragged through the lane and enlisted with the rest of my companions into a corps of university men who were just forming themselves in the High-street to repel the daring attack of the very scum of the city, who had ill-treated and beaten some gownsmen in the neighbourhood of St. Thomas's, and had the temerity to follow and assail them in their retreat to the High-street with every description of villanous epithet, and still more offensive and destructive missiles. “Stand fast there, old fellows,” said Echo ; who, although *devilishly cut*, seemed to be the leader of the division. “Where's old Mark Supple ?” “Here I am sir, *take notice*,” said the old *scout*, who appeared as active as

an American rifleman. "Will Peake send us the bludgeons?" "He won't open his doors, sir, for any body, *take notice*." "Then down with the Mitre, my hearties;" and instantly a rope was thrown across the *bishop's cap* by old Mark, and the tin sign, lamp, and all came tumbling into the street, smashed into a thousand pieces.

## PEAKE

(*looking out of an upper window in his night-cap*).

Doey be quiet, and go along, for God's zake, gentlemen! I shall be *ruinated* and *discommoned* if I open my door to any body.

## TOM ECHO.

You infernal old fox-hunter! if you don't *doff* your *knowledge bag* and come to the door, we'll *mill* all your *glaze*, burst open your gates, and hamstring all your horses.

MRS. PEAKE (*in her night-gown*).

Stand out of the way, Peake; let me speak to the gentlemen. Gentlemen, doey, gentlemen, consider my reputation, and the reputation of my house. O dear, gentlemen, doey go somewhere else—we've no sticks here, I azzure ye, and we're all in bed. Doey go, gentlemen, pray do.

## TRANSIT.

Dame Peake, if you don't open your doors directly, we'll break them open, and unkennel that old bagg'd fox, your husband, and drink all the *black strap* in your cellar, and—and play the devil with the maids.

## MRS. PEAKE.

Don'te say so, don'te say so, Mr. Transit; I know you to be a quiet, peaceable gentleman, and I am zure you will befriend me: doey persuade 'em to go away, pray do,

MARK SUPPLE, *a scout of Brazen-nose.*

Dame Peake !

MRS. PEAKE.

Oh, Mr. Mark Supple, are you there ? talk to the gentlemen, Mr. Mark, pray do.

MARK SUPPLE.

It's no use, dame Peake ; they won't be gammon'd, *take notice*. If you have any old broom-handles, throw 'em out directly, and if not, throw all the brooms you have in the house out of window—throw out all your sticks—throw Peake out. I'm for the gown, *take notice*. Down with the town ! down with the town !

BILL MAGS, *the waiter, at a lower window.*

Hist, hist, Mr. Echo ; Mr. Eglantine, hist, hist ; master's gone to the back of the house with all the sticks he can muster ; and here's an old kitchen-chair you can break up and make bludgeons of (*throwing the chair out of window*), and here's the cook's rolling-pin, and I'll go and forage for more ammunition.

HORACE EGLANTINE.

You're a right good fellow, Bill ; and I'll pay you before I do your master ; and the Brazen-nose men shall make your fortune.

TOM ECHO.

But where's the academicals I sent old Captain Cook for ? We shall be beating one another in the dark without caps and gowns.

CAPTAIN COOK, *a scout of Christ Church.*

Here I be, zur. That old rogue, Dick Shirley, refuses to send any gowns ; he says he has nothing but noblemen's gowns and gold tufts in his house,

## THE HON. LILLYMAN LIONISE.

By the honour of my ancestry, that fellow shall never draw another stitch for Christ Church as long as he lives. Come along, captain : by the honour of my ancestry, we'll uncase the old *snyder* ; we'll have gowns, I warrant me, noble or not noble, gold tufts or no tufts. Come along, Cook.

In a few moments old Captain Cook and the *exquisite* returned loaded with gowns and caps, having got in at the window and completely cleared the tailor's shop of all his academicals, in spite of his threats or remonstrances. In the interim, old Mark Supple and Echo had succeeded in obtaining a supply of broom-handles and other weapons of defence ; when the insignia of the university, the toga and cap, were soon distributed indiscriminately : the numbers of the university men increased every moment ; and the yell of the town *raff* seemed to gain strength with every step as they approached the scene of action. Gown ! gown ! Town ! town ! were the only sounds heard in every direction ; and the clamour and the tumult of voices were enough to shake the city with dismay. The authorities were by no means idle ; but neither proctors or pro's, or marshal, or bull-dogs, or even deans, dons, and dignitaries, for such there were, who strained their every effort to quell the disturbance, were at all attended to, and many who came as peace-makers were compelled in their own defence to take an active part in the fray.

From the bottom of the High-street to the end of the corn-market, and across again through St. Aldate's to the old bridge, every where the more peaceable and respectable citizens might be seen popping their noddles out of window, and rubbing their half-closed eyes with affright, to learn the cause of the alarming strife.

Of the strong band of university men who rushed

on eager for the coming fray, a number of them were *fresh* light-hearted Etonians and old Westminsters, who having just arrived to place themselves under the sacred banners of Academus, thought their honour and their courage both concerned in defending the *togati*: most of these youthful zealots had as usual, at the beginning of a term, been lodged in the different inns and houses of the city, and from having drank somewhat freely of the welcome cup with old schoolfellows and new friends, were just ripe for mischief, unheedful of the consequences or the cause.

On the other hand, the original fomenters of the strife had recruited their forces with herds of the lowest rabble gathered from the purlieus of their patron saints, St. Clement and St. Thomas, and the shores of the Charwell,—the bargees, and butchers, and labourers, and scum of the suburbians: a huge conglomerated mass of thick skulls, and broad backs, and strengthly arms, and sturdy legs, and throats bawling for revenge, and hearts bursting with wrathful ire, rendered still more frantic and desperate by the magic influence of their accustomed war-whoop. These formed the base barbarian race of Oxford *truands*,<sup>1</sup> including every vile thing that passes under the generic name of *raff*. From college to college the mania spread with the rapidity of an epidemic wind; and scholars, students, and fellows were every where in motion: here a stout bachelor of arts might be seen knocking down the ancient Cerberus who opposed his passage; there the iron-bound college gates were forced open by the united power of the youthful inmates. In another quarter might be seen the heir of some noble family risking his neck in the headlong leap<sup>2</sup>; and near him, a party of the *togati* scaling the

<sup>1</sup> The French *truands* were beggars, who under the pretence of asking alms committed the most atrocious crimes and excesses.

<sup>2</sup> It was on one of these occasions that the celebrated Charles

sacred battlements with as much energetic zeal as the ancient crusaders would have displayed against the ferocious Saracens. *Scouts* flying in every direction to procure caps and gowns, and scholars dropping from towers and windows by bell-ropes and *sheet-ladders*; every countenance exhibiting as much ardour and frenzied zeal, as if the consuming elements of earth and fire threatened the demolition of the sacred city of Rhedycina.

It was on the spot where once stood the ancient conduit of Carfax, flanked on the one side by the venerable church of St. Martin and the colonnade of the old butter-market, and on the other by the town-hall, from the central point of which terminate, south, west, and north, St. Aldate's, the butcher-row, and the corn-market, that the scene exhibited its more substantial character. It was here the assailants first caught sight of each other; and the yell, and noise, and deafening shouts became terrific. In a moment all was fury and confusion: in the onset the *gown*, confident and daring, had evidently the advantage, and the retiring *raff* fell back in dismay; while the advancing and victorious party laid about them with their quarter-staves, and knuckles drawing blood, or teeth, or cracking crowns at every blow, until they had driven them back to the end of the corn-market. It was now that the strong arm and still stronger science of the sturdy bachelors of Brazen-nose, and the square-built, athletic sons of Cambria, the Jones's of Jesus, proved themselves of sterling mettle, and bore the brunt of the battle with unexampled courage: at this instant a second reinforcement arriving from the canals and wharfs on the banks of the Isis, having forced their way by George-lane, brought timely assistance to the town *raff*, and enabled them again to rally and present so formidable an appearance, James Fox made that illustrious leap from the window of Hertford College.



that the *togati* deemed it prudent to retreat upon their reserve, who were every moment accumulating in immense numbers in the High-street : to this spot the townsmen, exulting in their trifling advantage, had the temerity to follow and renew the conflict, and here they sustained the most signal defeat : for the men of Christ Church, and Pembroke, and St. Mary's Hall, and Oriel, and Corpus Christi, had united their forces in the rear ; while the front of the *gown* had fallen back upon the effective Trinitarians, and Albanians, and Wadhamites, and men of Magdalen, who had by this time roused them from their monastic towers and cells to fight the holy war, and defend their classic brotherhood : nor was this all the advantages the *gown* had to boast of, for the *scouts*, ever true to their masters, had summoned the lads of the *fancy*, and Marston Will, and Harry Bell, and a host of *out* and *outers*, came up to the *scratch*, and *floored* many a *youkel* with their *bunch of fives*. It was at this period that the conflict assumed its most appalling feature, for the townsmen were completely hemmed into the centre, and fought with determined courage, presenting a hollow square, two fronts of which were fully engaged with the infuriated *gown*. Long and fearful was the struggle for mastery, and many and vain the attempts of the townsmen to retreat, until the old Oxford night coach, in its way up the High-street to the Star Inn in the corn-market, was compelled to force its passage through the conflicting parties ; when the bull-dogs and the constables, headed by marshal Holliday and old Jack Smith, united their forces, and following the vehicle, opened a passage into the very centre of the battle, where they had for some time to sustain the perilous attacks of oaths, and blows, and kicks from both parties, until having fairly wedged themselves between the combatants, they succeeded by threats and entreaties, and seizing a few of the ringleaders on

both sides, to cause a dispersion, and restore by degrees the peace of the city.

It was, however, some hours before the struggle had completely subsided, a running fight being kept up by the various straggling parties in their retreat ; and at intervals the fearful cry of Town and Gown would resound from some plebeian alley or murky lane as an unfortunate wight of the adverse faction was discovered stealing homewards, covered with mud and scars. Of my college friends and merry companions in the fray, Tom Echo alone remained visible, and he had (in his own phraseology) *dropped his sash* : according to Hudibras, he looked

“ As men of inward light are wont  
To turn their opticks in upon’t ; ”

or, in plain English, had an *invisible* eye. The “ *disjecta fragmenta* ” of his academical robe presented a most pitiful appearance ; it was of the ragged sort, like the *mendicula impluviata* of Plautus, and his under habiliments bore evident marks of his having bitten the dust (i. e. mud) beneath the ponderous arm of some heroic blacksmith or bargee ; but yet he was lively, and what with blows and exertion, perfectly sobered. “ What, Blackmantle ? and alive, old fellow ? Well done, my hearty ; I saw you *set to* with that fresh water devil from Charwell, the old Bargee, and a pretty *milling* you gave him. I had intended to have *seconded* you, but just as I was making up, a son of Vulcan let fly his sledge-hammer *slap* at my *smeller*, and stopped up one of my *oculars*, so I was obliged to turn to and *finish him off* ; and when I had completed *the job*, you had *bolted* ; not, however, without leaving *your marks* behind you. But where’s Eglantine ? where’s Transit ? where’s the Honourable ? By my soul the *roué* can handle his *mauleys* well ; I saw him *floor* one of the *raff* in very *prime* style. But come along, my hearty ; we must walk over the

field of battle and look after the wounded: I am desperately afraid that Eglantine is *booked inside*—saw him surrounded by the *bull-dogs*—made a desperate effort to rescue him—and had some difficulty to clear myself; but never mind, 'tis the fortune of war, and there's very good lodging in the castle. Surely there's Mark Supple with some one on his back. What, Mark, is that you?" "No, sir—yes, sir—I mean, sir, it's a gentleman of our college—O dearey me, I thought it had been a proctor or a bull-dog—for Heaven's sake, help, sir! here's Mr. Transit quite senseless, *take notice*—picked him up in a doorway in Lincoln-lane, bleeding like a pig, *take notice*. O dear, O dear, what a night this has been! We shall all be sent to the castle, and perhaps transported for manslaughter. For Heaven's sake, Mr. Echo, help! bear his head up—take hold of his feet, Mr. Blackmantle, and I'll go before, and ring at Dr. Tuckwell's bell, *take notice*." In this way poor Transit was conveyed to the surgery, where, after cleansing him from the blood and dirt, and the application of some aromatics, he soon recovered, and happily had not sustained any very serious injury. From old Mark we learned that Eglantine was a captive to the bull-dogs, and safely deposited in the castle along with Marston Will, who had fought nobly in his defence: of Lionise we could gain no other tidings than that Mark had seen him at the end of the fray climbing up to the first floor window of a tradesman's house in the High-street, whose daughter it was well known he had a little intrigue with, and where, as we concluded, he had found a balsam for his wounds, and shelter for the night. It was nearly three o'clock when I regained my lodging and found Mags, the waiter of the Mitre, on the look-out for me: Echo had accompanied me home, and in our way we had picked up a wounded man of University College, who had suffered severely in the contest. It was worthy

the pencil of a Hogarth to have depicted the appearance of the High-street after the contest, when we were cautiously perambulating from end to end in search of absent friends, and fearing at every step the approach of the proctors or their bull-dogs: the lamps were almost all smashed, and the burners dangling to and fro with the wind, the greater part extinguished, or just emitting sufficient light to make night horrible. On the lamp-irons might be seen what at first sight was most appalling, the figure of some hero of the *togati* dangling by the neck, but which, on nearer approach, proved to be only the dismembered academical of some gentleman-commoner hung up as a trophy by the town *raff*. Broken windows and shutters torn from their hinges, and missiles of every description covering the ground, from the terrific Scotch paving-pebble torn up from the roads, to the spokes of coach-wheels, and the oaken batons, and fragments of lanterns belonging to the town watch, skirts of coats, and caps, and remnants of *togas* both silken and worsted, bespoke the quality of the heroes of the fray; while here and there a poor terrified wretch was exposing his addle head to the mildews of the night-damp, fearing a revival of the contest, or anxiously watching the return of husband, brother, father, or son.<sup>3</sup> On our

<sup>3</sup> This picture of an Oxford *row* is not, as the general reader might imagine, the mere fiction of the novelist, but the true description of a contest which occurred some few years since; the leading features of which will be (although the names have been, except in one or two instances, studiously suppressed) easily recognised by many of the present sons of Alma Mater who shared in the perils and glory of the battle. To those who are strangers to the sacred city, and these casual effervescences of juvenile spirit, the admirable graphic view of the scene by my friend Bob Transit (*see plate*) will convey a very correct idea.

To the credit of the more respectable and wealthy class of Oxford citizens it should be told, they are now too sensible of their own interest, and, besides, too well-informed to mix with

arrival at the Mitre, poor Mrs. Peake, half frightened to death, was up and busy in administering to the sufferers various consolatory draughts composed of *bishop*, and *flesh* and *blood*,<sup>4</sup> and *rumbooze*; while the chambermaids, and Peake, and the waiters were flying about the house with warm water, and basins, and towels, to the relief of the numerous applicants, who all seemed anxious to wash away the dirty remembrances of the disgusting scene.

Hitherto I had been so busily engaged in defending myself and preserving my friends, that I had not a moment for reflection. It has been well observed, that "place an Englishman in the field of battle, no matter what his political feelings, he will fight like a lion, by instinct, or the mere force of example;" so with the narrator of this contest. I had not, up to this time, the least knowledge of the original cause of the *row*. I have naturally an aversion to pugilistic contests and tumultuous sports, and yet I found by certain bruises, and bumps, and stains of blood, and stiffness of joints, and exhaustion, and the loss of my upper garment, which I had then only just discovered, that I must have borne a *pretty considerable*<sup>6</sup> part in the contest, and carried away no small share of victorious laurels, since I had escaped without any very visible demonstration of my adversaries' prowess; but for this I must acknowledge myself indebted to my late *private tutor* the Eton *cad*, Joe Cannon, whose *fancy* lectures on *noseology*, and the science of the *milling* system, had enabled me to

these civil disturbances; the lower orders, therefore, finding themselves unequal to the contest without their support, submit to the *togati*; and thus the civil wars that have raged in Oxford with very little interruption from the days of Alfred seem for the present extinguished.

<sup>4</sup> Brandy and port wine, half and half.

<sup>5</sup> An Oxford phrase.

defend my *bread-basket*, cover up my *peepers*, and keep my *nob* out of *chancery*<sup>6</sup>: a merit that all

<sup>6</sup> The use of a peculiar *cant* phraseology for different classes, it would appear, originated with the *Argotiers*, a species of French beggars or monkish impostors, who were notorious for every thing that was bad and infamous: these people assumed the form of a regular government, elected a king, established a fixed code of laws, and invented a language peculiar to themselves, constructed probably by some of the debauched and licentious youths, who, abandoning their scholastic studies, associated with these vagabonds. In the poetical life of the French robber Cartouche, a humorous account is given of the origin of the word *Argot*; and the same author has also compiled a dictionary of the language then in use by these people, which is annexed to the work. Harman, in his very singular work, published in 1566, entitled "A Caveat, or Warning for Common Cursitors (runners), vulgarly called Vagabones," has described a number of the words then in use, among what he humorously calls the "lued lousey language of these lewtering beskes and lasy lovrels." And it will be remembered that at that time many of the students of our universities were among these cursitors, as we find by an old statute of the xxii of Hen. VIII.; "that scholars at the universities begging without licence, were to be punished like common cursitors." The vagabonds of Spain are equally celebrated for their use of a peculiar *slang* or *cant*, as will be seen on reference to a very curious work of Rafael Frinoro, entitled "*Il Vagabondo, overo sferzo de bianti e Vagabondi*." Viterbo, 1620, 12mo. As also in those excellent novels, "*Lazarillo de Tormes*," and "*Guzman de Alfarache*." The *Romany* or gipsies' dialect is given with the history of that singular people by Mr. Grellman; an English translation of which was published in 1787, by Roper, in quarto: from these works, Grose principally compiled his "*Lexicon Ballatronicum*." In the present day we have many professors of *slang*, and in more ways than one, *too many of cant*; the greater part of whom are dull impostors, who rather invent strange terms to astonish the vulgar than adhere to the peculiar phrases of the persons they attempt to describe. It has long been matter of regret with the better order of English sporting men, that the pugilistic contests and turf events of the day are not written in plain English, "which all those who run might read," instead of being rendered almost unintelligible by being narrated in the language of beggars, thieves, and pickpockets—a jargon as free from true wit as it is full of obscenity.

Keate's<sup>7</sup> learning would not have compensated for under the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed.

It was now that the mischief was done, and many a sound head was cracked, and many a courageous heart was smarting 'neath their wounds in the gloomy dungeons of the castle, or waiting in their rooms the probing instrument and plasters of Messrs. Wall, or Kidd, or Bourne, that a few of us, who had escaped tolerably well, and were seated round a bowl of bishop in the snug *sanctum sanctorum* of the Mitre, began to inquire of each other the origin of the fray. After a variety of conjectures and vague reports, each at variance with the other, and evidently deficient in the most remote connexion with the true cause of the strife, it was agreed to submit the question to the waiter, as a neutral observer, who assured us that the whole affair arose out of a trifling circumstance, originating with some mischievous boys, who, having watched two gownsmen into a cyprian temple in the neighbourhood of Saint Thomas, circulated a false report that they had carried thither the wives of two respectable mechanics. Without taking the trouble to inquire into the truth or falsehood of the accusation, the door was immediately beset ; the old cry of Town and Gown vociferated in every direction ; and the unfortunate wights compelled to seek their safety by an ignominious flight through a back door and over the meadows. The tumult once raised, it was not to be appeased without some victim, and for this purpose they thought proper to attack a party of the togati, who were returning home from a little *private sport* with a well-known *fancy lecturer*: the opportunity was a good one to *show-off*, a regular fight commenced, and the *raff* were *floored* in every direction, until their numbers increasing beyond all

<sup>7</sup> The highly respected and learned head-master of Eton College.

comparison, the university men were compelled to raise the cry of Gown, and fly for succour and defence to the High-street : in this way had a few mischievous boys contrived to embroil the town and university in one of the most severe intestine struggles ever remembered.





## TOWNE AND GOWNE.

### BELLA HORRIDA BELLA.

A true chronicle of ye bloodie fighte betweene the Clerkes of and Scholairs of Oxenforde, and the Townsmen of the Citie, who were crowdinge rounde the Easterne Gaite to see the Kinge enter in his progresse westwarde.

SIR Clerke of Oxenforde, prepare  
Your robis riche, and noble cheere.  
Ye kinge with alle his courtlie trane  
Is spurring on your plaice to gane.  
And heere ye trumpet's merrie note,  
His neare approche proclaims, I wote ;  
Ye doctors, proctors, scholairs, go,  
And fore youre sovereigne bend ye lowe.  
Now comes the kinge in grande arraie ;  
And the scholairs presse alonge the waye,  
Till ye Easterne gaite was thronged so rounde,  
That passage coulde no where be founde.  
Then the sheriffe's men their upraised speares  
Did plye about the people's eares.  
And woe the day ; the rabble route  
Their speares did breake like glasse aboute.  
Then the doctors, proctors, for the kinge,  
Most lustilie for roome did singe ;  
But thoughe theye bawled out amaine,  
No passage throughe the crowde coulde gane.  
Ye Northern gownsmen, a bold race,  
Now swore they'd quicklie free the plaice ;  
With stalwart gripe, and beadle's staffe  
Theye cleft the townsmen's skulls in half.

And now the wrathful rabble rave,  
And quick returne withe club and stave ;  
And heades righte learn'd in classic lore  
Felt as they'd never felt before.  
Now fierce and bloody growes the fraye :  
In vaine the mayore and sheriffe praye  
For peace—to cool the townsmens' ire,  
Intreatie but impelles the fire.  
Downe with the Towne ! the scholairs cry ;  
Downe with the Gowne ! the towne reply.  
Loud rattle the caps of the clerkes in aire,  
And the citizens many a sortie beare ;  
And many a churchman fought his waye,  
Like a heroe in the bloodie fraye.  
And one right portlie father slewe  
Of rabble townsmen not a few.  
And now 'mid the battle's strife and din  
There came to the Easterne gate,  
The heralde of our lorde the kinge,  
With his merrie men all in state.  
“God help us !” quoth the courtlie childe,  
“What means this noise within ?  
With joye the people have run wilde.”  
And so he peeped him in,  
And throughe the wicker-gate he spied,  
And marvelled much thereat,  
The streets withe crimson current dyed,  
And Towne and Gowne laide flat.  
Then he called his merrie men aloud,  
To bringe him a ladder straighte ;  
The trumpet sounds—the warlike crowde  
In a moment forget theire hate.  
Up rise the wounded, down theire arms  
Both Towne and Gowne do lie ;  
The kinge's approache ye people charmes,  
And alle looke merrilie.  
For howe'er Towne and Gowne may fighte,  
Yet bothe are true to ye kinge.

So on bothe may learning and honour lighte,  
Let all men gailie singe.<sup>1</sup>

---

The veil of night was more than half drawn, ere the youthful inmates of the Mitre retired to rest ; and

<sup>1</sup> The above imitation of the style of the ancient ballad is founded on traditional circumstances said to have occurred when the pacific king James visited Oxford.—*Bernard Blackmantle*.

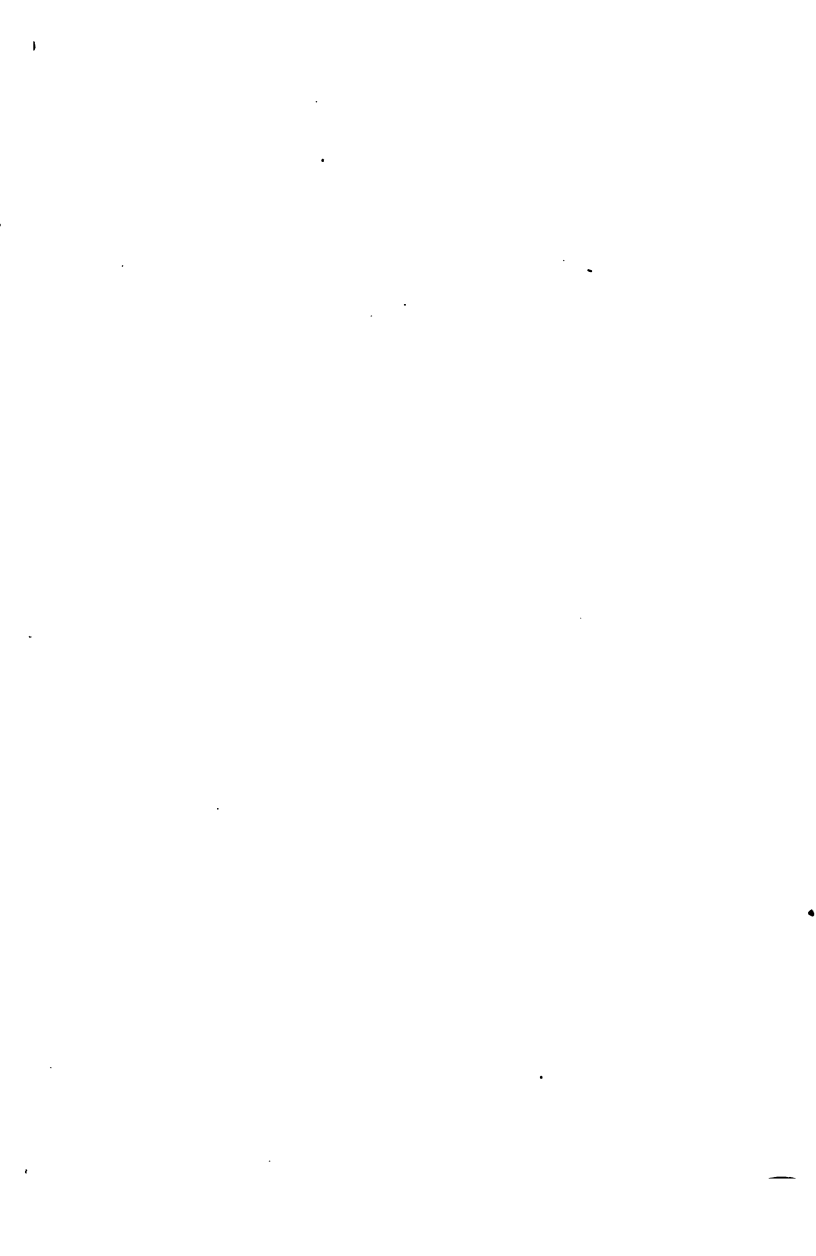
*Intestine broils and civil wars of Oxford*.—Anthony Wood, the faithful historian of Oxford, gives an account of a quarrel between the partisans of St. Guinbald and the residents of Oxford, in the days of Alfred, on his refounding the university, A.D. 886. After his death the continual inroads of the Danes kept the Oxonians in perpetual alarm, and in the year 979 they destroyed the town by fire, and repeated their outrage upon the new built town in 1002. Seven years after, Swein, the Danish leader, was repulsed by the inhabitants in a similar attempt, who took vengeance on their implacable enemy by a general massacre on the feast of St. Brice. In the civil commotions under the Saxon prince, Oxford had again its full share of the evils of war. After the death of Harold, William the Conqueror was bravely opposed by the citizens in his attempt to enter Oxford, which effecting by force, he was so much exasperated at their attachment to Harold, that he bestowed the government of the town on Robert de Oilgo, a Norman, with permission to build a castle to keep his Oxford subjects in awe. The disturbances during the reign of Stephen and his successor were frequent, and in the reign of John, A.D. 1209, an unfortunate occurrence threatened the entire destruction of Oxford as a seat of learning. A student, engaged in thoughtless diversion, killed a woman, and fled from justice. A band of citizens, with the mayor at their head, surrounded the hall to which he belonged, and demanded the offender ; on being informed of his absence, the lawless multitude seized three of the students, who were entirely unconnected with the transaction, and obtained an order from the weak king (whose dislike to the clergy is known), to put the innocent persons to death—an order which was but too promptly obeyed. The scholars, justly enraged by this treatment, quitted Oxford, some to Cambridge and Reading, and others to Maidstone, in Kent. The offended students also applied to the Pope, who laid the city under an interdict and discharged all professors from teaching in it. This step completely humbled the citizens, who sent a deputation of the

many of the party were compelled to put up with sorry accommodation, such was the influx of gowns-

most respectable to wait on the Pope's legate (then at Westminster) to acknowledge their rashness and request mercy; the legate (Nicholas, Bishop of Tusculum,) granted their petition only on the most humiliating terms. The mayor and corporation were enjoined, by way of penance, to proceed annually, on the day dedicated to St. Nicholas, to all the parish churches bare-headed, with hempen halters round their necks, and whips in their hands, on their bare feet, and in their shirts, and there pray the benefit of absolution from the priests, repeating the penitential psalms, and to pay a mark of silver per annum to the students of the hall peculiarly injured; in addition to which they were, on the recurrence of the same day, to entertain one hundred poor scholars "*honestis refectionibus*," the abbot of Evesham yearly paying sixteen shillings towards the festival expense. A part of this ceremony, but without the degrading marks of it, is continued to this day. Henry III. occasionally resided at Oxford, and held there many parliaments and councils: in the reign of this king the university flourished to an unexampled degree, the number of students being estimated at fifteen thousand. Its popularity was about this time also greatly increased from the circumstance of not less than one thousand students quitting the learned institutions of Paris, and repairing to Oxford for instruction; but these foreigners introduced so dangerous a levity of manners, that the Pope deemed it necessary to send his legate for the purpose of reforming "certain flagrant corruptions of the place." The legate was at first treated with much affected civility, but an occasion for quarrel being soon found, he would, in all probability, have been sacrificed upon the spot, had he not hidden himself in a belfry from the fury of the assailants. This tumult was, by the exercise of some strong measures, speedily appeased; but the number of students was at this period infinitely too great to preserve due subordination. They divided themselves into parties, among which the north and south countrymen were the most violent, and their quarrels harassing and perpetual. According to the rude temper of the age, these disputes were not settled by argument, but by dint of blows; and the peace of the city was in this way so often endangered, that the king thought it expedient to add to the civil power two aldermen and eight burgesses assistant, together with two bailiffs. From petty and intestine broils, the students appear to have acquired a disposition for political interference. When Prince Edward, returning from Paris, marched with an army towards Wales, coming to Oxford he was by the

men who, shut out of lodging and college, had sought this refuge to wait the approaching morn ; — a morn big with the fate of many a scholastic woe — of lectures and reprovals from tutors, and fines and impositions and denunciations from principals, of proctorial reports to the vice-chancellor, and examinations before the *big wigs*, and sentences of expulsion burghers refused admittance, “on occasion of the tumults now prevailing among the barons :” he quartered his soldiers in the adjacent villages, and “lodged himself that night in the royal palace of Magdalen,” the next morning proceeding on his intended journey ; but the scholars, who were shut in the town, being desirous to salute a prince whom they loved so much, first assembled round *Smith-gate*, and demanded to be let into the fields, which being refused by one of the bailiffs, they returned to their hostels for arms and broke open the gate, whereupon the mayor arrested many of them, and, on the chancellor’s request, was so far from releasing them that he ordered the citizens to bring out their banners and display them in the midst of the street ; and then embattling them, commanded a sudden onset on the rest of the scholars remaining in the town ; and much bloodshed had been committed had not a scholar, by the sound of the school-bell in Saint Mary’s church, given notice of the danger that threatened the students, then at dinner. On this alarm they straightways armed and went out, and in a tremendous conflict subdued and put the townsmen to flight. In consequence of this tumult, the king required the scholars to retire from the city during the time of holding his parliament ; the chief part of the students accordingly repaired to Northampton, where, shortly after the insurgent barons had fortified themselves, on the king’s laying siege to the place, the scholars, offended by their late removal, joined with the nobility, and repaired to arms under their own standard, behaving in the fight with conspicuous gallantry, and greatly increasing the wrath of the king ; who, however, on the place being subdued, was restrained from pursuing them to extremities, from prudential motives. As the kingdom became more settled, the disturbances were less frequent, and within the last century assumed the character of sportive rows rather than malicious feuds. On a recent lamentable occasion (now happily forgotten) the political feelings of the Gown and Town in some measure revived the spirit of the “olden time ;” but since then Peace has waved her olive-branch over the city of Oxford, and perfect harmony, let us hope, will exist between Town and Gown for evermore.

and rustication : coming evils which, by anticipation, kept many a man awake upon his pillow, spite of the perilous fatigue which weighed so heavy upon the exhausted frame. The *freshman* had little to fear : he could plead his ignorance of college rules, or escape notice altogether, from not having yet domiciled within the walls of a college. Although I had little to expect from the apprehension of any of these troubles, as my person was, from my short residence, most likely unknown to any of the authorities—yet did Morpheus refuse his soporific balsam to the mind—I could not help thinking of my young and giddy companions, of the kind-hearted Eglantine, immured within the walls of a dungeon ; of the noble-spirited Echo, maltreated and disfigured by the temporary loss of an eye ; of the facetious Bob Transit, so bruised and exhausted, that a long illness might be expected ; and, lastly, of our Eton *sextile*, the incomparable *exquisite* Lionise, who, if discovered in his dangerous frolic, would, perhaps, have to leap out of a first floor window at the risk of his neck, sustain an action for damages, and his expulsion from college at the same time. Little Dick Gradus, with his usual cunning, had *shirked* us at the commencement of hostilities ; and the Honourable Mr. Sparkle had been carried home to his lodging, early in the fray, more overcome by *hard* drinking than *hard* fighting, and there safely put to bed by the indefatigable Mark Supple, to whose friendly zeal and more effective arm we were all much indebted. In this reflective mood, I had watched the retiring shadows of the night gradually disperse before the gray-eyed morn, and had just caught a glimpse of the golden streaks which illumine the face of day, when my o'erwearied spirit sank to rest. A little before seven o'clock I was awake by Echo, who came into my room to borrow some clean linen, to enable him to attend chapel prayers at Christ Church. Judge my surprise when I perceived my one-eyed





BLACK MATINS. *or the Effect of*





*Late drinking upon Early Risers.*



warrior completely restored to his full sight, and not the least appearance of any participation in the affair of the previous night. "What? you can't comprehend how I managed my black optic? hey, old fellow," said Echo; "you shall hear: knocked up Transit, and made him send for his colours, and paint it over—looks quite natural, don't it?—defy the *big wigs* to find it out—and if I can but make all right by a *sop* to the old Cerberus at the gate, and *queer* the *prick bills* at chapel prayers, I hope to escape the *quick-sands* of *rustication*, and pass safely through the *creek* of *proctorial jeopardy*. If you're fond of fun, old fellow, jump up and view the Christ Church men proceeding to *black matins* this morning. After the Roysten hunt yesterday—the dinner at the Black Bear at Woodstock—and the *Town and Gown* row of last night, there will be a motley procession this morning, I'll bet a hundred." The opportunity was a rare one to view the effect of *late* drinking upon *early* risers (see Plate); slipping on my academicals, therefore, I accompanied my friend Tom to morning prayers,—a circumstance, as I have since been informed, which would have involved me in very serious disgrace, had the appearance of an *ex college* man at vespers attracted the notice of any of the *big wigs*. Fortunately, however, I escaped the prying eyes of authority, which, on these occasions, are sometimes as much under the dominion of Morpheus—and literally walk in their sleep from custom—as the young and inexperienced betray the influence of some more seductive charm. The very bell that called the drowsy student from his bed seemed to rise and fall in accordant sympathy with the lethargic humour that prevailed, tolling in slow and half-sounding notes scarcely audible beyond the college gates. The broken light, that shed its misty hue through the monastic aisle of painted windows and clustered columns, gave an increased appearance of drowsiness to the scene; while the chilling air of the

morning nipped the young and dissolute, as it fell in hazy dews upon the bare-headed sons of *alma mater*, within many of whose bosoms the fires of the previous night's debauch were but scarce extinguished. Then came the lazy unwashed *scout*, crawling along the quadrangle, rubbing his heavy eyes, and cursing his hard fate to be thus compelled to give early notice to some slumbering student of the hour of seven, waking him from dreams of bliss, by thundering at his *oak* the summons to *black matins*. Now crept the youthful band along the avenue, and one by one the drowsy congregation stole through the Gothic ante-chamber that leads to Christ Church chapel, like unwilling victims to some pious sacrifice. Here a lengthened yawn proclaimed the want of rest, and near a tremulous step and heavy half-closed eye was observed, pacing across the marble floor, with hand pressed to his *os frontis*, as if a thousand odd and sickly fantasies inhabited that chamber of the muses. Now two friends might be seen, supporting a third, whose ghastly aspect bespoke him *fresh* in the sacred mysteries of college parties and of Bacchus; but who had, nevertheless, undergone a tolerable seasoning on the previous night. There a jolly Nimrod, who had just cleared the college walls, and reached his *rooms* time enough to cover his hunting frock and boots with his academicals, was seen racing along, to 'scape the *prick bill's* report, with his round hunting cap in his hand, in lieu of the square tufted trencher of the schools. Night-caps thrown off in the entry—shoes and stockings tied in the aisle—a red slipper and the black jockey boot decorating one pair of legs was no uncommon sight; while on every side rushed forward the anxious group with gowns on one arm, or trailing after them, or loosely thrown around the shoulders to escape tribulation, with here and there a sentimental-looking personage of portly habit and solemn gait moving slowly on, filled up the motley picture. The prayers were, indeed, brief, and

hurried through with a rapidity that, I dare say, is never complained of by the *togati*; but is certainly little calculated to impress the youthful mind with any serious respect for these relics of monkish custom, which, after all, must be considered more in the light of a punishment for those who are compelled to attend than any necessary or instructive service connected with the true interests of orthodoxy. In a quarter of an hour the whole group had dispersed to their respective rooms, and within the five minutes next ensuing, I should suppose, the greater part were again comfortably deposited beneath their bedclothes, snoozing away the time till ten or twelve, to make up for these inroads on the slumbers of the previous night. A few hours spent in my friend's rooms, lolling on the sofa, while the *scout* prepared breakfast, and Tom decorated his person, brought the awful hour of the morning, when all who had taken any very conspicuous share in the events of the previous night were likely to hear of their misdoings, and receive a summons to appear before the vice-chancellor in the Divinity school, better known by the name of *Golgotha*, or the place of skulls, (see Plate); where, on this occasion, he was expected to meet the *big wigs*, to confer on some important measures necessary for the future peace and welfare of the university. The usual time had elapsed for these unpleasant visitations, and Echo was chuckling finely at his dexterity in evading the eye of authority, nor was I a little pleased to have escaped myself, when a single rap at the *oak*, not unlike the hard determined thump of an inflexible *dun*, in one moment revived all our worst apprehensions, and, unfortunately, with too much reason for the alarm. The proctors had marked poor Tom, and traced him out, and this visit was from one of their *bull-dogs*, bringing a summons for Echo to attend before the vice-chancellor and dignitaries. "What's to be done, old fellow?" said Echo; "I shall be

*expelled* to a certainty—and, if I don't strike my own name off the books at the *buttery hatch*, shall be prevented making a retreat to *Cam roads*.—You're out of the scrape, that's clear, and that affords me some hope; for as you are *fresh*, your word will pass for something in extenuation, or arrest of judgment." After some little time spent in anticipating the charges likely to be brought against him, and arranging the best mode of defence, it was agreed that Echo should proceed forthwith to *Golgotha*, and there, with undaunted front, meet his accusers; while I was to proceed to Transit and Lionise, and having instructed them in the story we had planned, meet him at the *place of skulls*, fully prepared to establish, by the most incontrovertible and consistent evidence, that we were not the aggressors in the row. A little persuasion was necessary to convince both our friends that their presence would be essential to Echo's acquittal; they had too many just qualms, and fears, and prejudices of this inquisitorial court not to dread perhaps detection, and a severe reprimand themselves: having, however, succeeded in this point, we all three compared notes, and proceeded to where the vice-chancellor and certain heads of houses sat in solemn judgment on the trembling *togati*. Echo was already under examination; one of the *bull-dogs* had sworn particularly to Tom's being a most active leader in the fray of the previous night; and having, in the contest, suffered a complete disorganization of his lower jaw, with the total loss of sundry of his *front rails*, he took this opportunity of affixing the honour of the deed to my unlucky friend, expecting, no doubt, a very handsome recompense would be awarded him by the court. Expostulation was in vain: Transit, Lionise, and myself were successively called in and examined very minutely, and although we all agreed to a letter in our story, and made a very clever de-





*Golgotha or the Place of Skulls. —*





*Tom Echo receiving sentence of Rustication.*



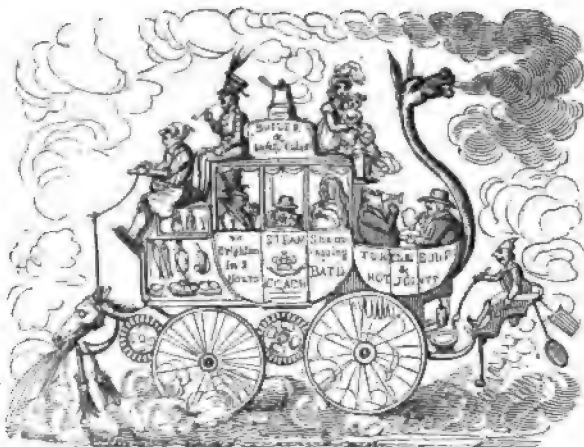
fence of the culprit, we yet had the mortification to hear from little *Dodd*, who kept the door, and who is always best pleased when he can convey unpleasant tidings to the Gown, that Echo had received sentence of rustication for the remainder of the term ; and that Eglantine, in consideration of the imprisonment he had already undergone, and some favourable circumstances in his case, was let off with a *fine and imposition*. Thus ended the row of the *Town and Gown*, as far as our party was personally concerned ; but many of the members of the different colleges were equally unfortunate in meeting the heavy censures and judgments of authority. I have just taken possession of my *hospitium*, and set down with a determination to *fagg* ; do, therefore, keep your promise, and enliven the dull routine of college studies with some account of the world at Brighton.

BERNARD BLACKMANTLE.



*From the Rake's Progress at the University, by Gilray.*

On what dread perils doth the youth adventure,  
Who dares within the Fellows' *Bog* to enter.



Invented by  
Horatio Hearty.

Designed by  
B. Transit.

## THE STAGE COACH,

### OR THE TRIP TO BRIGHTON.

*Improvements in Travelling—Contrast of ancient and modern Conveyances and Coachmen—Project for a new Land Steam Carriage—The Inn-yard at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross—Mistakes of Passengers—Variety of Characters—Advantages of the Box-seat—Obstructions on the Road—A Pull-up at the Elephant and Castle—Move on to Kennington Common—New Churches—Civic Villas at Brixton—Modern Taste in Architecture described—Arrival at Croydon; why not now the King's Road?—The Joliffe Hounds—A Hunting Leader—Anecdotes of the Horse, by Coachee—The new Tunnel at Reigate—The Baron's Chamber—The Golden Ball—the Silver Ball—and the Golden Calf—Entrance into Brighton.*

THAT every age is an improved edition of the former I am not (recollecting the splendid relics of

antiquity) prepared to admit ; but that the present is particularly distinguished for discoveries in science, and vast improvements in mechanical arts, every accurate observer must allow : the *prodigious* inventions of late years cannot fail in due time of producing that perfectibility, the great consummation denominated the Millennium. Of all other improvements, perhaps the most conspicuous are in the powers of motion as connected with the mode and means of travelling. With what astonishment, were it possible to reanimate the clay-cold relics, would our ancestors survey the accelerated perfection to which coaching is brought in the present day ! The journey from London to Brighton, for instance, was, half-a-century since, completed at great risk in twenty-four hours, over a rough road that threatened destruction at every turn ; and required the most laborious exertion to reach the summit of precipices that are now, like a ruined spendthrift, *cut* through and through : the declivities too have disappeared, and from its level face, the whole country would appear to have undergone another revolutionary change, even to the horses, harness, and the driver of the vehicle. In such a country as this, where a disposition to activity and a rambling propensity to seek their fortunes forms one of the most distinguishing characteristics, it was to be expected that travelling would be brought to great perfection ; but the most sanguine in this particular could never have anticipated the rapidity with which we are now whirled from one end of the kingdom to the other ; fifty-two miles in five hours and a quarter, five changes of horses, and the same coachman to whisk you back again to supper over the same ground, and within the limits of the same day. No *ruts* or *quarterings* now—all level as a bowling-green—half-bred blood cattle—bright brass harness—*minute and a half time* to change—and a well-bred gentlemanly fellow for a coachman, who amuses you

with a volume of anecdotes, if you are fortunate enough to secure the box-seat, or touches his hat with the *congee* of a courtier, as he pockets your tributary shilling at parting. No necessity either for settling your worldly affairs, or taking an affectionate farewell of a long string of relations before starting ; travelling being now brought to a security unparalleled, and letters patent having passed the great seal of England to ensure, by means of *safety coaches*, the lives of her rambling subjects. There requires but one other invention to render the whole perfect, and that, if we may believe the newspapers, is very near completion—a coach to go without horses : to this I beg leave to propose, the steam apparatus might be made applicable to all the purposes of a portable kitchen. The coachman, instead of being a good judge of horse-flesh, to be selected from a first rate London tavern for his proficiency in cooking, a known prime hand at decomposing a turtle ; instead of a book of roads, in the inside pocket should be placed a copy of Mrs. Glasse on Cookery, or Dr. Kitchener on Culinaries ; where the fore-boot now is might be constructed a glazed larder, filled with all the good things in season : then too the accommodation to invalids, the back seat of the coach, might be made applicable to all the purposes of a shampooing or vapour bath—no occasion for Molineux or his black rival Mahomed ; book your patients inside back seat in London, wrap them up in blankets, and give directions to the cook to keep up a good steam thermometer during the journey, 120°, and you may deliver them safe at Brighton, properly hashed and reduced for any further medical experiments. (See Engraving, p. 274.) The accommodation to fat citizens, and western *gourmands*, would be excellent, the very height of luxury and refinement—inhaling the salubrious breeze one moment, and gurgling down the glutinous calipash the next ; no

exactions of impudent waiters, or imposing landlords, or complaints of dying from hunger, or choking from the want of time to masticate ; but every wish gratified and every sense employed. Then how jovial and pleasant it would appear to see perched up in front a John Bull-looking fellow in a snow-white jacket, with a night-cap and apron of the same, a carving-knife in a case by his side, and a poker in his hand to stir up the steam-furnace, or singe a highwayman's wig, should any one attack the coach ; this indeed would be an improvement worthy of the age, and call forth the warmest and most *grateful* tributes of applause from all ranks in society. For myself, I have always endeavoured to read "men more than books," and have ever found an endless diversity of character, a never-failing source of study and amusement in a trip to a watering-place : perched on the top in summer, or pinched inside in winter of a stage-coach, here, at leisure and unknown, I can watch the varied groups of all nations as they roam about for profit or for pleasure, and note their varieties as they pass away like the retiring landscape, never perhaps to meet the eye again.

The excursion to Brighton was no sooner finally arranged, than declining the proffered seat in D'Almaine's travelling carriage, I packed up my port-manteau, and gave directions to my servant to book me outside at the Golden Cross, by the seven o'clock morning coach, for Brighton ; taking care to secure the box-seat, by the payment of an extra shilling to the porter.

An inn-yard, particularly such a well-frequented one as the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, affords the greatest variety of character and entertainment to a humorist. Vehicles to all parts of the kingdom, and from the inscription on the Dover coaches, I might add to all parts of the world, *via Paris*. "Does that coach go the whole way to France?" said an un-

suspecting little piece of female simplicity to me, as I stood lolling on the steps at the coach-office door. "Certainly," replied I, unthinkingly. "O, then I suppose," said the speaker, "they have finished the projected chain-pier from Dover to Calais." "France and England united? nothing more impossible," quoth I, correcting the impression I had unintentionally created. "Are you going by the Brighton, mam?" "Yes, I be." "Can't *take* all that luggage." "Then you sha'n't *take* me." "Don't wish to be *taken* for a waggon-man." "No, but by Jasus, friend, you are a wag-on-her," said a merry-faced Hibernian, standing by. "Have you paid down the *dust*, mam?" inquired the last speaker. "I have paid for my *place*, sir," said the lady; "and I shall lose *two*, if I don't go." "Then by the powers, cookey, you had better pay for one and a half, and that will include *luggage*, and then you'll be a half gainer by the bargain." "What a cursed narrow hole this is for a decent-sized man to cram himself in at!" muttered an enormous bulky citizen, sticking half-way in the coach-door, and panting for breath from the violence of his exertions to drag his hind-quarters after him. "Take these hampers on the top, Jack," said the porter below to the man loading the coach, and quietly rested the baskets across the projecting *ultimatum* of the fat citizen (to the no little amusement of the bystanders), who through his legs vociferated, "I'll indict you, fellows; I'll be —— if I don't, under Dick Martin's act." "It must be then, my jewel," said the waggish Hibernian, "for overloading a mule." "Do we take *the whole* of you to-day, sir?" said coachee, assisting to push him in. "What do you mean by *the whole*? I am only *one* man." "A *master tailor*," said coachee, aside, "he must be then, with the *pickings* of *nine* poor journeymen in his paunch." "Ish tere any room outshide te coach?" bawled out a black-headed little Israelite; "ve shall be all shmotered vithin,



tish hot day ; here are too peepels inshite, vat each might fill a coach by temselves." "All right—all right ; take care of your heads, gemmen, going under the gateway ; give the bearing rein of the near leader one twist more, and pole up the off wheeler a link or two. All right, Tom—all right—stand away from the horses' heads, there—ehewt, fee'e't !"—smack goes the whip, and away goes the Brighton Times like a Congreve rocket, filled with all manner of combustibles.

The box-seat has one considerable advantage—it exempts you from the inquisitive and oftentimes impertinent conversation of a mixed group of stage-coach passengers ; in addition to which, if you are fond of driving, a foible of mine, I confess, it affords an opportunity for an extra lesson on the noble art of *handling the ribbons*, and at the same time puts you in possession of all the topographical, descriptive, and anecdotal matter relative to the resident gentry and the road.

The first two miles from the place of starting is generally occupied in clearing obstructions on the road, taking up old maids at their own houses, with pug-dogs, pattens, and parrots, or pert young misses at their papas' shop-doors ; whose mammas take this opportunity of delaying a coach-load of people to display their maternal tenderness at parting, while the junior branches of the family hover round the vehicle, and assail your ears with lisping out their eternal "good b'yes," and the old hairless head of the family is seen slyly *tipping* coachee an extra shilling to take care of his darling girl. The Elephant and Castle produces another *pull-up*, and here a branch-coach brings a load of lumber from the city, which, while the porter is stowing away, gives time to exhibit the *lions* who are leaving London in every direction. King's Bench rulers with needy habiliments, and lingering looks, sighing for term-time and

a *horse*,<sup>1</sup> on one side the road, and Jews, newsmen, and *touters*, on the other ; who nearly *give away* their goods, if you believe them, for the good of the nation, or force you into a coach travelling in direct opposition to the road for which you have been booked, and in which your luggage may by such mischance happily precede you at least half a day. At length all again is declared *right*, the supervisor delivers his *way-bill*, and forward moves the coach, at a somewhat brisker pace, to Kennington Common. I shall not detain my readers here with a long dull account of the unfortunate rebels who suffered on this spot in 1745 ; but rather direct their attention to a neat Protestant church, which has recently been erected on the space between the two roads leading to Croydon and Sutton, the portico of which is in fine architectural taste, and the whole building a very great accommodation and distinguished ornament to the neighbourhood. About half a mile farther, on the rise of Brixton hill, is another newly erected church, the portico in the style of a Greek temple, and in an equally commanding situation : from this to Croydon, ten miles, you have a tolerable specimen of civic taste in rural architecture.

On both sides of the road may be seen a variety of incongruous edifices, called villas and cottage *ornées*, peeping up in all the pride of a retired linen-draper, or the consequential authority of a man in office, in as many varied styles of architecture as of dispositions in the different proprietors, and all exhibiting (in their possessors' opinion) claims to the *purest* and most *refined taste*.

For example, the basement story is in the Chinese or *Venetian* style, the first floor in that of the *florid Gothic*, with *tiles* and a pediment *à-la-Nash*, at the Bank ; a doorway with inclined *jambes*, and a hieroglyphic *à-la-Greek* : a gable-ended glass *lean to* on

<sup>1</sup> A day-rule, so called.

one side, about big enough for a dog-kennel, is called a green-house, while a similar erection on the other affords retirement for the *tit* and tilbury ; the door of which is always set wide open in fine weather, to display to passers-by the splendid equipage of the occupier. The parterre in front (green as the jaundiced eye of their less fortunate brother tradesmen) is enriched with some dozens of vermilion-coloured flower-pots mounted on a japanned verdigris frame, sending forth odoriferous, balmy, and enchanting gales to the grateful olfactory organs, from the half-withered stems of pining and consumptive geraniums ; to complete the picture, two unique plaster casts of naked figures, the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medici, at most a foot in altitude, are placed on clumsy wooden pedestals of three times that height before the parlour-windows, painted in a *chaste* flesh-colour, and guarded by a Whitechapel bull-dog, who, like another Cerberus, sits growling at the gate to fright away the child of poverty, and insult the less wealthy pedestrian.

Happy country ! where every man can consult his own taste, and build according to his own fancy, amalgamating in one structure all the known orders and varieties, Persian, Egyptian, Athenian, and European.

Croydon in 1573 contained the *archiepiscopal palace* of the celebrated Archbishop Parker, who, as well as his successor Whitgift, here had frequently the honour to entertain Queen Elizabeth and her court : the manor since the reign of William the Conqueror has belonged to the Archbishops of Canterbury. The church is a venerable structure, and the stately tower, embowered with woods and flanked by the Surrey hills, a most picturesque and commanding object ; the interior contains some monuments of antiquity well worthy the attention of the curious. The town itself has little worthy of note except the hospital,

founded by Archbishop Whitgift for a warder and twenty poor men and women, decayed housekeepers of Croyden and Lambeth : a very comfortable and well-endowed retirement.

"This was formerly the King's road," said coachee, "but the radicals having thought proper to insult his majesty on his passing through to Brighton during the affair of the late Queen, he has ever since gone by the way of Sutton : a circumstance that has at least operated to produce *one christian virtue* among the inhabitants, namely, that of *humility* ; before this there was no *getting change* for a *civil sentence* from them."

To Merstham seven miles, the road winds through a bleak valley called Smithem Bottom, till recently the favourite resort of the cockney gunners for rabbit-shooting ; but whether from the noise of their *harmless* double-barrel *Nocks*, or the more dreadful carnage of the Croydon poachers, these animals are now exceedingly scarce in this neighbourhood. Just as we came in sight of Merstham, the distant view halloo of the huntsman broke upon our ears, when the near-leader rising upon his haunches and neighing with delight at the inspiring sound, gave us to understand that he had not always been used to a life of drudgery, but in earlier times had most likely carried some daring Nimrod to the field, and bounded with fiery courage o'er hedge and gate, through dell and brake, outstripping the fleeting wind to gain the honour of *the brush*. Ere we had gained the village, reynard and the whole field broke over the road in their scarlet frocks, and dogs and horses made a dash away for a steeple chase across the country, led by the worthy-hearted owner of the pack, the jolly fox-hunting Colonel, Hilton Jolliffe, whose residence caps the summit of the hill. From hence to Reigate, four miles farther, there was no circumstance or object of interest, if I except a very romantic tale coachee nar-

rated of his hunting leader, who had *of course* been bred in the stud of royalty itself, and had since been the property of two or three sporting peers, when, having put out a *spavin*, during the last hunting season, he was sold for a *machiner*; but being since *fired* and *turned out*, he had *come up all right*, and was now, according to coachee's *disinterested* opinion, one of the best hunters in the kingdom. As I was not exactly the customer coachee was looking for, being at the time pretty well mounted, I thought it better to indulge him in the joke, particularly as any doubt on my part might have soured the whip, and made him sullen for the rest of the journey.

At Reigate a trifling accident happened to one of the springs of the coach, which detained us half an hour, and enabled me to pay a visit to the celebrated sand cavern, where, it is reported, the Barons met, during the reign of King John, to hold their councils and draw up that great *palladium* of English liberty, *Magna Charta*, which was afterwards signed at Runnymede. There was something awful about this stupendous excavation that impressed me with solemn thoughtfulness; it lies about sixty feet from the surface of the earth, and is divided into three apartments with arched roofs, the farthest of which is designated the Barons' Chamber. Time flowed back upon my memory as I sat in the niches hewn out in the sides of the cavern, and meditation deep usurped my mind as I dwelt on the recollections of history; on the

"Majestic forms, and men of other times,  
Retired to fan the patriotic fire,  
Which, bursting forth at Runnymede,  
With rays of glory lightened all the land!"

Near to the mouth of this cavern stands the remains of Holms Castle, celebrated in the history of the civil wars between Charles the First and his parliament; and on the site of an ancient monastic establishment,

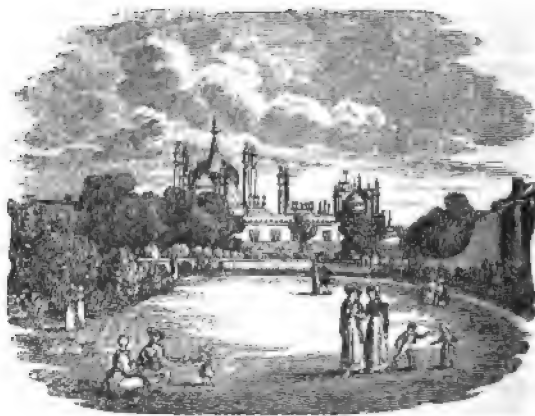
near to the spot, has been erected a handsome modern mansion called the Priory of Holmsdale, the name of the valley in which the town is situate. Returning to the inn I observed the new tunnel, which we had previously passed under, a recent work of great labour and expense, which saves a considerable distance in the approach to the town; it has been principally effected by a wealthy innkeeper, and certainly adds much to the advantage and beauty of the place. Coachee had now made *all right*, and his anxious passengers were again replaced in their former situations to proceed on our journey. The next stage, *ten miles*, to Crawley, a picturesque place, afforded little variety, if I except an immense elm which stands by the side of the road as you enter, and has a door in front to admit the curious into its hollow trunk. Our next post was Cuckfield, *nine miles*, where I did not discover any thing worthy of narration; from this to Brighton, *twelve miles*, coachee amused me with some anecdotes of persons whom we passed upon the road. A handsome chariot, with a most divine little creature in the inside, and a good-looking *roué*, with huge mustachios, first attracted my notice: "that is the *golden Ball*," said coachee, "and his new wife; he often *rolls down* this road for a day or two—spends his cash like an emperor—and before he was *tied up* used to *tip* pretty freely for *handling the ribbons*, but that's all *up* now, for *Mamsell Mercandotti* finds him better amusement. A gentleman who often *comes down* with me says his father was a slopseller in Ratcliffe Highway, and afterwards marrying the widow of Admiral Hughes, a rich old West India nabob, he left this young gentleman the bulk of his property, and a very worthy fellow he is: but we've another rich fellow that's rather notorious at Brighton, which we distinguish by the name of the *silver Ball*, only he's a bit of a *screw*, and has lately

got himself into a scrape about a pretty actress, from which circumstance they have changed his name to the *Footie Ball*. I suppose you guess where I am now," said coachee, tipping me one of his knowing winks. "Do you see that machine before us, a sort of cabriolet, with two horses drove in a curricie bar? that is another *swell* who is very fond of Brighton, a Jew gentleman of the name of Solomon, whom the wags have made a Christian of by the new appellation of the *golden calf*; but his godfathers were never more out in their lives, for in *splitting a bob*, it's my opinion, he'd bother all Bevis Marks and the Stock Exchange into the bargain." In this way we trotted along, gathering good air and information at every step, until we were in sight of Brighton Downs, a long chain of hills, which appear on either side; with their undulating surfaces covered with the sweet herb wild thyme, and diversified by the numerous flocks of South-down sheep grazing on their loftiest summits. After winding through the romantic valley of Preston, the white-fronted houses and glazed bricks of Brighton break upon the sight, sparkling in the sun-beams, with a distant glimpse of the sea, appearing, at first sight, to rise above the town like a blue mountain in the distance: we entered the place along what is called the London Road, with a view of the Pavilion before us, the favourite abode of royalty, shooting its minaret towers and glass dome upwards in the most grotesque character, not unlike the representations of the Kremlin at Moscow; exciting, at the first glance, among the passengers, the most varied and amusing sallies of witticisms and conjectures.—Having procured a sketch of it from this view, I shall leave you to contemplate, while I retire to my inn and make the necessary arrangements for refreshment and future habitation.

By way of postscript, I enclose you a very entertaining scene I witnessed between D'Almaine and

his wife the night previous to my journey : they are strange creatures ; but you love eccentrics, and may be amused with this little drama, which formed the motive for my visit.

HORATIO HEARTLY.



*View of the Pavilion, Brighton, from the New Parade.*



## THE PROPOSITION.

*Family Secrets—Female Tactics—How to carry the Point.*

"It was ever thus, D'Almaine," said Lady Mary; "always hesitating between a natural liberality of disposition, and a cold, calculating, acquired parsimony, that has never increased our fortune in the sum of sixpence, or added in the slightest degree to our domestic comforts." "All the *prejudice of education*," said D'Almaine, good-humouredly; "my old uncle, the banker, to whose bounty we are both much indebted, my dear, early inculcated these notions of thrift into the brain of a certain light-hearted young gentleman, whose buoyant spirits sometimes led him a little beyond the *barrier of prudence*, and too often left him environed with difficulties in the *marshes of impediment*. 'Look before you leap,' was a wise saw of the old gentleman's; and 'be just before you're generous,' a proverb that never failed to accompany a temporary supply, or an additional demand upon his generosity."—"Hang your old uncle!" replied Lady Mary, pouting and trying to look ill-tempered in the face of Lord Henry's good-natured remonstrance,—"I never ask a favour for myself, or solicit you to take the recreation necessary to your own health and that of your family, but I am pestered with the revised musty maxims of your dead old uncle. He has been consigned to the earth these ten years, and

if it were not for the ten thousand per annum he left us, ought long since to have shared the fate of his ancestry, whose names were never heard more of than the tributary tablet imparts to the eye of curiosity in a country church, and within whose limits all inquiry ends." "Gratitude, Lady Mary, if not respect for my feelings, should preserve that good man's name from reproach." Lord Henry's eye was unusually expressive—he continued :—"The coronet that graces your own soul-inspiring face would lack the lustre of its present brilliancy, but for the generous bequest of the old city banker, whose *plum* was the *sweetest windfall* that ever dropt into the *empty* purse of the poor possessor of an ancient baronial title. The old battlements of Crackenbury have stood many a siege, 'tis true; but that formidable engine of modern warfare, the *catapulta* of the auctioneer, had, but for him, proved more destructive to its walls than the battering-ram and hoarse cannonades of ancient rebels."

When a woman is foiled at argument, she generally has recourse to finesse. Lady Mary had made up her mind to carry her point; finding therefore the right column of her vengeance turned by the smart attack of D'Almaine's raillery, she was determined to out-flank him with her whole park of well-appointed artillery, consisting of all those endearing, solicitous looks and expressions, that can melt the most obdurate heart, and command a victory over the most experienced general. It was in vain that Lord Henry urged the unusual heavy expenses of the season in town,—the four hundred paid for the box at the opera,—or the seven hundred for the greys and the new barouche,—the pending demand from Messrs. Rundell's for the new service of plate,—and the splendid alterations and additions just made to the old family hall,—with

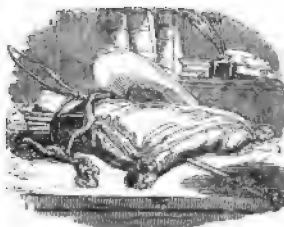
numerous other most provoking items which the old steward had conjured up, as if on purpose, to abridge the pleasures of Lady Mary's intended tour. "It was very *distressing*—she heartily wished there was no such thing as money in the world—it made people very *miserable*—they were a much *happier* couple, she contended, when they were merely Honourables, and lived upon a paltry two thousand and the expectancy—there never was any difficulty then about money transactions, and a proposition for a trip to a watering-place was always hailed with pleasure."—"True, Lady Mary; but then you forget we travelled in a stage coach, with your maid on the outside, while my man servant, with a led-horse, followed or preceded us. Then, we were content with lodgings on the West-cliff, and the use of a kitchen: now, we require a splendid establishment, must travel in our own chariot, occupy half a mews with our horses, and fill half a good-sized barrack with our servants. Then, we could live snug, accept an invitation to dinner with a commoner, and walk or ride about as we pleased, without being pointed at as *lions* or *rare aves* just broke loose from the great state aviary at St. James's." "We shall scarcely be discovered," said Lady Mary, "among the stars that surround the regal planet."—"We shall be much *mortified* then," said Lord Henry, facetiously. — "You are very provoking, D'Almaine. I know your turf speculations have proved fortunate of late: I witnessed Sir Charles paying you a large sum the other morning; and I have good reason for thinking you have been successful at the club, for I have not heard your usual morning salutation to your valet, who generally on the occasion of your losses receives more *checks* than are payable at your bankers. You shall advance me a portion of your winnings, in return for which I promise you good health, good society, and, perhaps, if the stars *shoot*

*rightly*, a good place for our second son. In these days of peace, the distaff can effect more than the field-marshal's baton." — "Always provided," said my sire (clapping his hand upon his *os frontis*), "that nothing else *shoots out* of such condescensions."

"But why has Brighton the preference as a watering place?" said Lord Henry: "the Isle of Wight is, in my opinion, more retired; Southampton more select; Tunbridge Wells more rural; and Worthing more social."—"True, D'Almaine; but I am not yet so old and woe-begone, so out of conceit with myself, or misanthropic with the world, to choose either the retired, the select, the rural, or the social. I love the bustle of society, enjoy the promenade on the Steyne, and the varied character that nightly fills the libraries; I read men, not books, and above all I enjoy the world of fashion. Where the King is, there is concentrated all that is delightful in society. Your retired dowagers and Opposition peers may congregate in rural retirement, and sigh with envy at the enchanting splendour of the court circle; those only who have felt its cheering influence can speak of its inspiring pleasures; and all who have participated in the elegant scene will laugh at the whispers of malignity and the innuendoes of disappointment, which are ever pregnant with some newly invented *on dit* of scandalous tendency, to libel a circle of whom they know nothing but by report; and that report, in nine instances out of ten, 'the weak invention of the enemy.'" "Bravo, Lady Mary; your spirited defence of the Pavilion party does honour to your heart, and displays as much good sense as honest feeling; but a little interest, methinks, lurks about it for all that: I have not forgotten the honour we received on our last visit; and you, I can perceive, anticipate a renewal of the same gratifying condescension; so give James his instructions, and let him proceed to Brighton

to-morrow to make the necessary arrangements for our arrival."

Thus ended the colloquy in the usual family manner, when well-bred men entertain something more than mere respect for their elegant and accomplished partners.



## SKETCHES AT BRIGHTON.

*The Pavilion Party—Interior described—Royal and Noble Anecdotes—King and Mathews.*

I HAD preceded D'Almaine and the Countess only a few hours in my arrival at Brighton ; you know the vivacity and enchanting humour which ever animates that little divinity, and will not therefore be surprised to hear, on her name being announced at the Pavilion, we were honoured with a royal invitation to an evening party. I had long sighed for an opportunity to view the interior of that eccentric building ; but to have enjoyed such a treat, made doubly attractive by the presence of the King, reposing from the toils of state in his favourite retreat, and surrounded by the select circle of his private friends, was more than my most sanguine expectations could have led me to conjecture. Suspending, therefore, my curiosity until the morrow, relative to the Steyne, the beach, the libraries, and the characters, I made a desperate effort in embellishing, to look unusually stylish, and as usual, never succeeded so ill in my life. Our residence on the Grand Parade is scarcely a hundred yards from, and overlooks the Pavilion—a circumstance which had quite escaped my recollection ; for with all the natural anxiety of a young and ardent mind, I had fully equipped myself before the Count had even thought of entering his dressing-room. Half-an-hour's lounge at the projecting window of our new habitation, on a fine summer's evening, gave me an opportunity of remarking the

singular appearance the front of this building presents :

“ If minarets, rising together, provoke  
From the lips of the vulgar the old-fashioned joke—  
‘ *De gustibus non est (I think) disputandum* ’  
The taste is plebeian that quizzes at random.”

There is really something very romantic in the style of its architecture, and by no means inelegant ; perhaps it is better suited for the peculiar situation of this marine palace than a more classical or accredited order would be. It has been likened, on its first appearance, to a chess-board ; but, in my thinking, it more nearly resembles that soul-inspiring scene, the splendid banquet table, decorated in the best style of modern grandeur, and covered with the usual plate and glass enrichments : for instance, the central dome represents the water magnum, the towers right and left, with their pointed spires, champagne bottles, the square compartments on each side are exactly like the form of our fashionable *liqueur* stands, the clock tower resembles the centre ornament of a *plateau*, the various small spires so many enriched *candelabra*, the glass dome a superb dessert dish ; but

“ Don’t expect, my dear boy, I can similies find  
For a heap of similitudes so undefined.  
And why should I censure tastes not my concern ?  
— ‘Tis as well for the arts that all tastes have their turn.”

If I had written for three hours on the subject, I could not have been more explicit ; you have only to arrange the articles in the order enumerated, and you have a model of the upper part of the building before you. At nine o’clock we made our *entré* into the Pavilion, westward, passing through the vestibule and hall, when we entered one of the most superb apartments that art or fancy can devise, whether for richness of effect, decoration, and design : this is

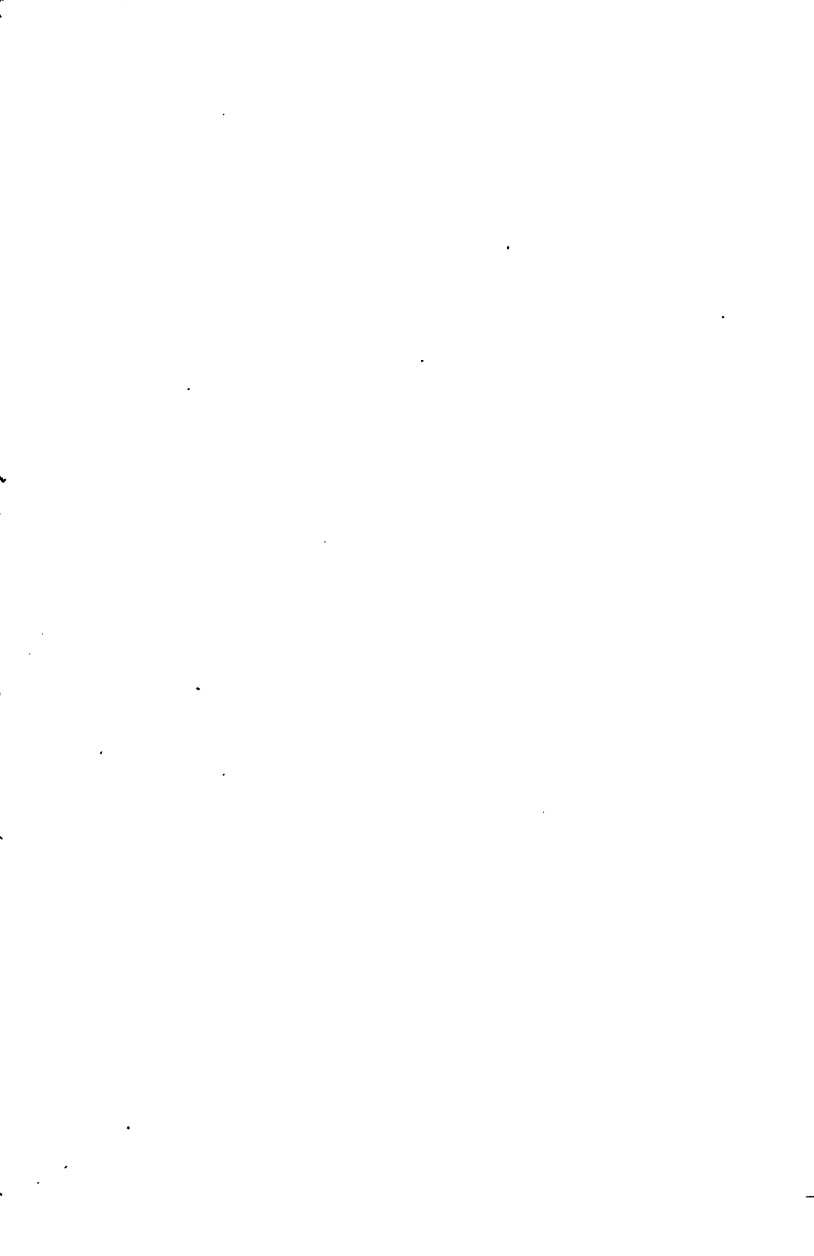
called the *Chinese Gallery*, one hundred and sixty-two feet in length by seventeen feet in breadth, and is divided into five compartments, the centre being illumined with a light of stained glass, on which is represented the God of Thunder, as described in the Chinese mythology, surrounded by the imperial five-clawed dragons, supporting pendent lanterns, ornamented with corresponding devices. The ceiling or cove is the colour of peach blossom ; and a Chinese canopy is suspended round from the lower compartment with tassels, bells, &c. : the furniture and other decorations, such as cabinets, chimney-piece, trophies, and banners, which are in the gallery, are all in strict accordance with the Chinese taste ; while on every side the embellishments present twisted dragons, pagodas, and mythological devices of birds, flowers, insects, statues, formed from a yellow marble ; and a rich collection of Oriental china. The extreme compartments north and south are occupied by chased brass staircases, the lateral ornaments of which are serpents, and the balusters resemble bamboo. In the north division is the *fum*<sup>1</sup> or Chinese bird of royalty : this gallery opens into the music room, an apartment forty-two feet square, with two recesses of ten feet each, and rising in height forty-one feet, to a dome thirty feet in diameter. The magnificence and imposing grandeur of effect surpasses all effort at detail. It presented a scene of enchantment which brought to recollection the florid descriptions, in the Persian Tales, of the palaces of the genii : the prevailing decoration is executed in green gold, and produces a most singularly splendid effect. On the walls are twelve highly finished paintings, views in China,

<sup>1</sup> The *fum* is said to be found in no part of the world but China. It is described as of most admirable beauty ; and their absence for any time from the imperial city regarded as an omen of misfortune to the royal family. The emperor and mandarins have the semblance of these birds embroidered on their vestments.



principally near Peking, imitative of the crimson japan. The dome appears to be excavated out of a rock of solid gold, and is supported by an octagonal base, ornamented with the richest Chinese devices ; at each angle of the room is a pagoda-tower, formed of the most costly materials in glass and china, with lamps attached ; beneath the dome and base is a splendid canopy, supported by columns of crimson and gold, with twisted serpents of enormous size, and terrific expression surrounding them. A magnificent organ, by Sinclair, the largest and best in the kingdom, occupies the north recess, twenty feet in width, length, and height : there are two entrances to this room, one from the *Egyptian gallery*, and another from the yellow drawing-room, each under a rich canopy, supported by gold columns. A beautiful chimney-piece of white statuary marble, and an immense mirror, with splendid draperies of blue, red, and yellow satin, rare china jars, and ornaments in *ormolu*, increase the dazzling brilliancy of the apartment. As this was my first appearance in the palace, the Countess, very considerably, proposed to Sir H—— T——, who conducted us, that we should walk through the other public apartments, before we were ushered into the presence chamber—a proposition the good-natured equerry very readily complied with. Repassing, therefore, the whole length of the Chinese gallery, the southern extremity communicates with the *Royal Banqueting Room*, sixty feet in length, by forty-two in breadth : the walls are bounded at the height of twenty-three feet by a cornice, apparently inlaid with pearls and gold, from which spring four ecliptic arches, supported by golden columns, surmounted with a dome, rising to a height of forty-five feet, and constructed to represent an eastern sky ; beneath which is seen spreading the broad umbrageous foliage of the luxuriant plantain, bearing its fruit and displaying, in all the progressive stages,

the different varieties, from the early blossom to maturity: curious Chinese symbols are suspended from the trunk, and connect themselves with a grand lustre, rising to a height of thirty feet, and reflecting the most varied and magical effect, being multiplied by other lustres, in the several angles adjoining. The walls are decorated with groups of figures, nearly the size of life, portraying the costume of the higher classes of the Chinese; domestic episodes, painted on a ground of imitative pearl, richly wrought, in all the varied designs of Chinese mythology. The furniture is of the most costly description—rose-wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and enriched with *or molu* chasings of the most elegant design; the effect of which is admirably contrasted with the rich glossy jars of blue porcelain, of English manufacture, and magnificent brilliancy. Centrally, between these magnificent apartments, is the *Rotunda* or *Saloon*; an oblong interior of fifty-five feet in length, the decoration chaste and classical in the extreme, being simply white and gold, the enriched cornice being supported by columns and pilasters, and the whole decoration uniting coolness with simplicity. The passages to some of the minor apartments are unique in their style of embellishment, which appears to be of polished white marble, but is, in fact, nothing but a superior Dutch tile, cemented smoothly, in plaster of Paris, and highly varnished. There are many other private and ante-rooms to the west of the Chinese gallery, the decorations of which are more simple, but in a corresponding style. We had now arrived at the *Yellow Room* (see *Plate*), where we understood his Majesty would receive his evening party. The apartment is fifty-six feet in length, by twenty in breadth, and is hung round with a rich fluted drapery of yellow satin, suspended from the ceiling, and representing a magnificent Chinese tent, from the centre of which hangs a chandelier of





*The Evening Party in the G.*



*Yellow Room, at the Pavilion, Brighton.*



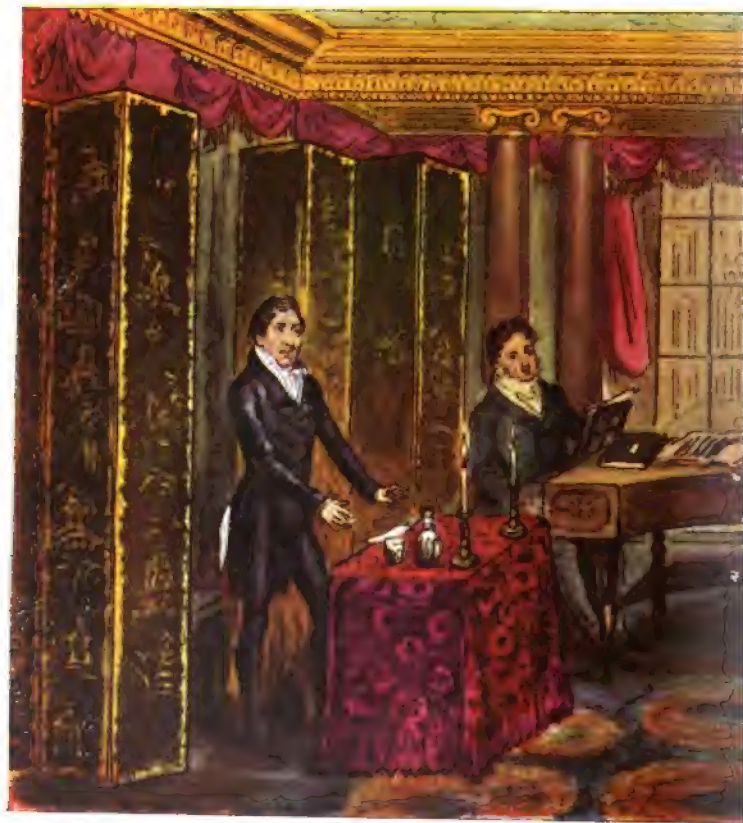
the most splendid design, the light of which is diffused through painted glasses, resembling in shape and colour every variety of the tulip, exciting the greatest admiration. The chimney-piece is Chinese, the stove formed by *chimera* chased in *or molu*, the figures above being models or automaton, of nearly the size of life, dressed in splendid costume, occasionally moving their heads and arms. The furniture of the room is of a similar character to those already described, except the seats, which are ottomans of yellow velvet, the window draperies being of the same splendid material. It was in this truly royal apartment we had the honour of waiting the approach of his Majesty, who entered, at about a quarter before ten, apparently in the enjoyment of the most excellent health and highest spirits. He was preceded by Sir A. F. Barnard and Lord Francis Conyngham, the grooms in waiting, and entered with the Princess Augusta leaning on his arm, the left of her royal highness being supported by the Duke of York ; the Marquis of Conyngham followed, leading in his Marchioness ; and the beautiful and accomplished Lady Elizabeth honoured Sir William Knighton as her conductor. The old Earl of Arran came hobbling on his crutches, dreadfully afflicted with the gout. Sir C. Paget, that merry son of Neptune, with Sir E. Nagle, followed ; the rear being brought up by the fascinating Countess of Warwick and her ever constant earl. (*See Plate.*) Do not imagine, my dear Bernard, that I shall so far outrage the honourable feelings of a gentleman as to relate every word, look, or action, of this illustrious party, for the rude ear of eager curiosity. Those only who have witnessed the Monarch in private life, freed from the weight of state affairs, and necessary regal accompaniments, can form a correct judgment of the unaffected goodness of his heart ; the easy affability, and pliant condescension, with which he can divest

every one around him of any feeling of restraint—the uncommon sprightliness and vivacity he displays in conversation—the life and soul of all that is elegant and classical, and the willing participator and promoter of a good joke. Suffice it to say, the reception was flattering in the extreme, the entertainment conversational and highly intellectual. The moments flew so quickly, that I could have wished the hour of eleven, the period of the King's retiring, had been extended to the noontide of the morrow. But is this all, I think I can hear you say, this friend of my heart dares to repose with me on a subject so agreeable? No—you shall have a few *on dits*, but nothing touching on the scandalous; gleanings, from Sir E——— and Sir C———, the jesters of our sovereign lord the King; but nothing that might excite a blush in the cheek of the lovely Countess, to whom I was indebted for the honour and delight I on that occasion experienced. Imprimis:—I know you are intimate with that inimitable child of whim, Charles Mathews. He is in high estimation with royalty, I assure you; and annually receives the King's command to deliver a selection from his popular entertainments before him—an amusement of which his Majesty speaks in terms of the warmest admiration. On the last occasion, a little *scena* occurred that must have been highly amusing; as it displays at once the kind recollections of the King, and his amiable disposition. As I had it from Sir C———, you may depend upon its authenticity. I shall denominate it the King at Home, or Mathews in Carlton Palace. (*See Plate.*)

Previous to Mathews leaving this country for America, he exhibited a selection from his popular entertainments, by command of his Majesty, at Carlton Palace.—A party of not more than six or eight persons were present, including the Princess Augusta and the Marchioness of Conyngham. During







*The King at Home. or ~*



*Mathews at Carlton House.*



the entertainment (with which the King appeared much delighted), Mathews introduced his imitations of various performers on the British stage, and was proceeding with John Kemble in the *Stranger*, when he was interrupted by the King, who, in the most affable manner, observed that his general imitations were excellent, and such as no one who had ever seen the characters could fail to recognise; but he thought the comedian's portrait of John Kemble somewhat too boisterous.—“He is an old friend, and I might add, tutor of mine,” observed his Majesty: “when I was Prince of Wales he often favoured me with his company. I will give you an imitation of John Kemble,” said the good-humoured monarch. Mathews was electrified. The lords of the bed-chamber eyed each other with surprise. The King rose and prefaced his imitations by observing, “I once requested John Kemble to take a pinch of snuff with me, and for this purpose placed my box on the table before him, saying ‘Kemble, oblige (obleege) me by taking a pinch of snuff.’ He took a pinch, and then addressed me thus:—(Here his Majesty assumed the peculiar carriage of Mr. Kemble.) ‘I thank your Royal Highness for your snuff, but, in future, do extend your royal jaws a little wider, and say OBLIGE.’” The anecdote was given with the most powerful similitude to the actor's voice and manners, and had an astonishing effect on the party present. It is a circumstance equally worthy of the King and the scholar. Mathews, at the conclusion, requested permission to offer an original anecdote of Kemble, which had some affinity to the foregoing. Kemble had been for many years the intimate friend of the Earl of Aberdeen. On one occasion he had called on that nobleman during his morning's ride, and left Mrs. Kemble in the carriage at the door. John and the noble earl were closely engaged on some literary subject a very long time, while Mrs. Kemble was

shivering in the carriage (it being very cold weather). At length her patience being exhausted, she directed her servant to inform his master that she was waiting, and feared the cold weather would bring on an attack of the rheumatism. The fellow proceeded to the door of the earl's study, and delivered his message, leaving out the final letter in rheumatism.—This he had repeated three several times, by direction of his mistress, before he could obtain an answer. At length, Kemble, roused from his subject by the importunities of the servant, replied, somewhat petulantly, "Tell your mistress I shall not come, and, fellow, do you in future say '*tism*.'"

Among the party assembled on this occasion was the favoured son of Esculapius, Sir W—— K——, the secret of whose elevation to the highest confidence of royalty is one of those mysteries of the age which it is in vain to attempt to unravel, and which, perhaps, cannot be known to *more than two* persons in existence: great and irresistible, however, must that influence be, whether *moral* or *physical*, which could obtain such dominion over the mind as to throw into the shade the claims of rank and courtly *lions*, and place an humble disciple of Esculapius on the very summit of royal favour. Of his gentlemanly and amusing talents in society every one must speak in terms of the highest praise, and equally flattering are the reports of his medical skill; but many are the fleeting causes and conjectures assigned for his supremacy—reports which may not be written here, lest I assist in the courtly prattle of misrepresentation. Sir W—— was, I believe, the executor of an old and highly-favoured confidential secretary; might not *certain circumstances* arising out of that trust have paved the way to his elevation? If the intense merits of the individual have raised him to the dazzling

height, the world cannot value them too highly, and sufficiently extol the discrimination of the *first* sovereign and *first* gentleman of the age who could discover and reward desert with such distinguished honour. But if his elevation is the result of any sacrifice of principle, or of any courtly intrigue to remove a once equally fortunate rival, and pave his path with gold, there are few who would envy the favoured minion: against such suspicion, however, we have the evidence of a life of honour, and the general estimation of society. Of his predecessor, and the causes for his removal, I have heard some curious anecdotes, but these you shall have when we meet. A very good story is in circulation here among the court circle relative to the eccentric Lady C—— L——, and a young marchioness, who, spite of the remonstrances of her friends and the general good taste of the ladies in that particular, recently selected an *old man* for a husband, in preference to a choice of at least twenty *young* and titled, dashing *roués*: the whim and caprice of the former is notorious, while the life and animation of the little marchioness renders her the brightest star of attraction in the hemisphere of fashion. "I should like to see Billingsgate, amazingly," said the marchioness to her eccentric friend, while reading a humorous article on the subject in the Morning Chronicle. "It must be entertaining to hear the peculiar phraseology and observe the humorous vulgarities of these *naiades*, if one could do so *incog*." "And why not, my dear?" said Lady C——; "you know there never was a female Quixote in existence among the petticoat blue-stockings, from Lady Wortley Montague to Lady Morgan, who was more deeply affected with the Tom and Jerry *mania* than I am: leave all to me, and I'll answer for taking you there safely, enjoying the scene securely, and escaping without chance of detection." With Lady

C—— a whim of this description is by no means unusual, and the necessary attendance of a confidential servant to protect, in case of danger, a very essential personage. To this Mercury, Lady C—— confided her plan; giving directions for the completion of it on the morning of the morrow, and instructing him to obtain disguises from his wife, who is an upper servant in the family, for the use of the ladies. John, although perfectly free from any alarm on account of Lady C——, should the whim become known, was not so easy in respect to the young and attractive marchioness, whose consort, should any thing unpleasant occur, John wisely calculated, might interfere to remove him from his situation. With this resolve he prudently communicated the ladies' intention to a confidential friend of the marquis, who, on receiving an intimation of their intentions, laughed at the whim, and determined to humour the joke, by attending the place, properly disguised, to watch at a distance the frolic of the ladies. The next morning, at the appointed hour, the footman brought a hackney-coach to the door, and the ladies were quickly conveyed to the scene of action, followed (*unknowingly*) by the marquis and his friend. Here they amused themselves for some time in walking about and observing the bustle and variety of the, to them, very novel scene; soon, however, fatigued with the mobbing, thrusting, and filthiness, which is characteristic of the place, the marchioness was for returning, remarking to her friend that she had as yet heard none of that singular broad humour for which these nymphs of the fish-market were so celebrated. "Then you shall have a specimen directly," said Lady C——, "if I can provoke it; only prepare your ethics and your ears for a slight shock;" and immediately approaching an old fresh-water dragon, who sat behind an adjoining stall, with a countenance *spirited* in the



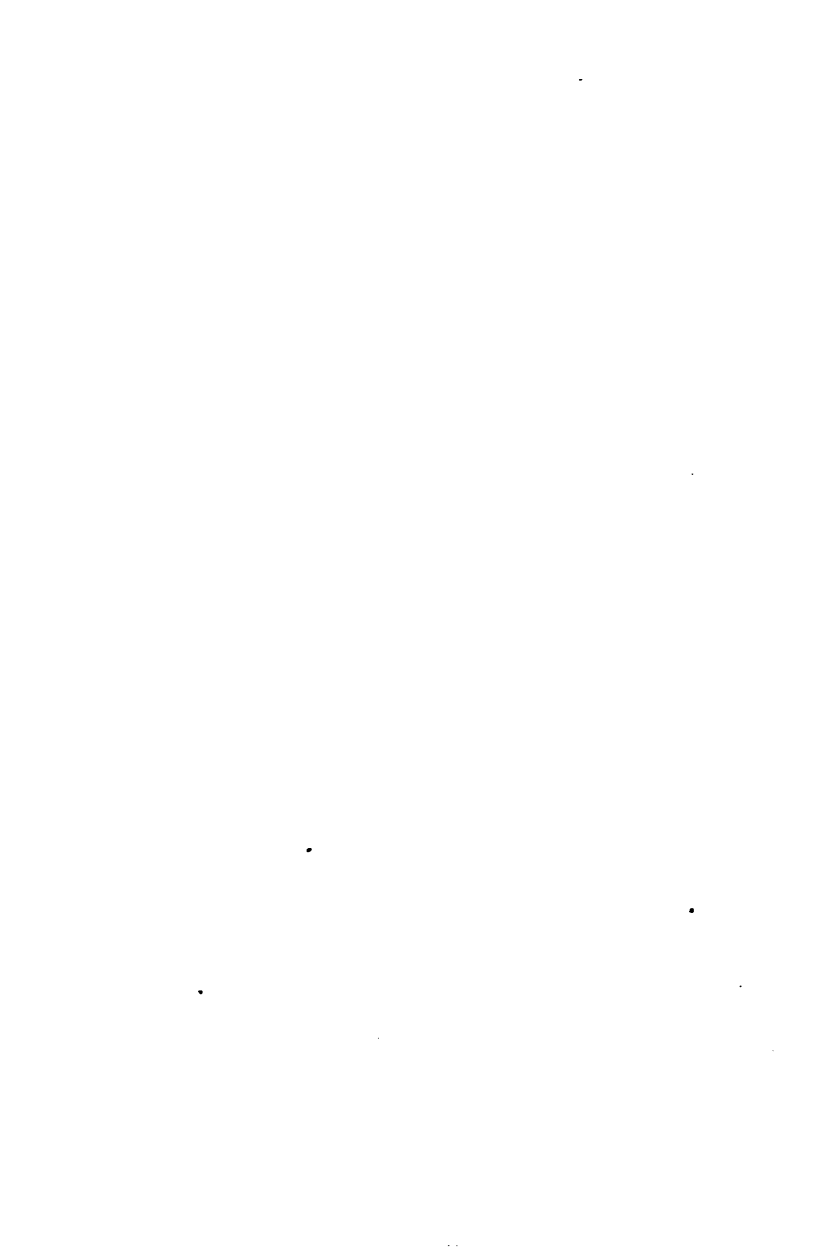




*A Frolic in High Life.*

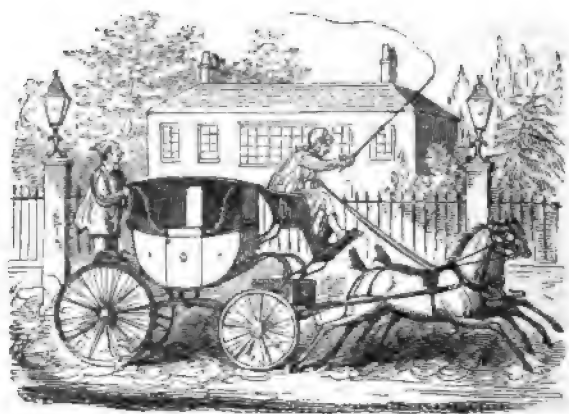


*a Visit to Billingsgate*



extreme, and glowing with all the beautiful varieties of the ultra-marine and vermilion, produced by the all-potent properties of Hodge's full-proof, she proceeded to cheapen the head and shoulders of a fine fish that lay in front of her, forcing her fingers under the gills, according to the approved custom of good housewives, to ascertain if it was fresh. After a parley as to price, Lady C—— hinted that she doubted its being perfectly *sweet*: the very suspicion of vending an unsavoury article roused the old she-dragon at once into one of the most terrific passions imaginable, and directing all her ire against the ladies, she poured forth a volley of abuse fiery and appalling as the lava of a volcano, which concluded as follows.—“Not *sweet*, you ——,” said the offended deity; “how can I answer for its *sweetness*, when you have been tickling his gills with your stinking paws?” (*See Plate.*) The marchioness retreated at the first burst of the storm, but Lady C—— continued to provoke the old naiad of the shambles, till she had fully satisfied her humour. Again safely escorted home by the liveried Mercury, the ladies thought to have enjoyed their joke in perfect security; but what was their astonishment, when on meeting the marquis and a select party at dinner, to find the identical fish served up at their own table, and the marquis amusing his friends by relating the whole circumstances of the frolic, as having occurred to two ladies of distinction during the laughter-loving days of Charles the Second. I need not animadvert upon the peculiar situation of the ladies, who, blushing through a crimson veil of the deepest hue, bore the raillery of the party assembled with as much good sense as good nature; acknowledging the frolic, and joining in the laugh the joke produced. Beneath, you have one of our facetious friend Bob Transit's humorous sketches of an incident said to have occurred near B—— H——: in which an eccentric

lady chose to call up the servants in the dead of the night, order out the carriage, and mounting the box herself, insisted upon giving the footman, who had been somewhat tardy in leaving his bed, a gentle airing in his shirt.



## CHARACTERS ON THE BEACH AND STEYNE, BRIGHTON.

*On Bathing and Bathers—Advantages of Shampooing—  
French Decency—Brighton Politeness—Sketches of  
Character—The Banker's Widow—Miss Jefferies—  
Mrs. F——t—Peter Paragraph, the London Cor-  
respondent—Jack Smith—The French Consul—  
Paphian Divinities—C—— L——, Esq.—Squeeze  
into the Libraries—The new Plunging Bath—  
Chain Pier—Cockney Comicalities—Royal Gardens  
—The Club House.*

THE next morning early I proceeded to the beach to enjoy the delightful and invigorating pleasure of sea-bathing. The clean pebble shore extending, as it does here, for a long distance beneath the east cliff, is a great advantage to those who, from indisposition or luxury, seek a dip in the ocean. One practice struck me as being a little objectionable, namely, the machines of the males and females being placed not only within sight of each other, but actually close alongside; by which circumstance, the sportive nymphs sometimes display more of nature's charms to the eager gaze of her wanton sons than befits me to tell, or decency to dwell on. I could not, however, with all the purity of my ethics, help envying a robust fellow who was assisting in ducking the dear unencumbered creatures under the rising wave.<sup>1</sup> The naiads of the deep are a strange race

<sup>1</sup> Some of the female bathers are very adventurous, and from the great drawback of water many accidents have occurred. I was

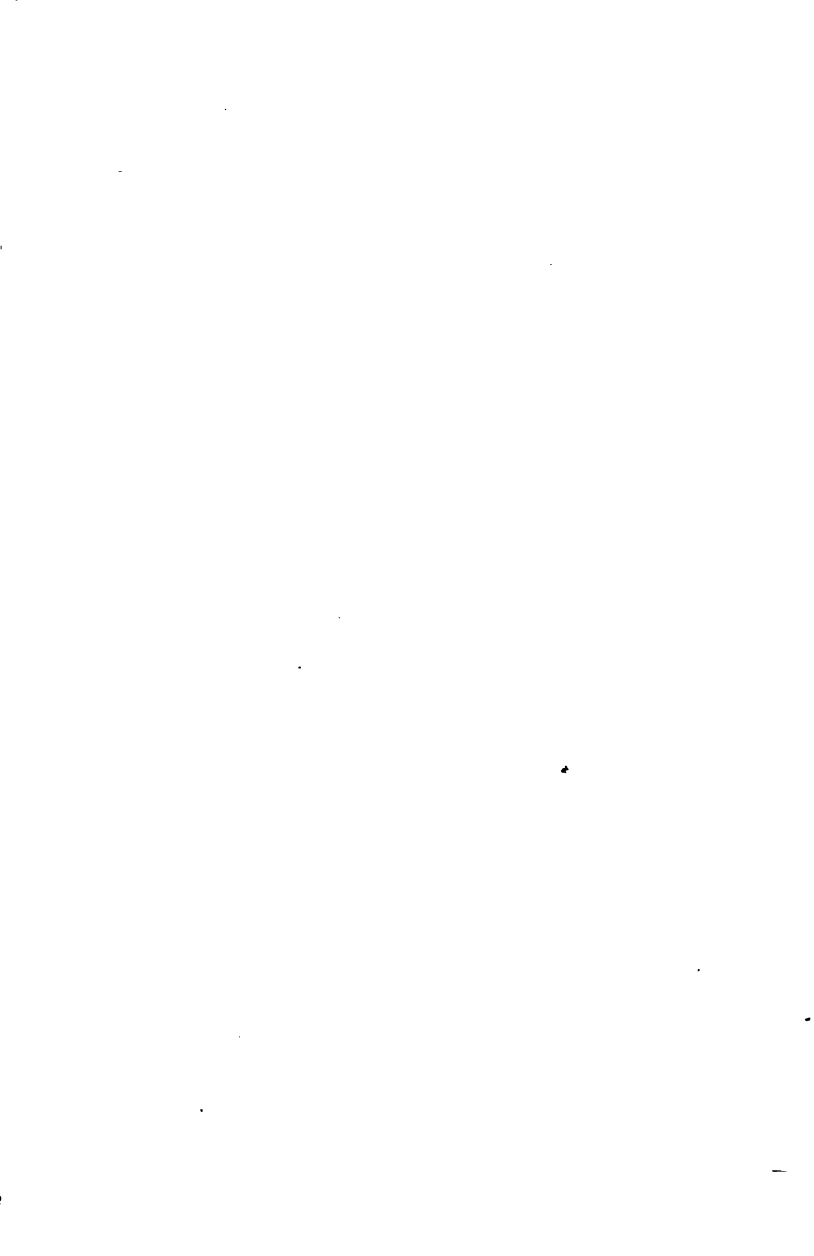
of mortals, half fish and half human, with a masculine coarseness of manner that, I am told, has been faithfully copied from their great original, the once celebrated Martha Gun. It is not unusual for these women to continue in the water up to their waists for four hours at a time, without suffering the least affection of cold or rheumatism, and living to a great age. A dinky empiric has invented a new system of *humbug* which is in great repute here, and is called *shampooing*; a sort of stewing alive by steam, sweetened by being forced through odoriferous herbs, and undergoing the pleasant sensation of being dabbed all the while with pads of flannels through holes in the wet blankets that surround you, until the cartilaginous substances of your joints are made as pliable as the ligaments of boiled calves' feet, your whole system relaxed and unnerved, and your trembling legs as useless in supporting your body as a pair of boots would be without the usual quantity of flesh and bone within them. The Steyne affords excellent subject for the study of character, and the pencil of the humorist; the walks round are paved with brick, which, when the thermometer is something above eighty-six in the shade (the case just now), is very like pacing your parched feet over the pantiles of a Turkish stove. There is, indeed, a

much amused one morning with three sisters, in the machine adjoining mine, continually crying out to a male attendant "to push on, and not be afraid of the consequences; we can all swim well," said one of the Miss B——'s (well known as the *marine graces*). "But my machine a'n't water-tight," replied the bathing-man, "and if I trust it any farther in, I shall never be able to get it out again." A Frenchman who came down to bathe with his wife and sister insisted upon using the same machine with the ladies; the bathing-women remonstrated, but *monsieur* retorted very fairly thus—" *Mon dieu !* vat is dat vat you tell me about *déceance*. *Tromperie*—shall I no dip *mon femme a seur* myself vith quite as much *bien-séance* as dat vulgar brute vat I see ducking de ladies yondere?"



grass-plot within the rails, but the luxury of walking upon it is reserved for the fishermen of the place *exclusively*, except on some extraordinary occasion, when the whole rabble of the town are let loose to annoy the visitants by puffing tobacco smoke in their faces, or jostling and insulting them with coarse ribaldry, until the genteel and decent are compelled to quit the promenade. I have had two or three such specimens of Brighton manners while staying here, and could only wish I had the assistance of about twenty of the *Oxford togati*, Trinitarians, or Bachelors of Brazennose. I think we should hit upon some expedient to tame these brutes, and teach them civilized conduct—an Herculean labour which the town authorities seem afraid to attempt. The easy distance between this and the metropolis, with the great advantages of expeditious travelling, enable the multitudinous population of London to pour forth its motley groups, in greater variety than at any other watering place, Margate excepted, with, however, this difference in favour of the former, that the mixture had more of the sprinkling of fashion about them, here and there a name of note, a splendid equipage, or a dazzling star, to illumine the dull nomenclatures in the library books of the Johnson's, the Thomson's, the Brown's, and the Levi's. The last-mentioned fraternity congregate here in shoals, usurp all the best lodgings, at the windows of which they are to be seen soliciting notice, with their hooked noses, copper countenances, and inquisitive eyes, decked out in all the faded finery of Petticoat-lane, or Bevis Marks; while the heads of the houses of Israel run down on a Saturday, after the Stock Exchange closes, and often do as much business here on the Sabbath, in gambling speculations for the *account day*, as they have done all the week before in London. Here, too, you have the *felicity* to meet your tailor in his tandem, your

butcher on his *trotter*, your shoemaker in a *fly*, and your wine-merchant with his bit of blood, his girl, and tilbury, making a greater *splash* than yourself, and pleasantly pointing you out to observation as a *long-winded one*, a great gambler, or some other such gratuitous return for your ill-bestowed patronage. To amalgamate with such *canaille* is impossible—you are therefore driven into seclusion, or compelled to confine your visits and amusements to nearly the same circle you have just left London to be relieved from. Among the “*observed*” of the present time, the great star of attraction is the rich Banker’s widow, who occupies the corner house of the Grand Parade, eclipsing in splendid equipages and attendants an Eastern nabob, or royalty itself. Good fortune threw old Crony in my way, just as I had caught a glimpse of the widow’s cap: you know his dry sarcastic humour and tenacious memory, and perhaps I ought to add, my inquisitive disposition. From him I gleaned a sketch of the widow’s history, adorned with a few comments, which gallantry to the fair sex will not allow me to repeat. She had just joined conversation with the Marquis of H——, who was attended by Jackson, the pugilist; an illustrious personage and a noble earl were on her left; while behind the *jolie* dame, at a respectful distance, paced two liveried emblems of her deceased husband’s bounty, clad in the sad habiliments of woe, and looking as merry as mutes at a rich man’s funeral. (*See Plate.*) “She has the reputation of being very charitable,” said I. “She has,” responded Crony; “but the total neglect of poor Wewitzer, in the hour of penury and sickness, is no proof of her feeling, much less of her generosity. I have known her long,” continued Crony, “from her earliest days of obscurity and indigence to these of unexampled prosperity, and I never could agree with common report in that particular.” I dare say I looked at this moment very





*Characters on the S*



*Steyne, Brighton.*



significantly ; for Crony, without waiting my request, continued his history. " Her father was the gay and dissolute Jack Kinnear, well known in Dublin for his eccentricities about the time of the Rebellion, in which affair he made himself so conspicuous that he was compelled to expatriate, and fled to England by way of Liverpool ; where his means soon failing, Jack, never at a loss, took up the profession of an actor, and succeeded admirably. His animated style and attractive person are still spoken of with delight by many of the old inhabitants of Carlisle, Rochdale, Kendal, and the neighbouring towns of Lancashire, where he first made his appearance in an itinerant company, then under the management of a man of the name of Bibby, and in whose house, under very *peculiar* circumstances, our heroine was born ; but

' Merit and worth from no condition rise ;  
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.'

That little Harriet was a child of much promise there is no doubt, playing, in her mother's name, at a very early period, all the juvenile parts in Bibby's company with great *éclat* until she attained the age of eighteen, when her abilities procured her a situation to fill the first parts in genteel comedy in the theatres-royal Manchester and Liverpool. From this time her fame increased rapidly, which was not a little enhanced by her attractive person, and consequent number of admirers ; for even among the cotton lords of Manchester a fine-grown, raven-locked, black-eyed brunette, arch, playful, and clever, could not fail to create sensations of desire : but at this time the affections of the lady were fixed on a son of Thespis, then a member of the same company, and to whom she was shortly afterwards betrothed ; but the marriage, from some capricious cause or other, was never consummated : the actor, well-known as Scotch Grant, is now much reduced in life, and a member of

one of the minor companies of the metropolis. On her quitting Liverpool, in 1794, she played at the Stafford theatre during the election contest, where, having the good-fortune to form an intimacy with the Hortons, a highly-respectable family then resident there, and great friends of Sheridan, they succeeded, on the return of that gentleman to parliament for the borough of Stafford, to obtain from him an engagement for our heroine at the theatre-royal Drury Lane, of which he was at that time proprietor. 'Brevity is the soul of wit,' said Crony: "I shall not attempt to enumerate all the parts she played there; suffice it to say, she was successful, and became a great favourite with the public. It was here she first attracted the notice of the rich old banker, who having just discarded another actress, Mrs. M———r, whom he had kept some time, on account of an intimacy he discovered with the lady and P———e, the oboe player, he made certain propositions, accompanied with such liberal presents, that the fair yielded to the all-powerful influence, not of love, but gold; and having, through the interference of poor W———, secured to herself a settlement which made her independent for life, threw out the well-planned story of the lottery ticket, as a 'tub to the whale': a stratagem that, for some time, succeeded admirably, until a malicious wag belonging to the company undertook to solve the riddle of her prosperity, by pretending to bet a wager of one hundred, that the lady had actually gained twenty thousand pounds by the lottery, and he would name the ticket: with this excuse, for what otherwise might have been deemed impertinent, he put the question, and out of the reply developed the whole affair. All London now rung with the splendour of her equipage, the extent of her charities, and the liberality of her conduct to an old actor and a young female friend, Miss S———n, who was invariably seen with



her in public. Such was the notoriety of the intimacy, that the three married daughters of the banker, all persons of title and the highest respectability, thought it right to question their father, relative to the truth of the reports in circulation. Whatever might have been their apprehensions, their fears were quieted by the information, that the lady in question was a natural daughter, born previous to the alliance to which they owed their birth : this assurance not only induced the parties to admit her to their presence, but she was also introduced to, and became intimate with, the wife of the man to whom she owes her present good fortune. It was now, that, feeling herself secure, she displayed that capricious feeling which has since marked her character : poor W——r, her mentor and defender, was on some mere pretence abandoned, and a sturdy blustering fellow, in the same profession, substituted for the sincere adviser, the witty and agreeable companion : it was to R——d she sent a present of one thousand pounds, for a single ticket, on his benefit night. But her ambition had not yet attained its highest point : the banker's wife died, and our fortunate heroine was elected to her place while yet the clay-cold corse of her predecessor remained above ground ; a circumstance, which brought down a heavy calamity on the clerical who performed the marriage rites,<sup>2</sup> but which was remedied by an annuity from the banker. From this period, the haughty bearing of the lady exceeded all bounds ; the splendour of her establishment, the extravagance of her parties, and the munificence of her charities, trumpeted forth by that many-tongued oracle, the public press, eclipsed the brilliancy of the

<sup>2</sup> Saturnine B——n, the author of 'the stage,' a Poem, on hearing the day after her marriage with the banker, a conversation relative to her age, said he was sure the party were all in error, as there could be no doubt the lady was on the previous night *under age*.

royal banquets, and outshone the greatest and wealthiest of the stars of fashion. About this time, her hitherto inseparable companion made a slip with a certain amorous manager ; and such was the indignation of our moral heroine on the discovery, that she spurned the unfortunate from her for ever, and actually turned the offending spark out of doors herself, accompanying the act with a very unlady-like demonstration of her vengeance. R—d, her most obsequious servant, died suddenly. Poor Dr. J— A—s, who gave up a highly respectable and increasing practice, in Greek-street, Soho, as a physician, to attend, exclusively, on the ‘geud auld mon’ and his rib, met such a return for his kindness and attention, that he committed suicide. Her next friend, a Mr. G—n, a very handsome young man, who was induced to quit his situation in the bank for the office of private secretary, made a mistake one night, and eloped with the female confidante of the banker’s wife, a crime for which the perpetrator could never hope to meet with forgiveness. It is not a little singular,” said Crony, “that almost all her intimate acquaintances have, sooner or later, fallen into disrepute with their patroness, and felt how weak is the reliance upon the capricious and the wayward.” On the death of the old banker, our heroine had so wheedled the dotard, that he left her, to the surprise of the world, the whole of his immense property, recommending only certain legacies, and leaving an honourable and high-minded family dependent upon her bountiful consideration. “I could relate some very extraordinary anecdotes arising out of that circumstance,” said Crony ; “but you must be content with one, farcical in the extreme, which fully displays the lady’s affection for her former profession, and shows she is a perfect mistress of stage effect. On the removal of the shrivelled remains of the old dotard for interment, his affectionate rib accompanied the pro-

cession, and when they rested for the night at an inn on the road, guarded them in death as she had done in the close of life, by sleeping on a sofa in the same room. Cruel, cruel separation ! what a scene for the revival of 'grief à la mode !' But she is unhappy with all her wealth," said the cynic. "Careless as some portion of our nobility are in their choice of companions for their sports or pleasures, they have yet too much consideration left of what is due to their rank, their wives, and daughters, not to hesitate before they receive ———. But never mind," said Crony ; "you know the rest. You must have heard of a recent calamity which threatened the lady ; and on which that mad wag, John Bull, let fly some *cutting* jokes. A very sagacious police magistrate, accompanied by one of his *indefatigables*, went to *inspect the premises*, accompanied by a gentleman of the faculty ; but, after all their united efforts to unravel the mystery, it turned out a mere *scratch*, a very flat affair.



The Catastrophe.

"I think," said Crony, "we have now arrived at the ultimatum of the widow's history, and may as well take a turn or two up the Steyne, to look out for other character. The ancient female you perceive yonder, leaning on her tall gold-headed cane, is Miss J——s, a maid of honour to the late Queen Charlotte, and the particular friend of Mrs. F——t: said to be the only one left out of eight persons, who accompanied two celebrated personages, many years since, in a stolen matrimonial speculation to Calais. She is as highly respected as her friend Mrs. F——t is beloved here." "Who the deuce is that strange looking character yonder, enveloped in a boat-cloak, and muffled up to the eyes with a black handkerchief?" "That is a very important personage in a watering place, I assure you," replied Crony; "being no other than the celebrated Peter Paragraph, the London correspondent to the Morning Post, who *involves*, to use his own phrase, the whole hemisphere of fashion in his mystifications and reports: informs the readers of that paper how many rays of sunshine have exhilarated the Brightonians during the week, furnishes a correct journal of fogs, rains, storms, shipwrecks, and hazy mists; and, above all, announces the arrivals and departures, mixing up royal and noble fashionables and *kitchen stuff* in the same beautiful obscurity of diction. Peter was formerly a *friseur*; but has long since quitted the shaving and cutting profession for the more profitable calling of collector of *on dits* and *puffs extraordinaire*. The swaggering broad-shouldered blade who follows near him, with a frontispiece like the red lion, is the well-known radical, Jack S——h, now agent to the French consul for this place, and the unsuccessful candidate for the *independent* borough of Shoreham." "A complete eccentric, by all my hopes of pleasure! Crony, who are those two dashing divinities, who come tripping along so lively yonder?" "Daughters of

pleasure," replied the cynic; "a pair of justly celebrated paphians, west-end comets, who have come here, no doubt, with the double view of profit and amusement. The plump looking dame on the right, is Aug—ta C—ri, (otherwise lady H——e); so called after the P—n—ss A——a, her godmamma. Her father, old Ab—t, one of Q——n C——te's *original* German pages, brought up a large family in respectability, under the fostering protection of his royal mistress. Aug——ta, at the early age of fifteen, eloped from St. James's, on a matrimonial speculation with a young musician, Mr. An——y C——, (himself a boy of 18)! From such a union what could be expected? a mother at 16, and a neglected dishonoured wife, before she had counted many years of womanhood. If she fell an unresisting victim to the seduction which her youth, beauty, and musical talents attracted, '*her stars were more to blame than she.*' Let it be recorded, however, that her conduct as wife and mother was free from reproach, until a *depraved, unnatural* man (who by the way has since fled the country) set her the example of licentiousness.

"Amongst her earliest admirers, was the wealthy citizen, Mr. S—— M——, a bon vivant, a *five-bottle* man (who has, not unaptly, been since nominated a representative in p——t for one of the *cinque ports*). To this witty man's generous care she is indebted for an annuity, which, with common prudence, ought to secure her from want during her own life. On her departure from this lover, which proceeded entirely from her own caprice and restless extravagance, the vain Aug—ta launched at once into all the dangerous pleasures of a cyprian life. The court, the city, and the '*change*, paid homage to her charms. *One* high in the r——l h——h——ld wore her chains for many months; and it was probably more in the spirit of revenge for open neglect, than admiration of such a

faded beau, that lady G—— B—— admitted the E—— of B——e to usurp the husband's place and privilege. It is extraordinary that the circumstance just mentioned, which was *notorious*, was not brought forward in mitigation of the damages for the loss of *conjugal joys*; and which a jury of citizens, with a tender feeling for their *own* honour, valued at ten thousand pounds. My lord G—— B—— pocketed the injury and the *ten thousand*; and his noble substitute has since made the 'amende honorable' to public morals, by uniting his destinies with an amiable woman, the daughter of a doctor of music, and a beauty of the sister country, who does honour to the rank to which she has been so unexpectedly elevated.

"Mrs. C——i had no acquaintance of her own sex in the world of gaiety but one; the beautiful, interesting, Mademoiselle St. M——g——te, then (1812 and 1813) in the zenith of her charms. The gentle Ad——l——de, whose sylph-like form, graceful movements, and highly polished manner, delighted all who knew her, formed a strange and striking contrast to the short, fat, bustling, salacious Aug——ta, whose boisterous bon-mots, and *horse-laughical* bursts, *astonished* rather than *charmed*. Both, however, found abundance of admirers to their several tastes. It was early in the spring of 1814 that the subject of this article had the good or evil fortune to attract the eye of a noble lord of some notoriety, who pounced on his *plump* prey with more of the amorous assurance of the bird of Jove than the cautious hoverings of the wary H——ke. Love like *his* admitted of no delay. Preliminaries were soon arranged, under the auspices of that experienced matron, Madame D'E——v——e, whose address, in this *delicate* negotiation, extorted from his lordship's generosity, besides a cheque on H——d and G——bbs for a cool hundred, the payment of 'brother *Martin's*' old score, of *long standing*, for *bed and board* at Madame's house of business, little St. Martin's-

street. The public have been amused with the ridiculous story of the MOCK MARRIAGE; but whatever were his faults or follies, and he is since called to his account, his l—ds—p stands guiltless of this. 'Tis true, her '*ladyship*' asserted, nay, we believe, *swore* as much; but she is known to possess such boundless imaginative faculties, that her nearest and dearest friends have never yet been able to detect her in the weakness of uttering a *palpable truth*. The assumption of the name and title arose out of a circumstance so strange, so ridiculous, and so unsavoury, that, with all our '*gusto*' for fun, we must omit it: suffice it to say, that it originated in—what?—gentle reader—in a *dose of physic!!!* For *further particulars*, apply to Mrs. C——l, of the C—s—le S—t—h—ll. After this strange event, which imparted to her *ladyship* all the honours of the coronet, Mrs. C——i was to be seen in the park, from day to day; the envy of every less fortunate Dolly, and the horror of the few friends which folly left her lordly dupe. In this state of doubtful felicity her *ladyship* rolled on (for she almost lived in her carriage) for three years; when, alas! by some cruel caprice of love, or some detected intrigue, or from the *holy scruples* of his lordship's *Reverend* adviser, Padre Ambrosio, this connexion was suddenly dissolved at Paris; when Mrs. C——, no longer *acknowledged* as my lady, was at an hour's notice packed off in the Dilly for Dover, and her jewels, *in half the time*, packed up in their casket and despatched to Lafitte's, in order to raise the ways and means for the peer and his ghostly confessor!

"HER LADYSHIP's next attempt at notoriety was her *grand masked ball* at the Argyll rooms in 1818; an entertainment which, for elegant display and superior arrangement, did great credit to her taste, or to that of her broad-shouldered *Milesian* friend, to whom it is said the management of the whole was committed. The expense of this act of folly has been variously

estimated ; and the honour of defraying it gratuitously allotted to an illustrious commander, whose former weakness and cullibility has been amply redeemed by years of truly r——l benevolence and public service. We can state, however, that neither the *purse* or *person* of the royal D—— contributed to the *eclat* of the fête. An amorous Hebrew city clerk, who had long '*looked and loved*' at humble distance, taking advantage of his uncle's absence on the continent in a *diamond hunting* speculation, having left the immediate *jewel* of HIS *soul*, his *cash*, at home, the enamoured youth seized the very 'nick o' time,' furnished half the funds for the night, for half a *morning's* conversation in Upper Y—street: her ladyship's indefatigable industry furnished the other moiety in a couple of days. A Mr. Z—ch—y contributed fifty, which coming to the ears of his sandy-haired lassie, his own paid forfeit of his folly, to their almost total abstraction from the thick head to which they project with asinine pride. Since this *splash* in the whirlpool of fashionable folly, her '*ladyship*,' for she clings to the rank with all the tenacity of a *fencible field officer*, has lived in comparative retirement near E—dg—e R—d, nursing a bantling of the *new era*, and singing '*John Anderson my Joe*' to her now 'gude man ;' only occasionally relapsing into former gaieties by a sly trip to Box Hill or Virginia Water with the grandson of a barber, a flush but gawky boy, who, forgetting that it is to the talents and judicial virtues of his honoured sire he owes *his* elevation, rejects that proud and wholesome example ; and, by his arrogance and vanity, excites pity for the father and contempt for the son. Her ladyship, who by her own confession has been '*just nine and twenty*' for the last ten years, may still boast of her conquests. Her amour with the *yellow dwarf* of G—vs—r P—e is too good to be lost. They are followed by one, who, time was, would have chased them round the Steyne



and into cover with all the spirit of a true sportsman ; but his days of revelry are past,—that is the celebrated *roué*, C——L——, a ‘*trifle light as air*,’ yet in nature’s spite a very *ultra* in the pursuit of gallantry. To record the number of frail fair ones to whose charms he owned ephemeral homage would fill a volume. The wanton<sup>3</sup> wife whose vices *sunk* her from the drawing-room to the *lobby*; the<sup>4</sup> kitchen wench, whose pretty face and lewd ambition raised her to it ; the *romance bewildered*<sup>5</sup> *Miss*, and the rude unlettered<sup>6</sup> villager, the hardened drunken<sup>7</sup> profligate, and the timid half-ruined victim (the almost infant Jenny !) have all in turn tasted his *bounty* and his *wine*, have each been honoured with a *page* in his *trifles* : of his caresses he wisely was more chary. Which of the frail sisterhood has not had a ride in C——L——’s ‘*charit*,’ or in the old *yellow vis* of 1815, long since worn out in the service ? and which in its day might be said to roll *mechanically* from C——L—— to C——s-s—t, with almost instinctive precision. But his days of poesy and nights of folly are now past ! Honest C—— has taken the hint from nature, and retired, at once, from the republics of Venus and of letters. A kind, a generous, and a susceptible heart like his must long ere this have found, in the arms of an amiable wife, those unfading and honourable joys which, reflection must convince him, were not to be extracted from those foul and polluted sources from whence he sought and drew a short-lived pleasure.”

You know Crony’s affection for a good dinner, and will not therefore be surprised that I had the honour of his company this day ; but i’faith he deserved his reward for the cheerfulness and amusement with which he contrived to kill time. In the evening it was proposed to visit the libraries ; but as these places

<sup>3</sup> Lady B——e.

<sup>4</sup> Mrs. H——y.

<sup>5</sup> Louisa V——e.

<sup>6</sup> Mrs. S——d——s.

<sup>7</sup> Mrs. S——mm——ns.

of public resort are not always eligible for the appearance of a *star*, Crony and myself were despatched first to reconnoitre and report to the Countess our opinions of the assembled group. The association of society has perhaps undergone a greater change in England within the last thirty years than any other of our peculiar characteristics ; at least, I should guess so from Crony's descriptions of the persons who formerly honoured the libraries with their presence ; but whose names (if they now condescend to subscribe) are entered in a separate book, that they may not be defiled by appearing in the same column with the plebeian host of the three nations who form the united family of Great Britain. "Ay, sir," said Crony, with a sigh that bespoke the bitterness of reflection, "I remember when this spot (Luccombe's library) was the resort of all the beauty and brilliancy that once illumined the hemisphere of Calton palace,—the satellites of the heir apparent, the brave, the witty, and the gay,—the soul-inspiring, mirthful band, whose talents gave a splendid lustre to the orb of royalty, far surpassing the most costly jewel in his princely coronet. But they are gone, struck to the earth by the desolating hand of the avenger Death, and have left no traces of their genius upon the minds of their successors."

Of the motley assemblage which now surrounds us it would be difficult to attempt a picture. The pencil of a Cruikshank or a Rowlandson might indeed convey some idea ; but all weaker hands would find the subject overpowering. A mob of manufacturers, melting hot, elbowing one another into ill-humour, by their anxiety to teach their offspring the fashionable vice of gaming ; giving the pretty innocents a taste for *loo*, which generally ends in *loo*-sening what little purity of principle the prejudice of education has left upon their intellect. In our more fashionable *hells*, wine and choice *liqueurs* are the stimulants

to vice ; here, the seduction consists in the *strumming* of an ill-toned piano, to the *squeaking* of some poor *discordant* whom poverty compels to public exposure ; and who, generally being of the softer sex, pity protects from the severity of critical remark. I need not say our report to the D'Almaines was unfavourable ; and the divine little countess, frustrated in her intentions of honouring the libraries with her presence, determined upon promenading up the West Cliff, attended by old Crony and myself. The bright-eyed goddess of the night emitted a ray of more than usual brilliancy, and o'er the blue waters of the deep spread forth a silvery and refulgent lustre, that lent a charm of magical inspiration to the rippling waves. For what of nature's mighty works can more delight, than

' —Circling ocean, when the swell  
By zephyrs borne from off the main,  
Heaves to the breeze, and sinks again ?'

The deep murmuring of the hollow surge as it rolls over the pebble beach, the fresh current of saline air that braces and invigorates, and the uninterrupted view of the watery expanse, are attractions of delight and contemplation which are nowhere to be enjoyed in greater perfection than at Brighton. The serenity of the evening induced us to pass the barrier of the chain-pier, and bend our steps towards the projecting extremity of that ingenious structure. An old Welsh harper was touching his instrument with more than usual skill for an itinerant professor, while the plaintive notes of the air he tuned accorded with the solemnity of the surrounding scene. "I could pass an evening here," said the countess, in a somewhat contemplative mood, "in the society of kindred spirits, with more delightful gratification than among the giddy throng who meet at Almack's." Crony bowed to the ground, overpowered by the compli-

ment ; while your humble servant, less obsequious, but equally conscious of the flattering honour, advanced my left foot sideways, drew up my right longitudinally, and touched my beaver with a *congé*, that convinced me I had not forgotten the early instructions of our old Eton posture-master, the all-accomplished Signor Angelo. "A *very hextonishing vurk*, this *here* pier," said a fat, little squab of a citizen, sideling up to Crony like a full-grown porpoise ; "*very hexpensive*, and *very huseless*, I *thinks*," continued the intruder. Crony reared his crest in silent indignation, while his visage betokened an approaching storm ; but a significant look from the countess gave him the hint that some amusement might be derived from the *animal* ; who, without understanding the contempt he excited, proceeded—" *Vun* of the new *bubble* companies' *specks*, I *supposes*, *vat* old daddy Boreas *vill* blow *away* *sum* night in a *hurrikin*. It *puts* me *very* much in mind of a two bottle man." "Why so?" said Crony. "*Bekause* it's only half seas *hover*." This little civic *jeu d'esprit* made his peace with us by producing a hearty laugh, in which he did not fail to join in unison. "But are you aware of the usefulness and national importance of the projector's plans?" said Crony. "Not I," responded the citizen : "I *hates* all *projections* of breweries, bridges, buildings, and boring companies, from the Golden-lane *speck* to the *Vaterloo* ; from thence *up* to the new street, and *down* to the tunnel under the Thames, *vich* my banker, Sir William Curtis, says, is the *greatest bore* in London." "But humanity, sir," said Crony, "has, I hope, some influence with you ; and this undertaking is intended not only for the healthful pleasure of the Brighton visitors, but for the convenience of vessels in distress, and the landing of passengers in bad weather." "Ay, there it is,—that's *hexactly vat* I thought ; to help our rich people more easily out of





*Tom Echo paid up with the Headington*



*The Fever or an Oxonium very near the Wall*





the country, and bring a set of poor half-starved foreigners in : *vy*, I'm told it's to be carried right across the channel in time, and then the few good *ones* *we* have left *will* be marching off to the enemy." This conceit amused the countess exceedingly, and was followed by many other equally strange expressions and conjectures ; among which, Crony contrived to persuade him that great amusement was to be derived in *bobbing* for mackerel and turbot with the line : a pleasure combining so much of profit in expectancy, that the old citizen was, at last, induced to admit the utility of the chain-pier. Retracing our steps towards the Steyne, we had one more good laugh at our companion's credulity, who expressed great anxiety to know what the huge wheel was intended for, which is at the corner by the barrier, and throws up water for the use of the town ; but which, Crony very promptly assured him, was the grand action of the improved roasting apparatus at the York hotel. We now bade farewell to our amusing companion, and proceeded to view the new plunging bath at the bottom of East-street, built in the form of an amphitheatre, and surrounded by dressing-rooms, with a fountain in the centre, from which a continued supply of salt-water is obtained. The advantages may be great in bad weather ; but to my mind there is nothing like the open sea, particularly as confined water is always additionally cold. On our arrival at home, a parcel from London brought the enclosed from Tom Echo, upon whom the sentence of *rustication* has, I fear, been productive of fresh follies.

DEAR HEARTLY,

Having *cut* college for a *bolt* to the *village*,<sup>8</sup> I expected to have found you in the *bay* of *condolence*,<sup>9</sup> but hear you left your *moorings* lately

<sup>8</sup> *London*, so called at Oxford.

<sup>9</sup> The consolation afforded by friends when *plucked* or rusticated.

to waste the ready among the sharks at Brighton. Though not quite at *point nonplus*, I am very near the united kingdoms of *Sans Souci* and *Sans Sixsous*,<sup>1</sup> and shall bring to, and wait for company, in the province of *Bacchus*. I have only just quitted *Eager Haven*, and been very near the *Wall*<sup>11</sup>; have sustained another dreadful fire from *Convocation Castle*,<sup>12</sup> which had nigh shattered my *fore-lights*, and was very near being *blown up* in attempting to pass the *Long Hope*.<sup>13</sup> If you wish to save an old Etonian from *east jeopardy*,<sup>14</sup> set sail directly, and tow me out of the river *Tick* into the *region of rejoicing*; then will we get *bosky* together, sing old songs, tell merry tales, and *spree* and *sport* on the *states of Independency*.

Yours truly,

The Oxford rustic,

London.

TOM ECHO.

P. S. I should not have cut so suddenly, but joined Bob Transit and Eglantine in giving two of the old *big wigs* a *flying leap* t'other evening, as they left Christ Church Hall, in return for *rusticating* me:—to escape suspicion, broke away by the mail. I know your affection for a good joke, so induced Bob to book it, and let me have the sketch, which I here enclose.

<sup>10</sup> Riddance of cares, and, ultimately, of sixpences.

<sup>11</sup> The *depl't of invalids*; Dr. Wall being a celebrated surgeon, whose skill is proverbial in the cure of the *Headington* or *Bagley fever*. For a view of poor Tom during his suffering—(see plate by Bob Transit.)

<sup>12</sup> The House of Convocation in Oxford, when the twenty-five heads of Colleges and the masters meet to transact and investigate university affairs.

<sup>13</sup> The symbol of long expectation in studying for a degree.

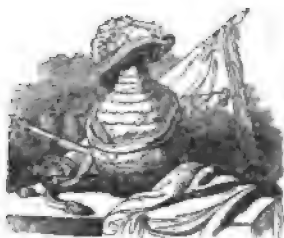
<sup>14</sup> Terrors of anticipation. The remaining phrases have all been explained in an earlier part of the Work.



Mad as the D'Almaine's must think me for obeying such a summons, I have just bade them adieu, and am off to-morrow, by the earliest coach, for London. The only place I have omitted to notice, in my sketches of Brighton, is the Club House on the Steyne Parade, where a few *old rooks* congregate, to keep a sharp look-out for an unsuspecting *green one*, or a wealthy *pigeon*, who, if once *netted*, seldom succeeds in quitting the *trap* without being *plucked* of a few of his feathers. The greatest improvement to a place barren of foliage and the agreeable retirement of overshadowed walks, is the Royal Gardens, on the level at the extremity of the town, in a line with the Steyne enclosures as you enter from the London road. The taste, variety, and accommodation displayed in this elegant place of amusement, renders it certainly the most attractive of public gardens, while the arrangements are calculated to gratify all

classes of society without the danger of too crowded an assemblage. Let us see you when *term ends*; and in the interim expect a long account of *sprees* and *sports* in the *village*.

HORATIO HEARTLY.



## METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.

*Heartly, Echo, and Transit start for a Spree—Scenes by Daylight, Starlight, and Gaslight—Black Monday at Tattersall's—The first Meeting after the Great St. Leger—Heroes of the Turf paying and receiving—Dinner at Fishmongers' Hall—Committee of Greeks—The Affair of the Cogged Dice—A regular Break-down—Rules for the New Club—The Dafty Club, or a musical Muster of the Fancy : striking Portraits—Counting the Stars—Covent Garden, what it was, and what it is—The Finish—Anecdotes of Characters—The Hall of Infamy, alias the Covent Garden Hell.*

OF all the scenes where rich and varied character is to be found in the metropolis and its environs, none can exceed that emporium for *sharps* and *flats*, famed Tattersall's, whether for buying a good horse, betting a round sum, or, in the sporting phrase, learning how to make the best of every thing. "Shall we take a *toodle* up to Hyde-park corner?" said Echo; "this is the settling day for all bets made upon the great Doncaster St. Leger, when the *swells* book up, and the knowing ones draw their *bussel* :—Black Monday, as Sir John Lade terms it, when the event has not come off right." "A noble opportunity," replied Transit, "for a picture of turf curiosities. Come, Heartly, throw philosophy aside, and let us set forth for a day's enjoyment, and then to finish with a night of frolic. An occasional *spree* is as necessary to the relaxation of the mind, as exercise is to

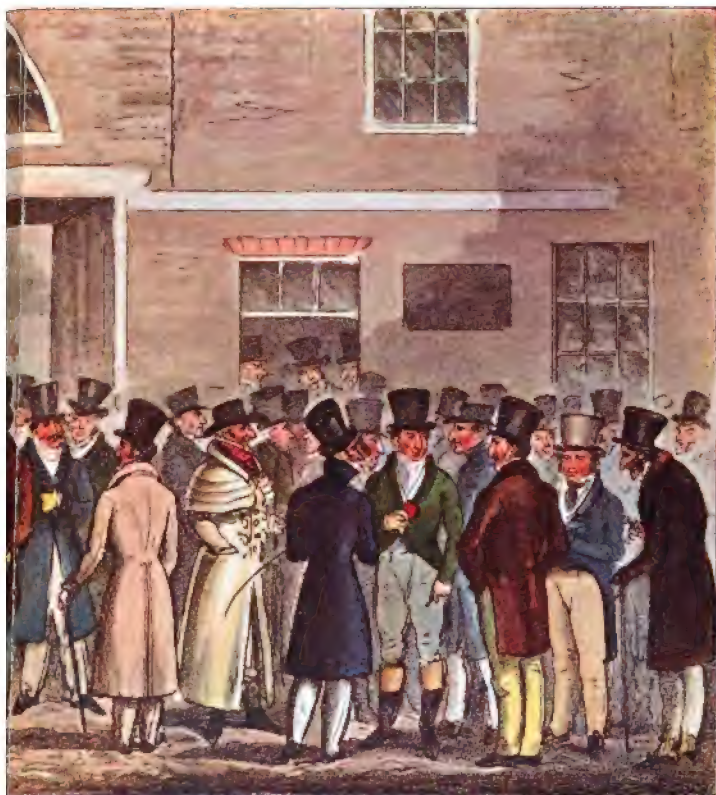
ensure health. The true secret to make life pleasant, and study profitable, is to be able to throw off our cares as we do our morning gowns, and, when we sally forth to the world, derive fresh spirit, vigour, and information from cheerful companions, good air, and new objects. High 'Change among the heroes of the turf presents ample food for the humorist; while the strange contrast of character and countenance affords the man of feeling and discernment subject for amusement and future contemplation." It was in the midst of one of the most numerous meetings ever remembered at Tattersall's, when Barefoot won the race, contrary to the general expectation of the *knowing ones*, that we made our *entré*. With Echo every sporting character was better known than his college tutor, and not a few kept an eye upon the boy, with hopes, no doubt, of hereafter benefiting by his inexperience, when, having got the whip-hand of his juvenile restrictions, he starts forth to the world a man of fashion and consequence, with an unencumbered property of fifteen thousand per annum, besides expectancies. "Here's a game of chess for you, Transit," said Echo; "why, every *move upon the board* is a character, and not one but what is worth *booking*. Observe the arch slyness of the jockey yonder, *ear-wiggling* his patron, a young *blood* of the *fancy*, into a *good thing*; particularising all the capabilities and qualities of the different horses named, and making the *event* (in his own estimation) as *sure as the Bank of England*:—how finely contrasted with the easy indifference of the dignified sportsman near him, who leaves all to chance, spite of the significant nods and winks from a regular *artiste* near him, who never suffers him to make a bet out of the *ring*, if it is possible to prevent him, by throwing in a little *suspicion*, in order that he and his friends may have the *plucking* of their victim *exclusively*. The portly-looking man in the left-hand corner (*see*





MONDAY AFTER THE 'GREAT ST. LEGER'. *on Her*





*Men of the Turf paying & receiving at Tattersalls*



plate) is Mr. Tanfield, one of the greatest *betting men* on the turf; who can lose and pay twenty thousand without moving a muscle, and pocket the like sum without indulging in a smile; always steady as old Time, and never giving *away a chance*, but carefully keeping his eye *upon Cocker* (i. e. his book), to see how the odds stand, and *working away* by that system which is well understood under the term *management*. In front of him is the sporting Earl of Sefton, and that highly-esteemed son of Nimrod, Colonel Hilton Joliffe,—men of the strictest probity, and hence often appointed referees on matters in dispute. Lawyer L——, and little Wise-man, are settling their differences with *bluff* Bland, who carries all his bets in his memory till he reaches home, because a *book* upon the spot would be *useless*. In the right-hand corner, just in front of old General B——n, is John Gully, once the pugilist, but now a man of considerable property, which has been principally acquired by his knowledge of calculation, and strict attention to honourable conduct: there are few men on the turf more respected, and very few among those who keep *betting* books whose conduct will command the same approbation. The old beau in the corner is Sir Lumley S——n, who, without the means to bet much, still loves to linger near the scene of former extravagance.” “A good disciple of Lavater,” said Transit, “might tell the good or ill fortunes of those around him, by a slight observance of their countenances. See that merry-looking, ruby-faced fellow just leaving the door of the subscription-room: can any body doubt that he has *come off all right*?—or who would dispute that yon pallid-cheeked gentleman, with a long face and quivering lip, betrays, by the agitation of his nerves, the extent of his *sufferings*? The peer with a solemn visage tears out his last check, turns upon his heel, whistles a tune, and sets against the gross amount of his losses another mortgage of

the family acres, or a *post obit* upon some expectancy : the *regular* sporting man, the *out* and *outer*, turns to his book—

'For there he finds, no matter who has won,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whichever animal, or mare, or colt ;  
 Nay, though each horse that started for't should bolt,  
 Or all at once fall lame, or die, or stray,  
 He yet must pocket hundreds by the day.' "

Two or three amusing scenes took place among those who *wanted*, and those who had *nothing to give*, but yet were too honourable to *levant*: many exhibited *outward* and *visible* signs of *inward* grief. A *man of metal* dropped his last sovereign with a sigh, but *chaffed* a little about false reports of *chaunting* up a losing horse, doing the *thing neatly*, keeping the *secret*, and other such like *delicate* innuendoes, which among sporting men pass current, provided the losers *pay promptly*. Several, who had gone beyond their *depth*, were recommended to the consideration of the *humane*, in hopes that time might yet *bring them about*. We had now passed more than two hours among the motley group, when Tom, having exchanged the *time o'day* with most of his sporting friends, proposed an adjournment to *Fishmongers' Hall*, or, as he prefaced it, with a visit to the New Club in St. James's-street ; to which resort of *Greeks* and *gudgeons* we immediately proceeded.

We had just turned the corner of St. James's-street, and were preparing to ascend the steps which lead to the New Club, as Crockford's establishment is termed,

<sup>1</sup> To all but betting men, this must appear impossible ; but management is every thing ; and with a knowledge of the *secret*, according to turf logic, it is one hundred to one against *calculation*, and, by turf mathematics, five hundred to one against *any event coming right upon the square*. In the sporting phrase, 'turf men never back any thing to win ;' they have no favourites, unless there is a  $\bowtie$  ; and their common practice is to accommodate all, by taking the odds, till betting is reduced to a *certainty*.





*Exterior of Fishmongers 3*



*Well, a Regular break down.*





when old Crony accosted me. He had it seems come off by the Brighton ten o'clock coach, and was now, "according to his usual custom i' the afternoon," on the look-out for an *invite* to a good dinner and a bottle. As I knew he would prove an agreeable, if not a very useful companion in our present enterprise, I did not hesitate to present him to Echo and Transit, who, upon my very flattering introduction, received him graciously ; although Bob hinted he was rather *too old* for a *play-fellow*, and Echo whispered me to keep a *sharp lookout*, as he strongly suspected he was a *staff officer* of the *new Greek corps* of *Sappers and Miners*. In London you can neither *rob* nor be *robbed genteelly* without a formal introduction : how Echo had contrived it I know not, but we were very politely ushered into the grand club-room, a splendid apartment of considerable extent, with a bow-window in front, exactly facing White's.

To speak correctly of the elegance and taste displayed in the decorations and furniture, not omitting the costly sideboard of richly-chased plate, I can only say it rivalled any thing I had ever before witnessed, and was calculated to impress the young mind with the most extravagant ideas of the wealth and magnificence of the members or *committee*. The Honourable Mr. B——, one of the brothers of the Earl of R——, was the *procureur* to whom, I found, we were indebted, for the present *honour*—a gay man, of some fashionable notoriety, whose fortune is said to have *suffered* severely by his attachment to the *orthodox orgies* at the once celebrated Gothic Hall, when Parson John Ambrose used to officiate as the presiding minister. "Here he is a member of the committee," said Crony, "and, with his brother and the old Lord F——, the Marquis H——, Colonel C——, and the Earl of G——, forms the *secret directory* of the New Club, which is considered almost as good a thing as a Mexican mine ; for, if report speaks truly, the amount

of the profits in the last season exceeded one hundred thousand pounds, after payment of expenses." A sudden crash in the street at this moment drew the attention of all to the window, where an accident presented a very ominous warning to those within (*see plate*). "A *regular break down*," said Echo-  
"Floored," said Transit, "*but not much the matter*." "I beg your pardon, sir," said a wry-mouthed portly-looking gentleman, who stood next to Bob; "it is a very *awkward* circumstance to have occurred just here: I'll bet ten to one it spoils all the *play* to-night; and if any of those newspaper fellows get to hear of it, *Fishmongers' Hall* and its members will figure in print again to-morrow;" and with that he bustled off to the street to assist in re-producing a *move* with all possible celerity. "Who the deuce was the queer-looking *cawker*?" we all at once inquired of Crony. "What, gentlemen! not know the director-general, the *accomplished* commander-in-chief, the thrice-renowned *Cocker Crockford*? (so named from his admirable tact at calculation): why, I thought every one who had witnessed a horse-race, or a boxing-match, or betted a guinea at Tattersall's, must have known the *director*, who has been a notorious character among the sporting circles for the last thirty years; and, if truth be told, is not the *worst* of a *bad lot*. About five-and-twenty years since I remember him," said Crony, "keeping a snug little fishmonger's shop, at the corner of Essex-street, in the Strand, where I have often betted a guinea with him on a trotting match, for he was then fond of *the thing*, and attended the races and fights in company with old Jerry Cloves, the lighterman, who is now as well *breeched* as himself. It is a very extraordinary fact," continued Crony, "and one which certainly excites suspicion, that almost all those who have made large fortunes by the *turf* or *play* are men of obscure origin, who, but a few years since, were not worth a guinea,

while those by whom they have risen are now reduced to beggary." How many representatives of noble houses, and splendid patrimonies, handed down with increasing care from generation, to generation, have been ruined and dissipated by this pernicious vice! —the gay and inexperienced nipped in the very bud of life, and plunged into irretrievable misery—while the high-spirited and the noble-minded victims to false honour, too often seek a refuge from despair in the grave of the suicide! Such were the reflections that oppressed my mind while contemplating the scene before me: I was, however, roused from my reverie by Crony's continuation of the *director's* history. "He bears the character of an honourable man," said our Mentor, "among the *play world*, and has the credit of being scrupulously particular in all matters of *play* and *pay*. For the *fashion* of his manners, they might be much improved, certainly; but for generosity and a kind action, there are very few among the *Greeks* who excel the old fishmonger. He was formerly associated with T—l-r and others in the French Hazard Bank, at Watier's Club House, corner of Bolton-row; but T—l-r, having purchased the house without the knowledge of his partners, wanted so many exclusive advantages for himself, that the *director* withdrew, just in time to save himself from the obloquy of an affair which occurred shortly afterwards, in which certain persons were charged with using false dice. The complainant, a young sprig of fashion, seized the *unhallowed bones*, and bore them off in triumph to a stick shop in the neighbourhood; where, for some time afterwards, they were exhibited to the gaze of many a fashionable dupe. The circumstance produced more than one good effect—it prevented a return of any disposition to play on the part of the detector, and closed the house for ever since." After the dinner, which was served up in a princely style, we were invited by the Honourable to

view the upper apartment, called the Grand Saloon, a true picture of which accompanies this, from the pencil of my friend, Bob Transit, and into which he has contrived to introduce the affair of the coggled dice (*see plate*), a licence always allowable to poets and painters in the union of time and place. The characters here will speak for themselves. They are all sketches from the life, and as like the originals as the reflection of their persons would be in a looking-glass. By the frequenters of such places they will be immediately recognised ; while to the uninitiated the family cognomen is of little consequence, and is omitted, as it might give pain to worthy bosoms who are not yet irrecoverably lost. By the strict rules of *Fishmongers' Hall*, the members of Brookes', White's, Boodle's, the Cocoa Tree, Alfred and Travellers' clubs only are admissible ; but this restriction is not always enforced, particularly where there is a chance of a *good bite*. The principal game played here is French Hazard, the *director* and friends supplying the *bank*, the premium for which, with what the *box-money* produces, forms no inconsiderable source of profit. It is ridiculous to suppose any unfair practices are ever resorted to in the general game ; in a mixed company they would be easily detected, and must end in the ruin of the house : but the chances of the game, calculation, and superior play, give proficient every advantage, and should teach the inexperienced caution. "It is heart-rending," said Crony, whom I had smuggled into one corner of the room, for the purpose of enjoying his remarks free from observation, "to observe the progress of the unfortunate votaries to this destructive vice, as they gradually proceed through the various stages of its seductive influence. The young and thoughtless are delighted with the fascination of the scene : to the more profligate sensualist it affords an opportunity of enjoying the choicest *liqueurs*, coffee, and wines,





*The Interior of Modern.*



*Hell Vide - the Copped Dice*





free of expense ; and, although he may have no money to lose himself, he can do the house a *good turn*, by introducing some *pigeon* who has *just come out* ; and he is therefore always a welcome visitor. At Crockford's, all games where the aid of mechanism would be necessary are cautiously avoided, not from any moral dislike to *Rouge et Noir* or *Roulette*, but from the apprehension of an occasional visit from the police, and the danger attending the discovery of such apparatus, which, from its bulk, cannot easily be concealed. In the space of an hour Echo had lost all the money he possessed, and had given his I O U for a very considerable sum ; although frequently urged to desist by Transit, who, with all his love of life and frolic, is yet a decided enemy to gaming. One excess generally leads to another. From Tattersall's we had passed to Crockford's ; and on quitting the latter it was proposed we should visit Tom Belcher's, the Castle Tavern, Holborn, particularly as on this night there was a weekly musical muster of the *fancy*, yclept the *Daffy Club* ; a scene rich in promise for the pencil of our friend Bob, of sporting information to Echo, and full of characteristic subject for the observation of the English Spy—of that eccentric being, of whom, I hope, I may continue to sing '*esto perpetua !*'

Life is, with him, a golden dream,  
A milky way, where all's serene.  
Wit's treasured stores his humour wait,—  
His volume, man in every state,—  
From grave to gay, from rich to poor,  
From gilded dome to rustic door.  
Through all degrees life's varied page,  
He shows the manners of the age.

The Daffy Club presents to the eye of a calm observer a fund of entertainment ; to the merry mad-wag who is fond of *life*, blowing his *steamer*, and drinking *blue ruin*, until all is *blue* before him, a

source of infinite amusement ; the convivial finds his antidote to the *rubs* and *jeers* of this world in a *rum chaunt* ; while the *out* and *outer* may here open his *mag-azine* of *tooth-powder*, cause a *grand explosion*, and never fear to meet a *broadside* in return. The *knowing cove* finds his account in looking out for the *green ones*, and the *greens* find their head sometimes a *little heavier*, and their *pockets lighter*, by an accidental *rencontre* with the *fancy*. To see the place in perfection, a stranger should choose the night previous to some important *mill*, when our host of the Castle plays *second*, and all the *lads* are mustered to *stump up* their *blunt*, or to catch the important *whisper* where the *scene of action* is likely to be (for there is always due caution used in the disclosure), to take a *peep* at the pugilists present, and *trot off* as well *satisfied* as if he had partaken of a splendid banquet with the Great Mogul.

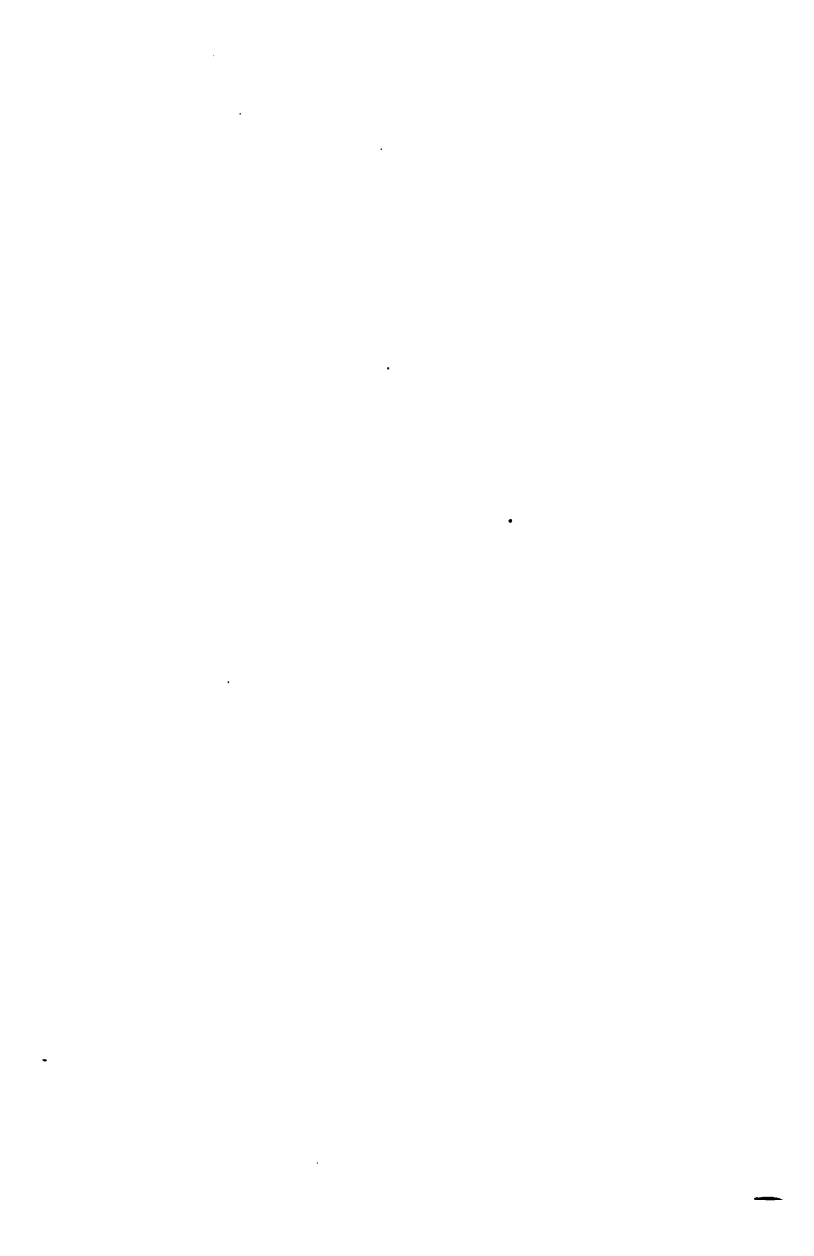
The long room is neatly fitted up, and lighted with *gas* ; and the numerous sporting subjects, elegantly framed and glazed, have rather an imposing effect upon the entrance of the visitor, and among which may be recognised animated likenesses of the late renowned Jem Belcher, and his daring competitor (that inordinate *glutton*) Burke. The fine whole-length portrait of Mr. Jackson stands between those of the Champion and Tom Belcher ; the father of the present race of boxers, old Joe Ward ; the Jew phenomenon, Dutch Sam ; Bob Gregson, in water colours, by the late John Emery, of Covent Garden theatre ; the scientific contest between Humphreys and Mendoza ; also the battle between Crib and Jem Belcher ; a finely executed portrait of the late tremendous Molineux ; portraits of Gulley, Randall, Harmer, Turner, Painter, Tom Owen, and Scroggins, with a variety of other subjects connected with the turf, chase, &c., including a good likeness of the dog Trusty, the champion of the canine race in fifty battles, and the favourite

animal of Jem Belcher, the gift of Lord Camelford—the whole forming a characteristic trait of the sporting world. The long table, or the *ring*, as it is facetiously termed, is where the *old standers* generally *perch* themselves to receive the visits of the *swells*, and give each other the *office* relative to passing events: and what set of men are better able to speak of society in all its various ramifications, from the cabinet-counsellor to the *cosey costermonger*? Jemmy Soares, the president, must be considered a *downy one*; having served five apprenticeships to the office of sheriff's representative, and is as good a fellow in his way as ever *tapped* a *shy one* upon the *shoulder-joint*, or let fly a *ca sa* at your goods and chattels. Lucky Bob is a fellow of another stamp, "a *nation good vice*" as ever was attached to the *house of Brunswick*. Then comes our host, a civil, well-behaved man, without any of the exterior appearance of the ruffian, or perhaps I should say of *his profession*, and with all the good-natured qualifications for a peaceable citizen, and an obliging, merry landlord: next to him you will perceive the *immortal typo*, the all-accomplished Pierce Egan; an eccentric in his way, both in manner and person, but not deficient in that peculiar species of wit which fits him for the high office of *historian* of the *ring*. The *ironical* praise of Blackwood he has the good sense to turn to a right account, laughs at their satire, and pretends to believe it is all meant in *right-down earnest* approbation of his extraordinary merits. For a long while after his *great instructor's* neglect of his friends, Pierce kept undisturbed possession of the throne; but recently competitors have shown themselves in the field *well found* in all particulars, and carrying such witty and weighty ammunition wherewithal, that they more than threaten "to push the hero from his stool."<sup>1</sup> Tom

<sup>1</sup> The editors of the *Annals of Sporting*, and *Bell's Life* in London, are both fellows of infinite wit.

Spring, who is fond of *cocking* as well as fighting, is seen with his bag in the right-hand corner, *chaffing* with the Duck-lane doss man ; while Lawyer L——e, a true sportsman, whether for the turf or chase, is betting the *odds* with brother Adey, *Greek* against *Greek*. Behind them are seen the heroes Scroggins and Turner ; and at the opposite end of the table, a Wake-ful one, but a *grosser* man than either, and something of the *levanter* : the bald-headed *stag* on his right goes by the quaint cognomen of the *Japan oracle*, from the retentive memory he possesses on all sporting and pugilistic events. The old waiter is a picture every frequenter will recognise, and the smoking a *dozer* no unusual *bit* of a *spree*. Here, my dear Bernard, you have before you a true portrait of the celebrated Daffy<sup>2</sup> Club, done from the life by our

<sup>2</sup> The great lexicographer of the *fancy* gives the following definition of the word Daffy. The phrase was coined at the *mint* of the *Fancy*, and has since passed *current* without ever being overhauled as *queer*. The Colossus of Literature, after all his *nous* and acute researches to explain the *synonyms* of the English language, does not appear to have been *down* to the interpretation of Daffy ; nor indeed does Bailey or Sheridan seem at all *fly* to it ; and even *slang* Grose has no *touch* of its extensive signification. The *squeamish* Fair One who takes it on the *sly*, merely to cure the *vapours*, politely names it to her friends as *White Wine*. The *Swell* *chaffs* it as *Blue Ruin*, to elevate his notions. The *Laundress* loves dearly a *drain* of *Ould Tom*, from its strength to *comfort* her inside. The *drag Fiddler* can *toss off* a quartern of *Max* without making a wry mug. The *Costermonger* illumines his ideas with a *flash of lightning* ! The *hoarse Cyprian* owes her existence to copious draughts of *Jacky*. The *Link-boy* and *Mud Larks*, in joining their *browns* together, are for some *Stark Naked*. And the *Out and Outers*, from the addition of *bitters* to it, in order to sharpen up a dissipated and damaged *Victualling Office*, cannot take any thing but *Fuller's Earth*. Much it should seem, therefore, depends upon a name ; and as a soft sound is at all times pleasing to the *listener*—to have denominated this Sporting Society the Gin Club would not only have proved barbarous to the ear, but the vulgarity of the *chant* might have deprived it of many of its elegant friends. It is a subject, however, which it must be admitted has a good deal of





THE DAFFY CLUB, *or a Mus.*



*ical Muster of the Fancy*





mutual friend, Bob Transit (*see plate*), in closing my account of which I have only to say, we were not disappointed in our search after variety, and came away *high in spirits*, and perfectly satisfied with the good-humour and social intercourse of our eccentric associates.

The sad, the sober, and the sentimental were all gone to *roost*, before our merry trio sallied forth from the Castle Tavern, ripe for any sport or *spree*. Of all the bucks in this buckish age, your London buck is the only true fellow of spirit; with him *life* never begins too *early*, or finishes too *late*: how many of the west-end *roués* ride twenty miles out, in a cold morning, to meet the hounds, and after a hard day's run mount their hack and ride twenty miles home to have the pleasure of enjoying their own fire-side, or of relating the hair-breadth perils and escapes they have encountered, to their less active associates at Long's or Stevens's, the Cider Cellar, or the Coal-hole! The general introduction of gas throws too clear a *light* upon many *dark* transactions and midnight frolics to allow the repetition of the scenes of former times: here and there to be sure an odd nook, or a dark cranny, is yet left *unenlightened*; but the leading streets of the metropolis are, for the most part, too well illuminated to allow the *spreecish* or the *sprightly* to carry on their jokes in security, or *bolt* away with safety when a *charley* thinks proper to set his *child* a *crying*.<sup>3</sup> We had crossed the road, in the direction of Chancery-lane, expecting to have met with a hackney *rattler*, but not one was to be found upon the stand, when Bob espied the broad *tilt* of a *jarvey* perched upon his *shop-board*, and impelling along, with no little labour of the whip, a pair of *anatomies*, whose external appearance showed they *Taste* belonging to it—and as a Sporting Man would be *nothing* if he was not *flash*, the Daffy Club meet under the above title.

<sup>3</sup> Springing his rattle.

had benefited very little by the *opening* of the ports for *oats*, or the digestive operation of the new *corn-bill*. "*Hired, old Jarvey!*" said Echo, fixing himself in the road before the *fiery* charioteer. "No, but *tired*, young Davey," replied the *dragsman*. "Take a fare to Covent Garden?" "Not if I *knows* it," was the knowing reply; "so stir your *stumps*, my *tight one*, or I shall drive over you." "You had better take us," said Transit. "I tell you I won't; I am a *day* man, going home, and I don't take *night jobs*." "But I tell you, you must," said Echo; "so round with your *drag*, and we'll make your *last day* a *long day*, and give you the benefit of *resurrection* into the bargain." "Why, look ye, my jolly masters, if you're up to a *lark* of that 'ere sort, take care you don't get a *floorer*; I've got a *rum* customer inside what I'm giving a *lift* to for love—only Josh Hudson, the *mill*er; and if he should chance to wake, I think he'll be for *dusting* some of your jackets." "What, my friend Josh inside?" vociferated Echo, "then it's *all right*: go it, my hearties; mount the box one on each hand, and make him drive us to the *Finish*—while I settle the matter with the *inside* passenger." Josh, who had all this time been taking *forty winks*, while on his road to his crony Belcher's, soon recognised his patron, Echo; and *jarvey*, finding that all remonstrance was useless, thought it better to make a "virtue of necessity;" so turning his machine to the right about, he, in due time, deposited us in the purlieu of Covent Garden. The hoarse note of the drowsy night-guard reverberated through the long aisle of the now-for-saken piazzas, as the trembling flame of the parish lamp, flittering in its half-exhausted jet, proclaimed the approach of day; the heavy rumbling of the gardeners' carts, laden with vegetables for the ensuing market, alone disturbed the quiet of the adjoining streets. In a dark angle might be seen the houseless wanderer, or the abandoned profligate,

gathered up like a lump of rags in a corner, and shivering with the nipping air. The gloom which surrounded us had, for a moment, chilled the wild exuberance of my companions' mirth; and it is more than probable we should have suspended our visit to the *Finish*, at least for that night, had not the jocund note of some uproarious Bacchanalian assailed our ears with the well-known college chant of old Walter de Mapes, "Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori," which being given in G major, was re-echoed from one end to the other of the arched piazza: at a little distance we perceived the jovial singer reeling forwards, or rather working his way, from right to left, in *sinuosities*, along, or according to nautical phrase, upon *tack* and *half tack*, bearing up to windward, in habiliments black as a crow, with the exception of his neckcloth and under vest; but judge our surprise and delight, when, upon nearer approach, we discovered the *bon vivant* to be no other than our old friend Crony, who had been sacrificing to the jolly god with those *choice spirits* the members of the Beef-steak Club,<sup>4</sup> who meet in a room built expressly

<sup>4</sup> This Club, which may boast among its members some of the most distinguished names of the age, including royalty itself, owed its origin to the talents of those celebrated artists Richards and Louthembourg, whose scenic performances were in those days often exhibited to a select number of the nobility and gentry, patrons of the drama and the arts, in the painting-room of the theatre, previous to their being displayed to the public. It was on one of those occasions that some noblemen surprised the artist cooking his beef-steak for luncheon in his painting-room, and kindly partaking of the *déjeuné à la fourchette* with him, suggested and established the Beef-steak Club, which was originally, and up to the time of the fire, held in an apartment over the old Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; but since that period the members have been accommodated by Mr. Arnold, who built the present room expressly for their use. In page 216 of this work, allusion will be found by name to some of the brilliant wits who graced this festive board, and gave a lustre to the feast. In the old place of meeting the

for them over the audience part of the English Opera House. The ruby glow of the old boy's countenance shone like an omen of the merry humour of his mind. "What, out for a *spre*, boys, or just bailed from the watch-house, which is it? the *alpha* or *omega*, for they generally follow one another?" "Then you are in time for the *equivogue*, Crony," said Echo; "so enlist him, Transit;" and without more ceremony, Crony was marched off, *vi et armis*, to the *Finish*, a coffee-house in James-street, Covent Garden, where the *peep-o'-day boys* and *family men* meet to conclude the night's debauch (*see plate*); "*Video meliora proboque, Deteriora sequor*," you will exclaim, and 'tis granted; but

"Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,  
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi,"

says Phædrus, and be the poet's apology mine, for I am neither afraid or ashamed to confess myself an admirer of life in all its variegated lights and shadows, deriving my amusement from the great source of knowledge, the study of that eccentric volume—man. The new police act has, in some measure, abated the extent of these nuisances, the low coffee-shops of the metropolis, which were, for the greater part, little better than a rendezvous for thieves of every description, depots both for the

identical gridiron on which Richards and Loutherbouurg operated was to be seen attached to the ceiling, emblematical of the origin of the society, which may now be considered as the only relic left of that social intercourse which formerly existed in so many shapes between those who were distinguished for their noble birth and wealth, and the poorer, but equally illustrious, of the children of Genius. It would be an act of injustice to the present race of scenic artists to close this note without acknowledging their more than equal merits to their predecessors: the Grieves (father and sons), Phillips, Marinari, Wilson, Tomkins, and Stanfield, are all names of high talent; but the novelty of their art has, from its general cultivation, lost much of this peculiar attraction.





*Peep o'day Boys & Family Men at*



*the Finish a Scene near Covent Garden.*





plunder and the plunderer ; where, if an unthinking or profligate victim once entered, he seldom came out without experiencing treatment which operated like a severe lesson, that would leave its moral upon his mind as long as he continued an inhabitant of the terrestrial world. The attempt to describe the party around us baffled even the descriptive powers of old Crony ; some few, indeed, were known to the man of the world as reputed sharpers,—fellows who are always to be found lingering about houses of such resort, to catch the inexperienced ; when, having sacrificed their victim either by gambling, cheating, or swindling, they divide the profits with the keeper of the house, without whose assistance they could not hope to arrive at the necessary information, or be enabled to continue their frauds with impunity ; but, thus protected, they have a ready witness at hand to speak to their character, without the suspicion of his being a confederate in their villany. Here might be seen the woman of pleasure, lost to every sense of her sex's shame, consuming the remaining portion of the night by a wasteful expenditure of her ill-acquired gains upon some abandoned profligate, bearing, indeed, the outward form of man, but presenting a most degrading spectacle—a wretch so lost to all sense of honour and manhood as meanly to subsist on the wages of prostitution. One or two characters I must not omit : observe the fair Cyprian with the ermine tippet, seated on the right of a well-known *billiard sharp*, who made his escape from Dublin for having *dived* a little too *deep* into the pockets of his brother emeralders ; here he passes for a *swell*, and has abandoned his former *profession* for the *more honest* union of callings, a pimp and *playman*, in other words, a finished *Greek*. The lady was the *chère amie* of the unfortunate youth Hayward (designated as the modern Macheath), who suffered an ignominious death. He was betrayed and sold to the

officers by this very woman, upon whom he had lavished the earnings of his infamy, when endeavouring to secrete himself from the searching eye of justice. The unhappy female on the other side was early in life seduced by the once celebrated Lord B—, by whose title, to his lasting infamy, she is still known: what she might have been, but for his arts, reflection too often compels her to acknowledge, when sober and sinking under her load of misery; at other times she has recourse to liquor to drown her complicated misfortunes; when wild and infuriated, she more nearly resembles a demon than a woman, spreading forth terror and destruction upon all around; in this state she is often brought to the police-office, where the humanity of the magistrates, softened perhaps by a recollection of her wrongs, generally operates to procure for her some very trifling and lenient sentence.<sup>5</sup> We had now passed

<sup>5</sup> THE LIFE OF A WOMAN OF THE TOWN.

Ah! what avails how once appear'd the fair,  
 When from gay equipage she falls obscure?  
 In vain she moves her livid lips in prayer;  
 What man so mean to recollect the poor?

From place to place, by unfee'd bailiffs drove,  
 As fainting fawns from thirsty bloodhounds fly;  
 See the sad remnants of unhallow'd love  
 In prisons perish, or on dunghills die.

Pimps and dependents once her beauties praised,  
 And on those beauties, vermin-like, they fed;  
 From wretchedness the crew her bounty raised,  
 When by her spoils enrich'd—deny her bread.

Through street to street she wends, as want betides,  
 Like Shore's sad wife, in winter's dismal hours;  
 The bleak winds piercing her unnourish'd sides,  
 Her houseless head dripping with drizzly showers.

Sickly she strolls amidst the miry lane,  
 While streaming spouts dash on her unclothed neck;  
 By famine pinch'd, pinch'd by disease-bred pain,  
 Contrition's portrait, and rash beauty's wreck.





*Family Men at Fault or an unexpected*



*Visit from the Bishop and his Chaplains*



from the first receptacle to an inner and more elegant apartment, where we could be accommodated with suitable refreshments, wine, spirits, or, in fact, any thing we pleased to order and were disposed to pay for; a practice at most of these early coffee-houses, as they are denominated. The company in this room were, as far as appearances went, of rather a better order; but an event soon occurred which convinced us that their morality was perhaps more exceptionable than the motley group which filled the outer chamber. A bevy of damsels were singing, flirting, and drinking, to amuse their companions,—when all at once the doors were forced open, and in rushed three of the principal officers of Bow-street, the *indefatigable* Bishop, the *determined* Smith, and the *resolute* Ruthven (*see plate*), all armed and prepared for some dreadful encounter: in an instant their followers had possessed themselves of the doors—flight, therefore, was in vain; and Bob Transit, in attempting it, narrowly escaped an awkward crack on the crania from old Jack Townshend, who being past active service, was posted at the entrance with the *beak* himself, to do *garrison duty*. “The traps! the traps!” vociferated some one in the adjoining room; “*Douse the glims! stash it—stash it!*” was the general exclamation in ours: but before the party could effect their purpose, the principals were in safe custody; and the *reader* (i.e. pocket-book) containing all the stolen property, preserved from the flames by the wary eye and prompt arm of the *indefatigable* Bishop. Before any one was allowed to depart the room, a general muster and search took place, in which poor Bob Transit felt most awkward, as some voluptuous sketches found in his pocket called forth

---

She dies; sad outcast! heart-broke by remorse;  
Pale, stretch'd against th' inhospitable doors;  
While gathering gossips taunt the fleshless corse,  
And thank their gods *that they were never w—res!*

the severe animadversion of his worship, the *beak*, who lamented that such fine talent should be thus immorally applied: with this brief lecture, and a caution for the future, we were allowed to escape; while almost all the rest, male and female, were marched off to an adjoining watch-house, to abide the public examination and *fiat* of the morrow. Of all the party, old Crony was the most sensibly affected by the late rencontre; twenty bottles of soda-water could not have produced a more important change. His conversation and appearance had, in an instant, recovered their wonted steadiness; and before we were half across the market, Crony was moralizing upon the dangers of the scene from which we had so recently and fortunately escaped. But hearts young and buoyant as ours, when lighted up by the fire of enterprise, and provoked to action by potent charges of the grape, were not to be dashed by one repulse, or compelled to beat a retreat at the first brush with a *reconnoitring* party; we had sallied forth in pursuit of a *spree*, and frolic we were determined upon,

“While misty night, with silent pace,  
Steals gradual o’er the wanton chase.”

There is something very romantic in prowling the streets of the metropolis at midnight, in quest of adventure; at least, so my companions insisted, and I had embarked too deeply in the night’s debauch to moralize upon its consequences. How many a sober-looking face demure when morning dawns would blush to meet the accusing spirit of the night, dressed out in all the fantasies of whim and eccentricity with which the rosy god of midnight revelry clothes his laughter-loving bacchanals—

“While sleep attendant at her drowsy fane,  
Parent of ease, envelopes all your train!”

The lamentations of old Crony brought to mind the



complaints of honest Jack Falstaff against his associates. "There is no truth in villanous man!" said our monitor. "I remember when a gentleman might have reeled round the environs of Covent Garden, *in and out* of every establishment, from the Bedford to Mother Butler's, without having his pleasures broken in upon by the irruptions of Bow-street mohawks, or his person endangered by any association he chose to mix with; but we are returning to the times of the *Roundheads* and the *Puritans*; *cant*, vile hypocritical *cant*, has bitten the ear of authority, and the great officers of the state are infected with the jesuitical mania.

'Man is a ship that sails with adverse winds,  
And has no haven till he land at death.  
Then, when he thinks his hands fast grasp the bank,  
Comes a rude billow betwixt him and safety,  
And beats him back into the deep again.'

"I subscribe to none of their fooleries," said I; "for I am of the true orthodox—love my king, my girl, my friend, and my bottle: a truce with all their raven croakings; they would overload mortality, and press our shoulders with too great a weight of dismal miseries. But come, my boys, we who have free souls, let us to the banquet, while yet Sol's fiery charioteer lies sleeping at his eastern palace in the lap of Thetis—let us chant carols of mirth to old Jove or bully Mars; and, like chaste votaries, perform our orgies at the shrine of Venus, ere yet Aurora tears aside the curtain that conceals our revels." In this way we rallied ourameleon-selves, until we again found shelter from the dews of night in Carpenter's coffee-house; a small, but well-conducted place, standing at the east end of the market, which opens between two and three o'clock in the morning, for the accommodation of those who are hourly arriving with waggon loads of vegetable commodities. Here, over a bottle of mulled port, Crony gave us the history of

what Covent Garden used to be, when the eminent, the eccentric, and the notorious in every walk of life, were to be found nightly indulging their festivities within its famous precincts. "Covent Garden," said Crony, "once so celebrated for its clubs of wits and convents of fine women, is grown as dull as *modern Athens*, and its ladies of pleasure almost as vulgar as Scotch landladies ; formerly, the first beauties of the time assembled every evening under the Piazzas, and promenaded for hours to the soft notes of the dulcet lute, and the silver tongues of amorous and persuasive beaus ; then the gay scene partook of the splendour of a Venetian carnival, and such beauties as the *Kitten*, Peggy Yates, Sally Hall the *brunette*, Betsy Careless, and the lively Mrs. Stewart, graced the merry throng, with a hundred more, equally famed, whose names are enrolled in the cabinet of Love's votaries. Then there was a celebrated house in Charles-street, called the *field of blood*, where the droll fellows of the time used nightly to resort, and throw down whole regiments of *black* artillery ; and then at Tom or Moll King's, a coffee-house so called, which stood in the centre of Covent Garden market, at midnight might be found the bucks, bloods, demireps, and choice spirits of London, associated with the most elegant and fascinating Cyprians, congregated with every species of human kind that intemperance, idleness, necessity, or curiosity could assemble together. There you might see Tom King enter as rough as a Bridewell whipper, roaring down the long room and rousing all the sleepers, thrusting them and all who had empty glasses out of his house, setting everything to rights,—when in would roll three or four jolly fellows, claret-cosey, and in three minutes put it all into uproar again ; playing all sorts of mad pranks, until the guests in the long room were at battle-royal together ; for in those days pugilistic encounters were equally common as with the present

times, owing to the celebrity of Broughton and his amphitheatre, where the science of boxing was publicly taught. Then was the Spiller's Head in Clare-market, in great vogue for the nightly assemblage of the wits ; there might be seen Hogarth, and Betterton the actor, and Dr. Garth, and Charles Churchill, the first of English satirists, and the arch politician, Wilkes, and the gay Duke of Wharton, and witty Morley, the author of *Joe Miller*, and Walker, the celebrated Macheath, and the well-known Bab Selby, the oyster-woman, and Fig, the boxer, and old Corins, the clerical attorney.—All "hail, fellow, well met."<sup>6</sup> And

<sup>6</sup> A friend of mine has in his possession a most extraordinary picture of Hogarth's, on this subject, which has never yet been engraved from. It is called *St. James's Day*, or the first day of oysters, and represents the interior of the Spiller's Head in Clare-market, as it then appeared. The principal figures are the gay and dissolute Duke of Wharton, for whom the well-known Bab Selby, the oyster-wench, is opening oysters ; Spiller is standing at her back, patting her shoulder ; the figure sitting smoking by the side of the duke is a portrait of Morley, the author of *Joe Miller* ; and the man standing behind is a portrait of the well-known attendant on the duke's drunken frolics, Fig, the brother of Fig, the boxer : the person drinking at the bar is Corins, called the parson-attorney, from his habit of dressing in clerical attire ; the two persons sitting at the table represent portraits of the celebrated Dr. Garth, and Betterton, the actor ; the figures, also, of Walker, the celebrated Macheath, and Lavinia Fenton, the highly-reputed Polly, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, may be recognised in the back-ground.

The circumstances of this picture having escaped the notice of the biographer of Hogarth is by no means singular. Mr. Halls, one of the magistrates at Bow-street, has, among other choice specimens by Hogarth, the lost picture of the *Harlot's Progress* ; the subject telling her fortune by the tea-grounds in her cup, admirably characteristic of the artist and his story. In my own collection I have the original picture of the *Fish-Women of Calais*, with a view of the market-place, painted on the spot, and as little known as the others to which I have alluded. There are, no doubt, many other equally clever performances of Hogarth's prolific pencil which are not generally known to the public, or have not yet been engraved.

in the same neighbourhood, in Russel-court, at the old Cheshire Cheese, the inimitable but dissolute Tom Brown wrote many of his cleverest essays. Then too commenced the midnight revelries and notoriety of the Cider Cellar, in Maiden-lane, when Sim Sloper, Bob Washington, Jemmy Taswell, Totty Wright, and Harry Hatzell, led the way for a whole regiment more of frolic-making beings who, like Falstaff, were not only witty themselves, but the cause of keeping it alive in others : to these succeeded Porson the Grecian, Captain Thompson, Tom Hewerdine, Sir John Moore, Mr. Edwin, Mr. Woodfall, Mr. Brownlow, Captain Morris, and a host of other highly-gifted men, the first lyrical and political writers of the day,—who frequented the Cider Cellar after the meetings of the *Anacreontic*, *beef-steak*, and *humbug* clubs then held in the neighbourhood, to taste the parting bowl and swear eternal friendship. In later times, Her Majesty the Queen of Bohemia<sup>7</sup> raised her standard in Tavistock-row, Covent Garden, where she held a midnight court for the wits ; superintended by the renowned daughter of Hibernia, and maid of honour to her majesty, the facetious Mother Butler—the ever-constant supporter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, esquire, and a leading feature in all the memorable Westminster elections of the last fifty years. How many jovial nights have I passed and jolly fellows have I met in the snug sanctum sanctorum ! a little *crib*, as the *flashmongers* would call it, with an entrance through the bar, and into which none were ever permitted to enter without a formal introduction and the gracious permission of the hostess. Among those who were thus specially privileged, and had the honour of the *entré*, were the reporters for the morning papers, the leading members of the *eccentrics*, the actors and musicians of the two Theatres Royal, merry members of both Houses of

<sup>7</sup> The sign of the house.

Parliament, and mad wags of every country who had any established claim to the kindred feelings of genius. Such were the frequenters of the *Finish*. Here, poor Tom Sheridan, with a comic gravity that set discretion at defiance, would let fly some of his brilliant drolleries at the *improvisatore*, Theodore Hook ; who, lacking nothing of his opponent's wit, would quickly return his fire with the sharp encounter of a satiric epigram or a brace of puns, planted with the most happy effect upon the weak side of his adversary's merriment. There too might be seen the wayward and the talented George Cook, gentlemanly in conduct, and full of anecdote when sober, but ever captious and uproarious in his cups. Then might be heard a strange encounter of expressions between the queen of Covent Garden and the voluptuary, Lord Barrymore,<sup>8</sup> seconded by his brother, the *pious* Augustus. In one corner might be seen poor Dermody, the poet, shivering with wretchedness, and Mother Butler pleading his cause with a generous feeling that does honour to her heart, collecting for him a temporary supply which, alas ! his imprudence generally dissipated with the morrow. Here, George Sutton Manners,<sup>9</sup> and Peter Finnerty,<sup>10</sup> and James Brownly,<sup>11</sup> inspired by frequent potations of the real

<sup>8</sup> Designated Cripple-gate and Newgate.

<sup>9</sup> The relative of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, and then editor of the *Satirist* magazine.

<sup>10</sup> Peter Finnerty was a reporter on the *Chronicle*. The history of Finnerty's political persecutions in his own country (Ireland), and afterwards in this, are interwoven with our history. The firmness and honesty of his mind had endeared him to a very large circle of patriot friends. He was eloquent, but impetuous, his ideas appearing to flow too fast for delivery. With all the natural warmth of his country, he had a heart of sterling gold. Finnerty died in 1822, very shortly after his friend Perry.

<sup>11</sup> James Brownly, formerly a reporter on the *Times* ; of whom Sheridan said, hearing him speak, that his situation ought to have been in the body of the House of Commons, instead of the gallery. Brownly possessed very rare natural talents, was origi-

Rocrea whiskey, would hold forth in powerful contention, until mine hostess of the *Finish*<sup>12</sup> would put an end to the debate; and the irritation it would sometimes engender, by disencumbering herself of a few of her Milesian monosyllables. Then would bounce into the room, Felix M'Carthy, the very cream of comicalities, and the warm-hearted James Hayne, and Frank Phippen, and Michael Nugent, and the eloquent David Power, and *memory* Middleton, and father Proby, just to sip an *emulsion* after the close of their labours in reporting a long debate in the House of Commons. Here, too, I remember to have seen for the first time in my life, the wayward Byron, with the light of genius beaming in his noble countenance, and an eye brilliant and expressive as the evening star; the rich juice of the Tuscan grape had diffused an unusual glow over his features, and inspired him with a playful animation, that but rarely illumined the misanthropic gloominess of his too sensitive mind. An histrionic star alike distinguished for talent and eccentricity accompanied him—the gallant, gay Lothario, Kean. But I should consume the remnant of the night to retrace more of the fading recollections of the *Finish*. That it was a scene where prudence did not always preside, is true; but there was a rich union of talent and character always to be found within its circle, that nally an upholsterer in Catherine-street, Strand, and by dint of application acquired a very correct knowledge of the fine arts: he was particularly skilled in architecture and heraldry. In addition to his extraordinary powers as an orator, he was a most elegant critic, and a very amiable man. He died in 1822, much regretted by all who knew him.

<sup>12</sup> Mother Butler, the queen of Covent-garden, for many years kept the celebrated *Finish*, where, if shut out of your lodging, you might take shelter till morning, very often in the *very best* of company. The house has, since she left it, been shut up through the suspension of its licence. Mother Butler was a witty, generous-hearted, and very extraordinary woman. She is, I believe, still living, and in good circumstances.

prevented any very violent outrage upon propriety or decorum. In the present day, there is nothing like it—the Phoenix,<sup>13</sup> Offley's,<sup>14</sup> the Coal-hole,<sup>15</sup> and what yet remains of the dismembered Eccentrics,<sup>16</sup> bears no comparison to the ripe drolleries and

<sup>13</sup> A society established at the Wrekin tavern in Broad-court, in imitation of the celebrated club at Brazen-nose College, Oxford, and of whom I purpose to take some notice hereafter.

<sup>14</sup> The Burton ale rooms; frequented by baby bucks, black-legs and half-pay officers.

<sup>15</sup> A tavern in Fountain-court, Strand, kept by the poet Rhodes; celebrated for the Saturday ordinary.

<sup>16</sup> In the room, where of old the Eccentrics \* met;

When mortals were Brilliants, and fond of a whet,  
And *Hecate* environ'd all London in jet.  
Where Adolphus, and Sherri',† and famed Charley Fox,  
With a hundred good whigs led by Alderman Cox,  
Put their names in the books, and their cash in the box;  
Where *perpetual* Whittle,‡ facetiously grand,  
On the president's throne each night took his stand,  
With his three-curly wig, and his hammer in hand:  
Then Brownly, with eloquence florid and clear,  
Pour'd a torrent of metaphor into the ear,  
With well-rounded periods, and satire severe.  
Here too Peter Finnerty, Erin's own child,  
Impetuous, frolicsome, witty, and wild,  
With many a tale has our reason beguiled:  
Then wit was triumphant, and night after night  
Was the morn usher'd in with a flood of delight.

---

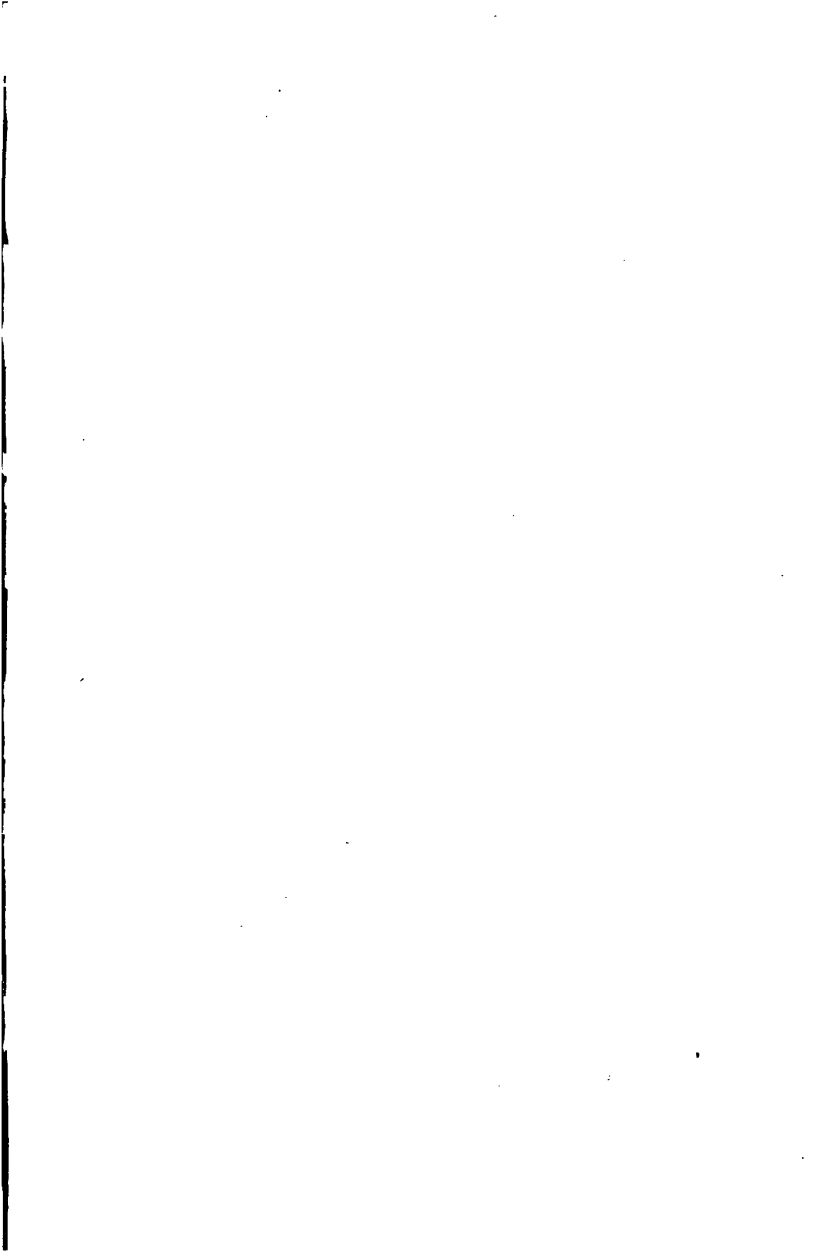
\* The Eccentrics, a club principally composed of persons connected with the press or the drama, originally established at the Swan, in Chandos-street, Covent-garden, under the name of the Brilliants, and afterwards removed to the Sutherland Arms, in May's-buildings, St. Martin's-lane;—here, for many years, it continued the resort of some of the first wits of the time; the chair was seldom taken till the theatres were over, and rarely vacated till between four and five in the morning.

† Sheridan, Charles Fox, Adolphus, and many of the most eminent men now at the bar, were members or occasional frequenters.

‡ James Whittle, Esq., of Fleet-street, (or, as he was more generally denominated, the facetious Jemmy Whittle, of the respectable firm of Laurie and Whittle, booksellers and publishers) was for some years perpetual president of the society, and by his quaint manners, and good-humoured socialty, added much to the felicity of the scene—he is but recently dead.

pleasant witticisms which sparkled forth in endless variety among the choice spirits who frequented the *sanctum sanctorum* of the *old Finish*. "There is yet, however, one more place worthy of notice," said Crony; "not for any amusement we shall derive from its frequenters, but, simply, that it is the most notorious place in London." Thither it was agreed we should adjourn; for Crony's description of *Madame* and *Messieurs* the *Conducteurs* was quite sufficient to produce excitement in the young and ardent minds by which he was then surrounded. I shall not pollute this work by a repetition of the circumstances connected with this place, as detailed by old Crony, lest humanity should start back with horror and disgust at the bare mention, and charity endeavour to throw discredit on the true, but black recital. The specious pretence of selling shell-fish and oysters is a mere trap for the inexperienced, as every description of expensive wines, liqueurs, coffee, and costly suppers are in more general request, and the wanton extravagance exhibited within its vortex is enough to strike the uninitiated and the moralist with the most appalling sentiments of horror and dismay. Yet within this *saloon* (*see plate*) did we enter, at four o'clock in the morning, to view the depravity of human nature, and watch the operation of licentiousness upon the young and thoughtless. A Newgate turnkey would, no doubt, recognize many old acquaintances; in the special hope of which, Bob Transit has faithfully delineated some of the most conspicuous characters, as they appeared on that occasion, lending their hearty assistance in the general scene of maddening uproar. It was past five o'clock in the morning ere we quitted this den of dreadful depravity, heartily tired out by the night's adventures, yet solacing ourselves with the reflection that we had seen much and *suffered* little either in respect to our purses or our persons.







*The Hall of Infamy. Alias the Oyster Sal.*



*on in Bridges St. or New Covent Garden Hall.*



## VISIT TO WESTMINSTER HALL.

*Worthies thereof—Legal Sketches of the Long Robe—The Maiden Brief—An awkward Recognition—Visit to Banco Regis—Surrey Collegians giving a Lift to a Limb of the Law, “Thus far shalt thou go and no farther”—Park Rangers—Visit to the Life Academy—R—A—ys of Genius reflecting on the true line of Beauty—Arrival of Bernard Blackmantle in London—Reads his Play and Farce in the Green Rooms of the two Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden—Sketches of Theatrical Character—The City Ball at the Mansion House—The Squeeze—Civic Characters—Return to Alma Mater—The Wind-up—Term ends.*

A NOTE from Dick Gradus invited Echo and myself to hear his opening speech in Westminster Hall. “I have received my *maiden brief*,” writes the young counsel, “and shall be happy if you will be present at my first attempt, when, like a true *amicus curiæ*, the presence of an old school-fellow will inspire confidence, and point out what may strike him as defective in my style.” “We will all go,” said Transit; “Echo will be amused by the oratory of the bar, and I shall employ my pencil to advantage in taking *notes*, not of *short hand*, but of *long heads*, and still *longer faces*.” The confusion created by the building of the new courts at Westminster has literally choked up, for a time, that noble specimen of Gothic architecture—the ancient hall; the King’s Bench sittings are therefore temporarily held in the Sessions House, a small, but

rather compact octangular building, on the right of Parliament-street. Hither we hasted, at nine o'clock in the morning, to take a view of the court, judges, and counsel, and congratulate our friend Gradus on his *entrée*. It has been said, that the only profession in this country where talents can insure success, is the law. If by this is meant talents of a popular kind, the power of giving effect to comprehensive views of justice and the bonds of society, a command of language, and a faculty of bringing to bear upon one point all the resources of intellect and knowledge, they are mistaken; they speak from former experience, and not from present observation: they are thinking of the days of a Mingay or an Erskine, not of those of a Marryat or a Scarlett; of the time when juries were wrought upon by the united influence of *zeal* and *talent*, not when they are governed by *precedents* and *practice*; when men were allowed to feel a little, as well as think a great deal; when the now common phrase of possessing the *ear of the court* was not understood, and the *tactician* and the *bully* were unknown to the bar. It is asserted, that one-fifth of the causes that come before our courts are decided upon mere matters of form, without the slightest reference to their merits. Every student for the bar must now place himself under some special pleader, and go through all the complicated drudgery of the office of one of these underlings, before he can hope to fill a higher walk; general principles, and enlarged notions of law and justice, are smothered in laborious and absurd technicalities; the enervated mind becomes shackled, until the natural vigour of the intellect is so reduced, as to make its bondage cease to seem burdensome. Dick, with a confidence in his own powers, has avoided this degrading preparation; it is only two months since he was first called to the bar, and with a knowledge of his father's influence and property added to his own talents, he hopes to make a

stand in court, previous to his being transplanted to the Commons House of Parliament.

A tolerable correct estimate may be formed of the popularity of the judges, by observing the varied bearings of respect evinced towards them upon their entrance into court. Mr. Justice Best came first, bending nearly double under a painful infirmity, and was received by a cold and ceremonious rising of the bar. To him succeeded his brother Holroyd, a learned but not a very brilliant lawyer, and another partial acknowledgment of the counsel was observable. Then entered the Chief Justice, Sir Charles Abbot, with more of dignity in his carriage than either of the preceding, and a countenance finely expressive of serenity and comprehensive faculties: his welcome was of a more general, and, I may add, genial nature; for his judicial virtues have much endeared him to the profession and the public. But the universal acknowledgment of the bar, the jury, and the reporters for the public press, who generally occupy the students' box, was reserved for Mr. Justice Bayley; upon whose entrance, all in court appeared to rise with one accord to pay a tribute of respect to this very distinguished, just, and learned man. All this might have been accidental, you will say; but it was in such strict accordance with my own feelings and popular opinion besides, that, however invidious it may appear, I cannot resist the placing it upon record. To return to the Chief Justice: he is considered a man of strong and piercing intellect, penetrating at once to the bottom of a cause, when others, even the counsel, are very often only upon the surface; his intuition in this respect is proverbial, and hence much of the valuable time of the court is saved upon preliminary or immaterial points. Added to which, he is an excellent lawyer, shrewd, clear, and forcible in his delivery, very firm in his judgments, and mild in his

language; with a patient command of temper, and continued appearance of good-humour, that adds much to his dignity, and increases public veneration. That he has been the architect of his own elevation is much to be applauded; and it is equally honourable to the state to acknowledge, that he is more indebted to his *great talents* and his legal knowledge for his present situation than to any personal influence of *great interest*<sup>1</sup>: of him it may be justly said, he hath

“A piercing wit quite void of ostentation; high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy; an eloquence as sweet in the uttering, as slow to come to the uttering.”

*Sir P. Sidney's Arcadia.*

It was Dick Gradus's *good-luck* to be opposed to Scarlett in a case of libel, where the latter was for the defendant. “Of all men else at the bar, I know of no one whom I so much wish to encounter,” said Gradus. His irritable temper, negligence in reading his briefs, and consummate ignorance<sup>2</sup> in any thing beyond term-reports, renders him an easy conquest to a quiet, learned, and comprehensive mind. The two former are qualifications Gradus possesses in a very superior degree, and he proved he was in no wise deficient in his opponent's great requisite; I suppose we must call it *confidence*; but another phrase would be more significant. Scarlett is a great *tactician*; and in defending his client, never hesitates to take

<sup>1</sup> We hear that an allusion in page 359 of this work has been supposed to relate to a near relative of the respected Chief Justice: if it bears any similitude, it is the effect of *accident* alone; the portrait being drawn for another and a *very different* person, as the reference to *altitude* might have shown.

<sup>2</sup> See the castigation he received in the Courier of Friday, Dec. 10, 1824, for his total ignorance of the common terms of art.

“——— that trick of courts to wear  
Silk at the cost of flattery.”

*James Shirley's Poems.*



what I should consider the most *unfair*, as they are *ungentlemanly* advantages. But there

"be they that use men's writings like brute beasts, to make them draw which way they list."

*T. Nash's Lenten Stuff*, 1599.

His great success and immense practice at the bar is more owing to the *scarcity* of silk-gowns<sup>3</sup> than the profundity of his talents. The perpetual *simper* that plays upon his ruby countenance, when *finessing* with a jury, has, no doubt, its *artful* effect; although it is as foreign to the true feelings of the man, as the *malicious* grin of the malignant satirist would be to generosity and true genius. Of his oratory, the *aureum flumen orationis* is certainly not his; and, if he begins a sentence well, he seldom arrives at the conclusion on the same level: he is always most happy in a reply, when he can *trick* his adversary by making an abusive speech, and calling no witnesses to prove his assertions. Our friend Gradus obtained a verdict, and after it the congratulations of the court and bar, with whom Scarlett is, from his superciliousness, no great favourite. Owen Feltham, in his *Resolves*, well says, that "arrogance is a weed that ever grows upon a dunghill."<sup>4</sup> The contrast between Scarlett and his great opponent, Mr. Serjeant Copley,

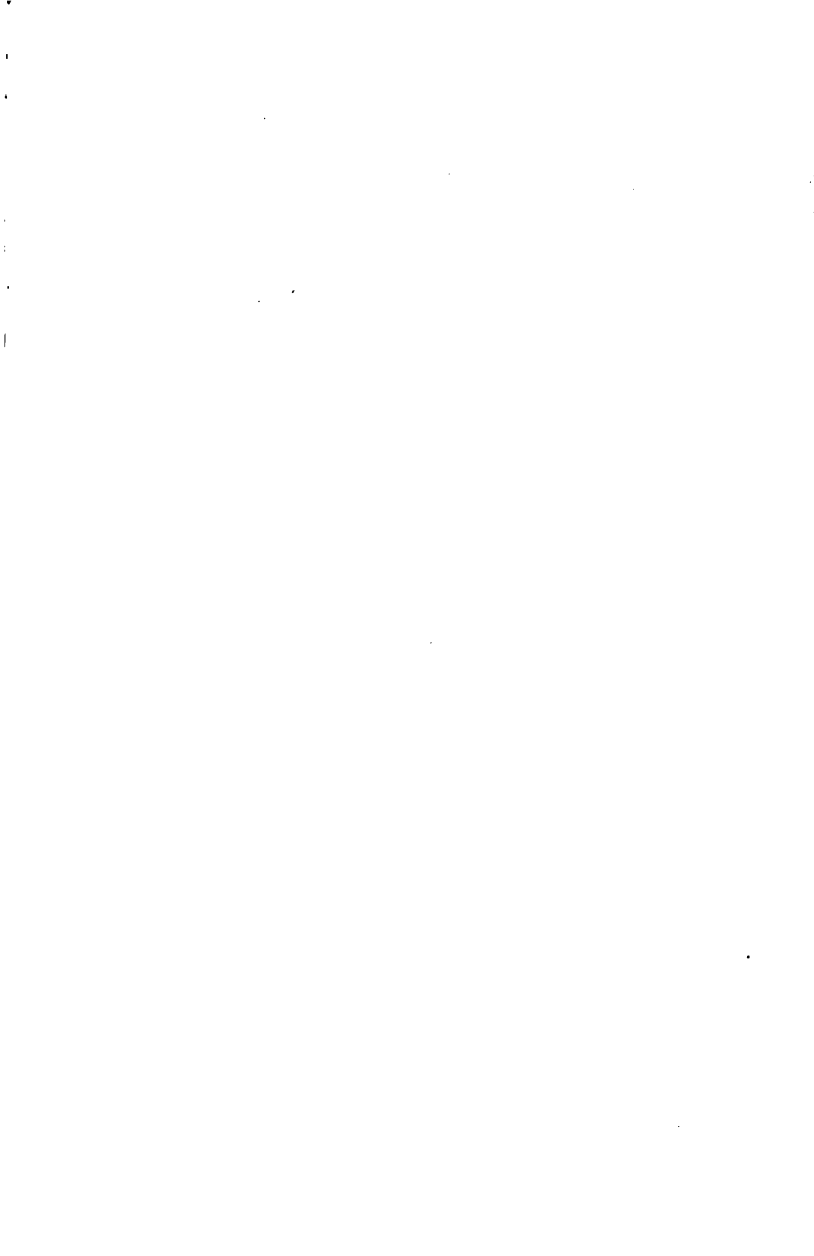
<sup>3</sup> Generally speaking, the management of two-thirds of the business of the court is entrusted to *four silk-gowns*, and about twice as many *worsted* robes behind the bar.

<sup>4</sup> An Impromptu written in the Court of King's Bench during a recent trial for libel.

#### THE LEARNED PIG.

"My learned Friend," the showman cries;  
The pig assents—the showman lies;  
So counsel oft address a brother  
In flattering *lie* to one another;  
Calling their *friend* some legal varlet,  
Who lies, and bullies, till he's *Scarlett*.

the present Attorney-General, is a strong proof of the truth of this quotation. To a systematic and profound knowledge of the law, this gentleman unites a mind richly stored with all the advantages of a liberal education and extensive reading, not merely confined to the dry pursuit in which he is engaged, but branching forth into the most luxuriant and highly-cultivated fields of science and the arts. On this account, he shines with peculiar brightness at *Nisi Prius*; and is as much above the former in the powers of his mind and splendour of his oratory, as he is superior to the presumptuousness of Scarlett's vulgarity. Mr. Marryat is said to possess an excellent knowledge of the *heavy* business of his profession; and it must be admitted, that his full, round, *heavy*-looking countenance, and still *heavier* attempts at wit and humour, admirably suit the man to his peculiar manner: after all, he is a most persevering counsel; not deficient in good sense, and always distinguished by great zeal for his client's interests. Mr. Gurney is a steady, pains-taking advocate, considered by the profession as a tolerable criminal lawyer, but never affecting any very learned arguments in affairs of principles or precedents. In addressing a jury, he is both perspicuous and convincing; but far too candid and gentlemanly in his practice to contend with the *trickery* of Scarlett.—Mr. Common-Serjeant Denman is a man fitted by nature for the law. I never saw a more judicial-looking countenance in my life; there is a sedate gravity about it, both “stern and mild,” firm without fierceness, and severe without austerity:—he appears thoughtful, penetrating, and serene, yet not by any means devoid of feeling and expression:—deeply read in the learning of his profession, he is yet much *better* than a mere lawyer; for his speeches and manners must convince his hearers that he is an accomplished gentleman. Of Brougham, it may be justly said,

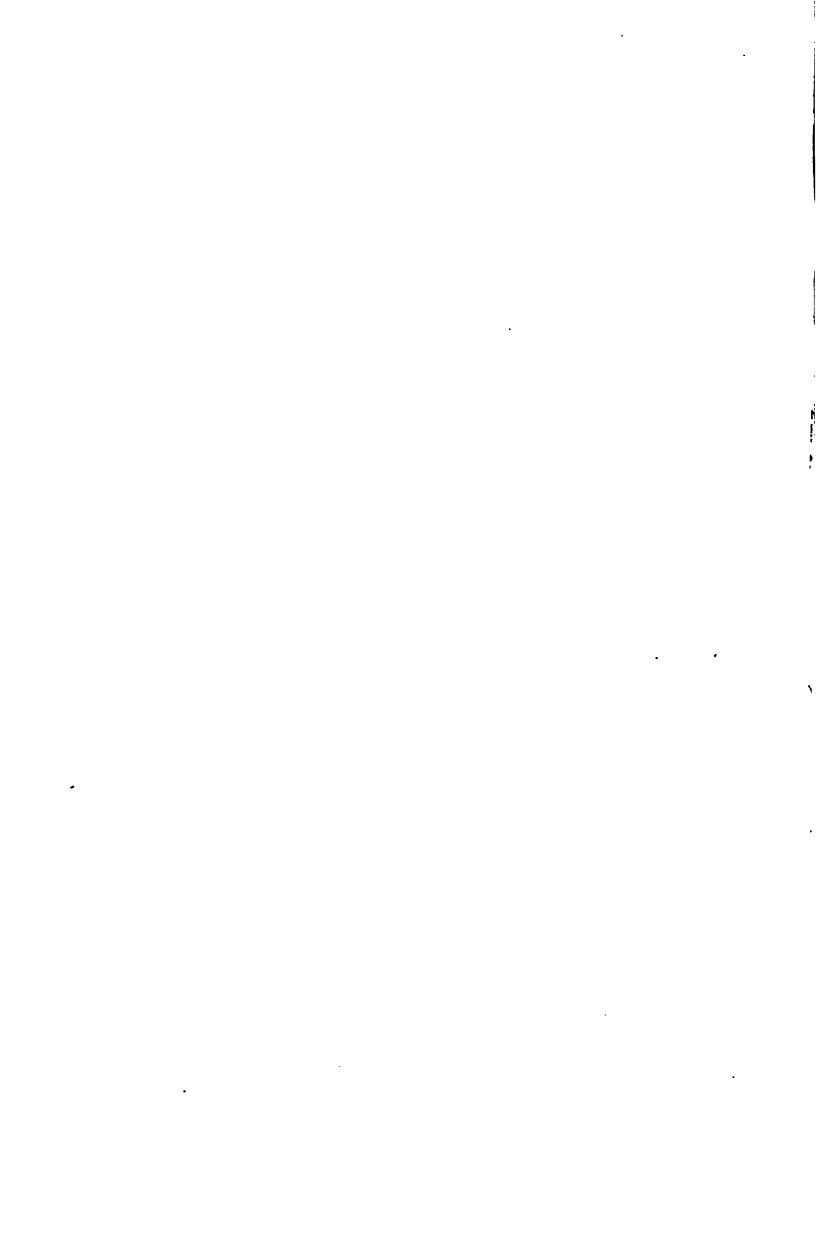




*The Maiden Brief, Dick Gradus's first app*



appearance among the Worthies of Westminster Hall.



———"his delights  
Are dolphin-like ; they show his back above  
The elements he lives in :"

his voice, manner, and personal appearance, are not the happiest ; but the gigantic powers of his mind, and the energy of his unconquerable spirit, rise superior to these defects. His style of speaking is marked by a nervous freedom of the most convincing character ; he aims little at refinement, and labours more to make himself intelligible than elegant. In zeal for his clients, no man is more indefatigable ; and he always appears to dart forward with an undaunted resolution to overcome and accomplish. But here I must stop sketching characters, and refer you to a very able representation of the court, the bar, and jury, by our friend Transit, in which are *accurate likenesses* of all I have previously named, and also of the following worthies, Messrs. Raine, Pollock, Ashworth, Courtney, Starkie, Williams, Parke, Rotch, Platt, Patterson, Raper, Browne, Lawrence, and Whately, to which are added some whom—

"God forbid me if I slander them with the title of *learned*, for generally they are not."—*Nash's Lenten Stuff*, 1599.

We were just clearing the steps of the court house, when a jolly-looking, knowing sort of fellow, begged permission to speak to Echo. A crimson flush o'er-spread Tom's countenance in a moment. Transit, who was *down*, as he phrased it, tipped me a wink ; and although I had never before seen either of the professional brothers-in-law, John Doe and Richard Roe, the smart jockey-boots, short stick, sturdy appearance, and *taking* manners of the *worthy*, convinced me at once, that our new acquaintance was one or other of those well-known personages : to be brief, poor Tom was arrested for a large sum by a Bond-street hotel-keeper, who had trusted him somewhat too *long*.

Arrangement by bail was impossible : this was a proceeding on a *judgment* ; and with as little ceremony, and as much *sang froid* as he would have entered a theatre, poor Tom was placed inside a hackney coach, accompanied by the aforesaid personage and his man, and drove off in apparent good spirits for the King's Bench Prison, where Transit and myself promised to attend him on the morrow, employing the mean time in attempting to free him from durance vile. It was about twelve at noon of the next day, when Transit and myself, accompanied by Tom's creditor and his solicitor, traversed over Waterloo Bridge, and bent our steps towards the abode of our incarcerated friend.

"The winds of March, with many a sudden gust,  
About Saint George's Fields had raised the dust ;  
And stirr'd the massive bars that stand beneath  
The spikes, that wags call *Justice Abbot's teeth*."

The first glimpse of the Obelisk convinced us we had entered the confines of *Abbot's Park*, as the rules are generally termed, for here Bob recognised two or three among the sauntering *rangers*, whose habiliments bore evidence of their *once* fashionable notoriety ;

"And still they seem'd, though shorn of many a ray,  
Not less than some arch dandy in decay."

"A very pretty *bit* of *true life*," said Bob ; and out came the sketch book to note them down, which, as we loitered forward, was effected in his usual rapid manner, portraying one or two well-known characters ; but for their *cognomens*, misfortune claims exemption : —to them we say,

"Thou seest thou neither art mark'd out or named,  
And therefore only to thyself art shamed."

*J. Withers's Abuses stript and whipt.*





To be brief, we found Echo, by the aid of the crier, safely tiled in at *ten in twelve*, happy to all appearance, and perfectly domiciled, with two other equally *fresh* associates. The creditor and his solicitor chose to wait the issue of our proposition in the lobby ; a precaution, as I afterwards found, to be essentially necessary to their own safety ; for,

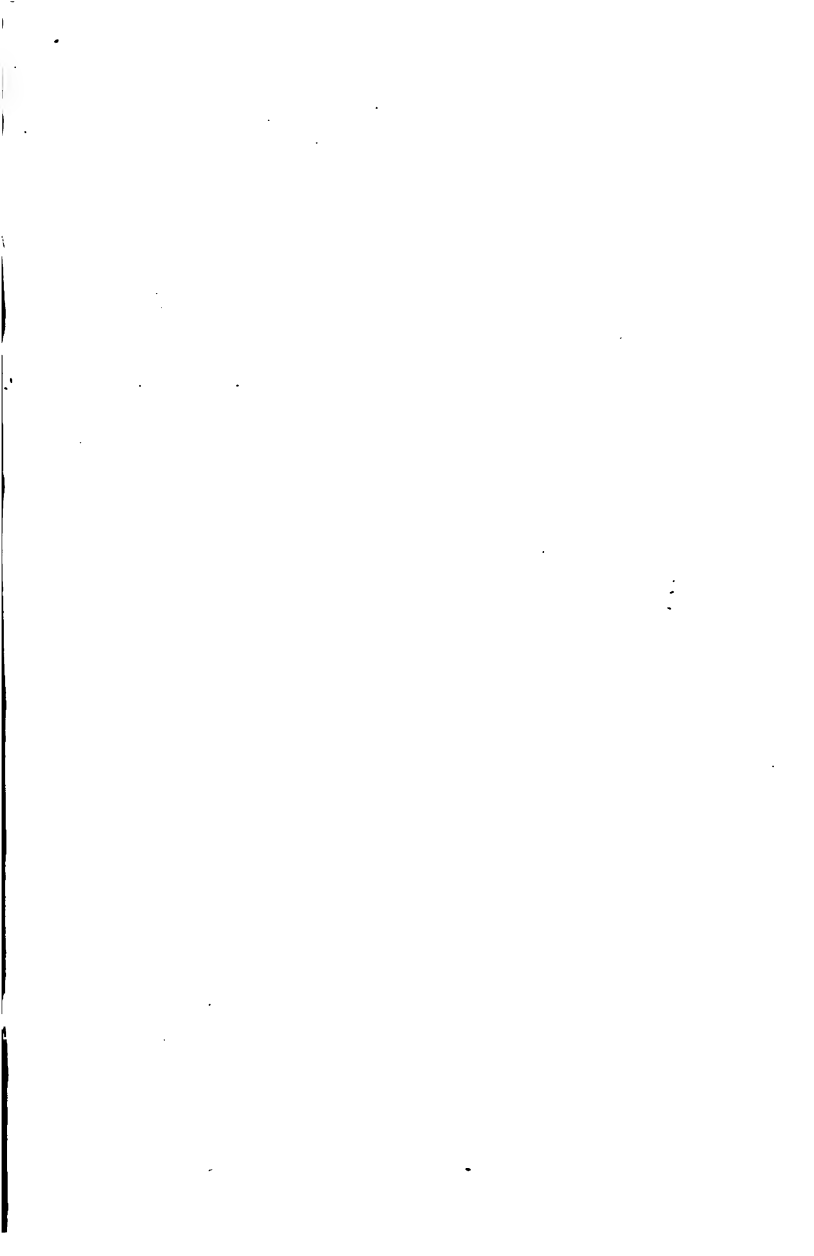
“ He whom just laws imprison still is free  
Beyond the proudest slaves of tyranny.”

Although I must confess the exhibition we had of *freedom* in *Banco Regis* was rather a rough specimen ; a poor little limb of the law, who had formerly been a *leg* himself, had, like other great lawyers, *ratted*, and commenced a furious warfare upon some old *cronies*, for divers penalties and perjuries, arising out of *Greek* prosecutions : too eager to *draw* the *blunt*, he had been inveigled into the interior of the prison, and there, after undergoing a most delightful *pumping* upon,

was *rough-dried* by being tossed in a blanket (*see plate*). This entertainment we had the honour of witnessing from Echo's room window ; and unless the Marshal and his officers had interfered, I know not what might have been the result. A very few words sufficed to convince Tom of the necessity of yielding to his creditor's wishes. A letter of licence was immediately produced and signed, and the gay-hearted Echo left once more at liberty to wing his flight wherever his fancy might direct. On our road home, it was no trifling amusement to hear him relate

———"The customs of the place,  
The manners of its mingled populace,  
The lavish waste, the riot, and excess,  
Neighbour'd by famine, and the worst distress ;  
The decent few, that keep their own respect,  
And the contagion of the place reject ;  
The many, who, when once the lobby's pass'd,  
Away for ever all decorum cast,  
And think the walls too solid and too high,  
To let the world behold their infamy."

Ever on the alert for novelty, we hopped into and dined at the Coal Hole Tavern in the Strand, certainly one of the best and cheapest ordinaries in London, and the society not of the meanest. Rhodes himself is a punster and a poet, sings a good song, and sells the best of wine ; and what renders mine host more estimable, is the superior manners of the man. Here was congregated together a mixed, but truly merry company, composed of actors, authors, reporters, clerks in public departments, and half-pay officers, full of whim, wit, and eccentricity, which, when the mantling bowl had circulated, did often "set the table in a roar." In the evening, Transit proposed to us a visit to the Life Academy, Somerset House, where he was an admitted student ; but on trying the experiment, was not able to effect our introduction : you must therefore be content with



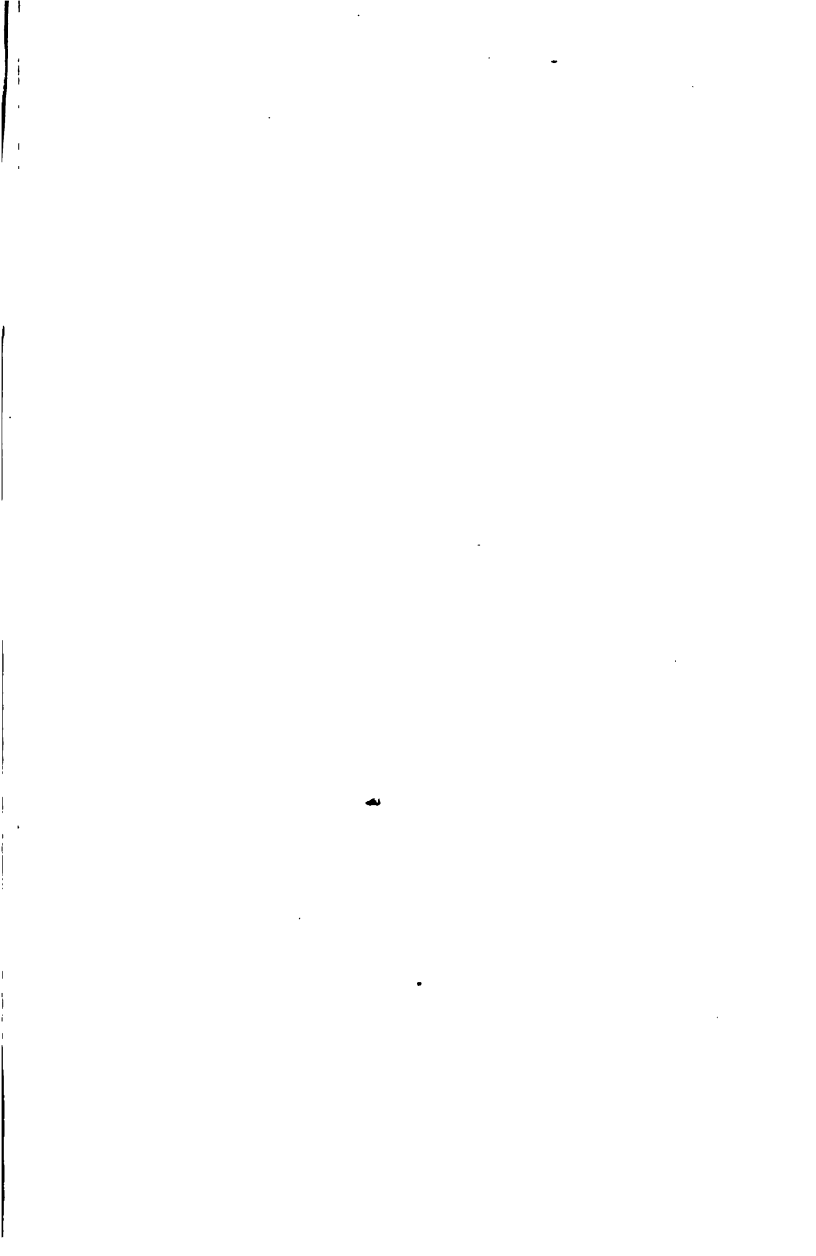


*Surry Collegians giving a*



*to a Tomb of the Law.*







*R.A.'s of Genius reflecting on the true line of*





*"Beauty at the Life Academy Somerset House."*



his sketch of the *true sublime*, in which he has contrived to introduce the portraits of several well-known academicians (*see plate*).

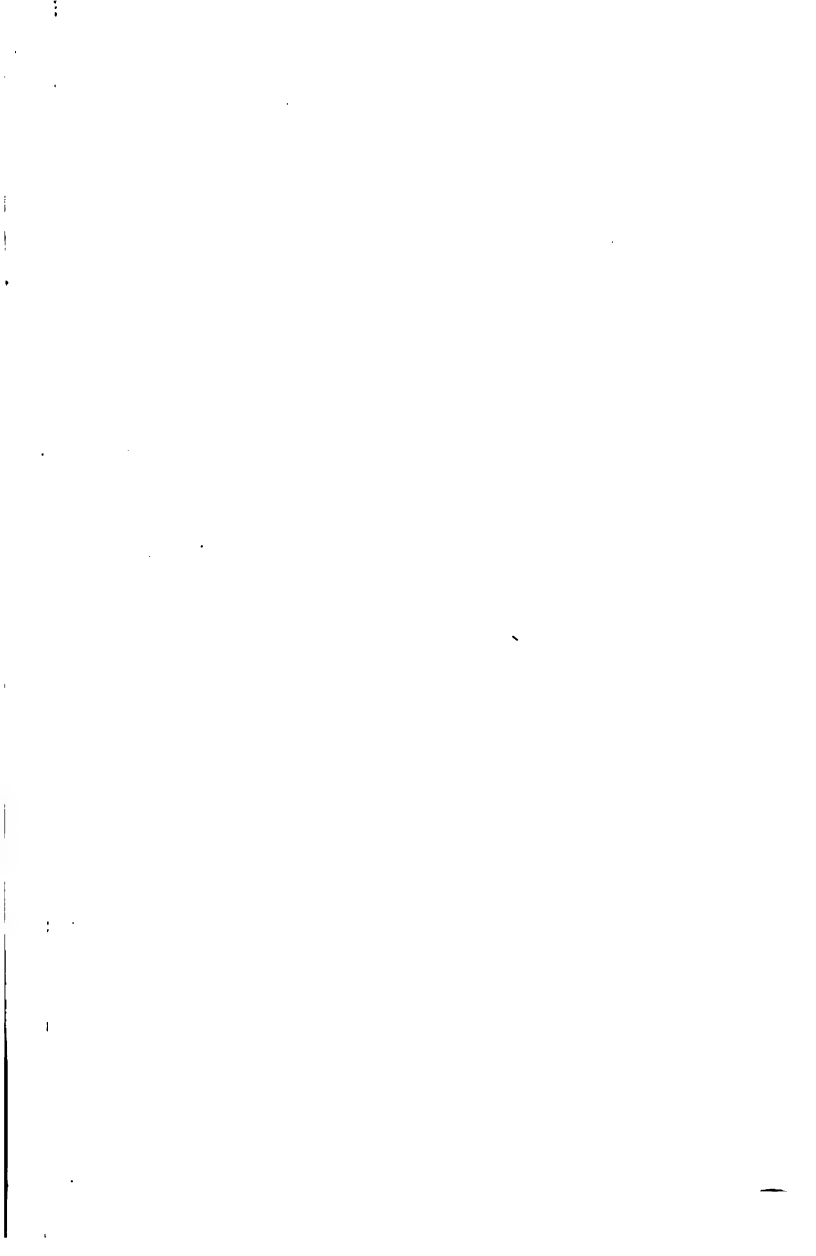
Thus far Horatio Heartly had written, when the unexpected appearance of Bernard Blackmantle in London cut short the thread of his narrative. "Where now, mad-cap?" said the sincere friend of his heart: "what unaccountable circumstance can have brought you to the *village* in *term* and out of *vacation*?" "A very uncommon affair, indeed, for a young author, I assure you: I have had the good fortune to receive a notice from the managers of the two Theatres Royal, that my play is accepted at Covent Garden, and my farce at Drury Lane, and am come up post-haste to read them in the green rooms to-morrow, and take the town by storm before the end of the next month." "It is a dangerous experiment," said Horatio. "I know it," replied the fearless Bernard; "but he who fears danger will never march on to fortune or to victory. I am sure I have a sincere friend in Charles Kemble, if managerial influence can ensure the success of my play; and I have *cast* my farce so strong, that even with all Elliston's *mismanagement*, it cannot well fail of making a hit. *Nil desperandum* is my motto; so a truce with your friendly forebodings of doubts, and fears, and critics' *scratches*; for I am determined 'to seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth.'" Thus ended the colloquy, and on the morning of the morrow Bernard was introduced, in due form, to the *dramatis personæ* of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden (*see plate*). There is as much difference between the rival companies of the two patent theatres as there is between the habits and conduct of the managers: in Covent Garden, the gentlemanly manners of Charles Kemble, and his amiable desire to make all happy around him, has imparted something of a kindred feeling to the

performers; and hence, assisted by the friendly *ancient* Fawcett, the whole of the establishment has all the united family feeling of a little commonwealth, struggling to secure its independence and popularity. Here Bernard's reception was every thing a young author could wish: kind attention from the company, and considerative hints for the improvement of his play, accompanied with the good wishes of all for its success, left an impression of gratitude upon the mind of the young author, that gave fresh inspiration to his talents, and increased his confidence in his own abilities. At Drury Lane the case was far otherwise; and the want of that friendly attention which distinguished the rival company proved very embarrassing to the early buddings of dramatic genius. Perhaps a slight sketch of the scene might not prove uninteresting to *young* authors, or fail in its intended effect upon *old* actors. Reader, imagine Bernard Blackmantle, an enthusiastic and eccentric child of Genius, seated at the green-room table, reading his musical farce to the surrounding company, and then judge what must be the effect of the following little scene.

### PROGRAMME.

Bernard Blackmantle *reading*; Mr. Elliston *speaking* to Spring, the box-office keeper; and Mr. Winston in a passion, at the door, with the master carpenter; Mr. Knight favouring the Author with a few *new* ideas; and the whole company engaged in the most *amusing way*, making *side speeches* to one another (*see plate*).

DOWTON. 'Gad, renounce me—little valorous—d——d annoying, (*looking at his watch*)—these long rehearsals always spoil my Vauxhall dinner—More hints to the Author—better keep them for his next piece.





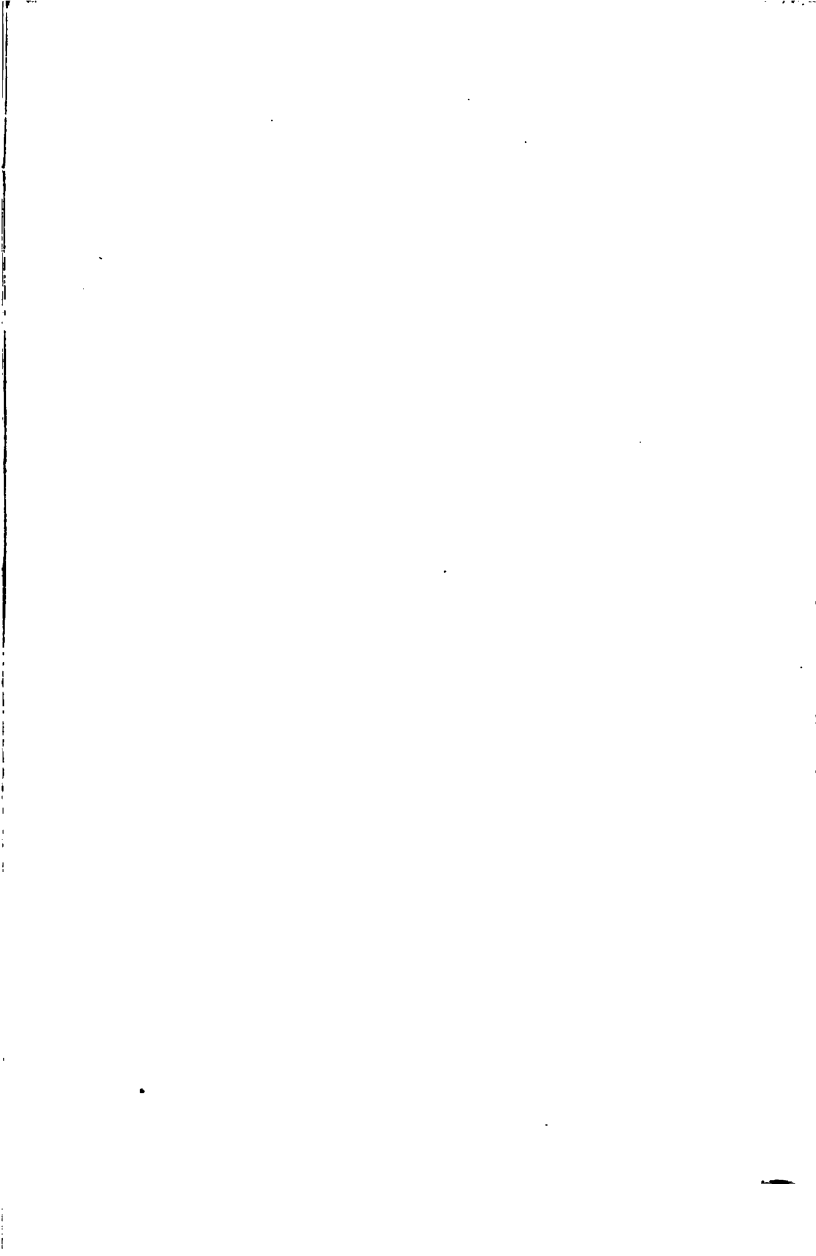
*Bernard Blackmantle reading his Play.*



*in the Green Room of Covent Garden Theatre.*









*Bernard Blackmantle, reading his Force, m.*



*the Green Room of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane.*



MUNDEN (*sputtering*). My wigs and eyes—Dowton's a better part than mine ; I'll have a fit of the gout, on purpose to get out of it—that's what I will.

KNIGHT (*to the Author*). My dear boy, it strikes me that it might be much improved. (*Aside*) Got an idea ; but can't let him have it for nothing.

HARLEY (*to ELLISTON*). If this piece succeeds, it can't be played every night—let Fitz. understudy it—don't breakfast on beef-steaks, now. If you wish to enjoy health—live at Pimlico—take a run in the parks—and read Abernethy on constitutional origin.

TERRY (*to MRS. ORGER*). It's a remarkable thing that the manager should allow these d——d interruptions. If it was my piece, I would not suffer it—that's my opinion.

WALLACK (*to himself*). What a little discontented mortal that is !—it's the best part in the piece, and he wishes it made still better.

ELLISTON (*awakening*). Silence there, gentlemen, or it will be impossible to settle this important point—and my property will, in consequence, be much deteriorated. (*Enter Boy with brandy and water.*) Proceed, sir—(*to Author, after a sip*)—Very spirited indeed.

*Enter SAM. SPRING, touching his hat.*

SPRING. Underline a special desire, sir, next week ?

ELLISTON. No, Sam., I fear our *special desires* are nearly threadbare.

*Prompter's boy calling in at the door.*

Mr. Octavius Clarke would be glad to speak with Mr. Elliston.

ELLISTON. He be d——d ! Silence that noise between Messrs. Winston and Bunn—and turn out Waterloo Tom.

MADAME VESTRIS. My dear Elliston, do you mean to keep us here all day ?

ELLISTON (*whispering*). I had rather keep you all night, madame.

SHERWIN (*to G. SMITH*). I wish it may be true that one of our comedians is going to the other house; I shall then stand some chance for a little good business—at present I have *only two* decent parts to my back.

LISTON (*as stiff as a poker*). If I pass an opinion, I must have an increase of salary; I never *umbend* on these occasions.

MRS. ORGER (*to the author*). This part is not so good as Sally Mags. I must take my friend's opinion in the city.

MISS STEPHENS (*laughing*). I shall only sing one stanza of this ballad—it's too sentimental.

MISS SMITHSON (*aside, but loud enough for the manager to hear*). 'Pon my honour, Mr. Elliston never casts me any thing but the sentimental *dolls* and *la la* ladies.

G. SMITH (*in a full bass voice*). Nor me any thing but the rough cottagers and banditti men; but, never mind, my bass solo will do the trick.

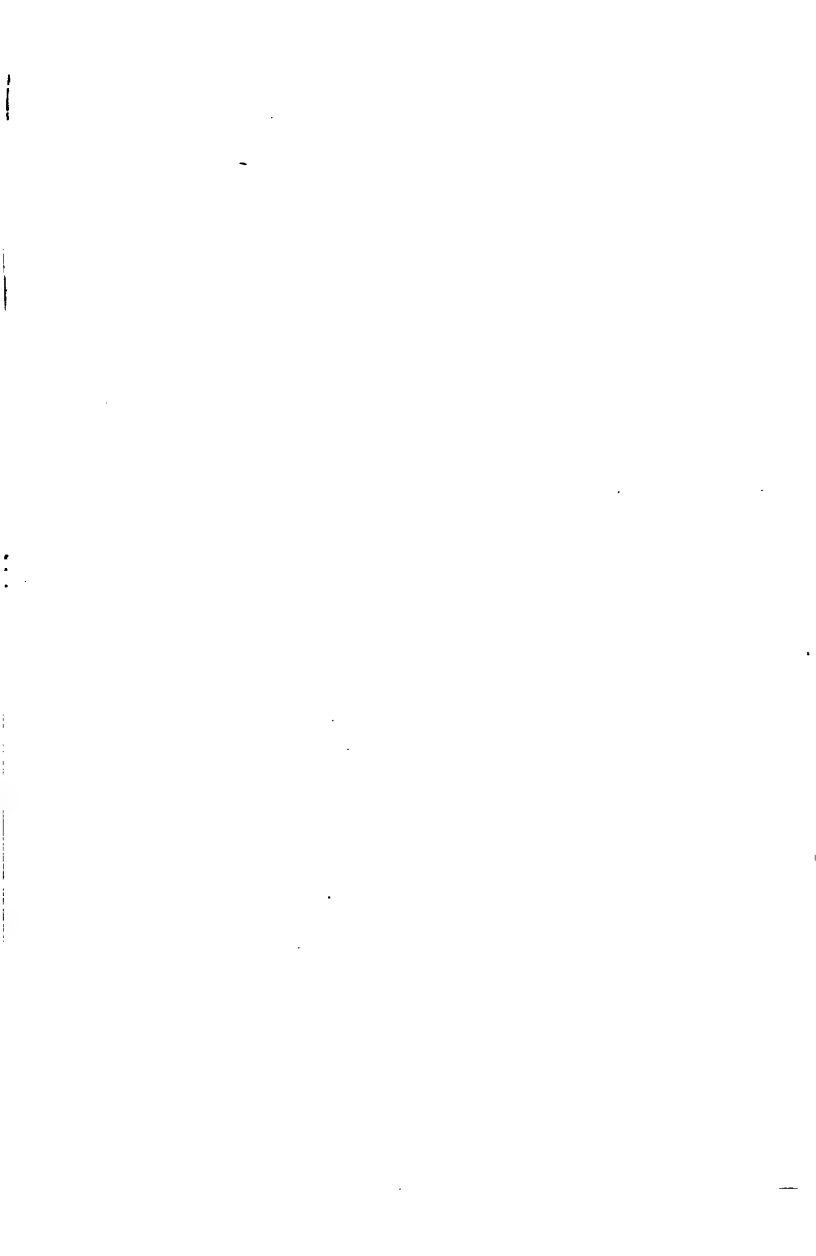
GATTIE (*yawning*). I wish it was twelve o'clock, for I'm half asleep, and I've made a vow never to take snuff before twelve; if you don't believe me, ask Mrs. G. After the hit I made in Monsieur Tonson, it's d—d hard they don't write more Frenchmen.

MADAME VESTRIS. Mr. Author, can't you make this a breeches part?—I shall be *all abroad* in petticoats.

BERNARD BLACKMANTLE. I should wish to be at home with Madame Vestris.

MRS. HARLOWE. Really, Mr. Author, this part of mine is a mere *clod's* wife—nothing like so good as Dame Ashfield. Could not you introduce a supper-scene?

At length silence is once more obtained; the author finishes his task, and retires from the *Green-room*



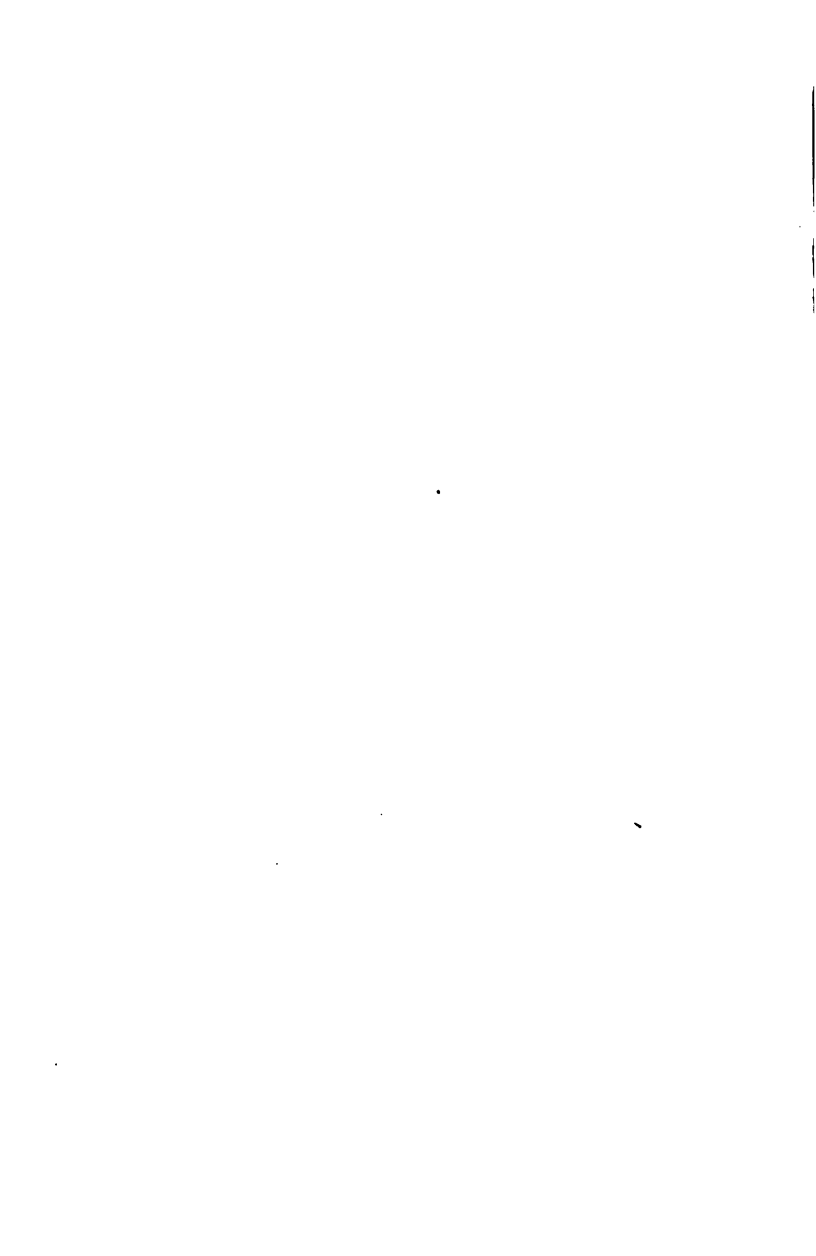


*City Ball at the*





*Mansion House.*



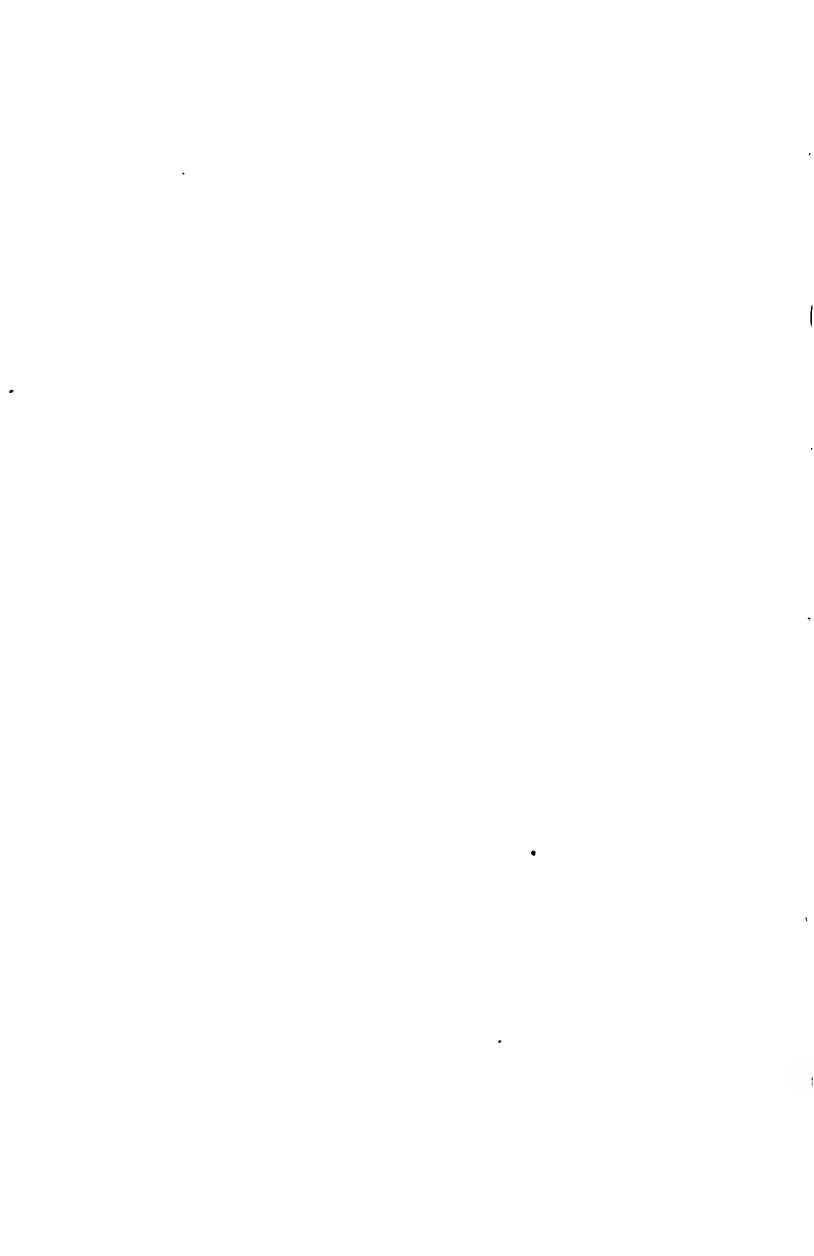




*Jemmy Gordon's Frolic, or C*



*Cambridge Gambols at Peter House.*



looking as *blue* as Megrim, and feeling as *fretful* as the renowned Sir Plagiary. Of the success or failure of the two productions, I shall speak in the next volume; when I propose to give the first night of a new play, with sketches of some of the critical characters who usually attend. In the evening, Transit, Echo, and Heartly enlisted me for the Lord Mayor's ball at the Mansion House—a most delightful squeeze; and, it being during Waithman's mayoralty, abounding with *lots of character* for my friend Bob; to whose facetious pencil, I must at present leave the scene (*see plate*); intending to be more *particular* in my civic descriptions, should I have the honour of dining with the Corporation next year in their Guildhall. The *wind-up* of the term rendered it essentially necessary that I should return to Oxford with all possible expedition, as my absence at such a time, if discovered, might involve me in some unpleasant feeling with the *big wigs*. Hither I arrived, in due time to save a *lecture*, and receive an invitation to spend a few weeks in the ensuing year at Cambridge, where my kind friend Horace Eglantine has entered himself of Trinity; and by the way of inducement, has transmitted the characteristic sketch of the notorious Jemmy Gordon playing off one of his mad pranks upon the *big wigs* of Peter-House, (*see plate*) the particulars of which, will, with more propriety, come into my sketches at Cambridge. We are here all bustle—*Scouts* packing up and posting off to the coach-offices with luggage—securing places for students, and afterwards *clearing* places for themselves—Oxford *Duns* on the *sharp look-out* for *shy-ones*, and pretty girls *whimpering* at the loss of their lovers—*Dons* and *Big wigs* promising themselves temporal pleasures, and their ladies reviling the mantua-makers for not having used sufficient expedition—some taking their last farewell of *alma mater*, and others sighing to behold the joyous faces of affectionate kindred and early friends. *Long*

bills, and still *longer* promises passing *currently*—and the High-street exhibiting a scene of general confusion, until the last coach rattles over Magdalen bridge, and Oxford tradesmen close their *oaks*.

BERNARD BLACKMANTLE.

TERM ENDS.



CONCLUSION OF VOLUME ONE.



PRINTED BY  
TURNBULL AND SPEARS  
EDINBURGH



# THE ILLUSTRATED POCKET LIBRARY OF PLAIN AND COLOURED BOOKS

*Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net each Volume*

*The Illustrated Pocket  
Library of Plain and  
Coloured Books*

## THE ENGLISH SPY

BY  
BERNARD  
BLACKMANTLE

VOL. I.

WITH 86 COLOURED  
PLATES BY  
B. CRUIKSHANK

*Methuen and Co., London*

THEY are publishing a  
form of some of the  
books of fiction and  
y reprinted from the  
out introduction or

active feature of these  
of all the illustrations  
ginal issues: illustra-  
trcel of the books, and  
or skill or humour,  
their success than the  
e books had coloured  
here similarly given.  
e books are contained

N & CO.  
set, W.C.

**Plain  
Books  
2/6 each**

**Illustrations of the Book of Job.** Invented and Engraved by William Blake.

**The Grave: A Poem.** By ROBERT BLAIR. Illustrated by 12 Etchings executed by Louis Schiavonetti from the Original Inventions of William Blake. With an Engraved Title Page and a Portrait of Blake by T. Phillips, R.A.

**Windsor Castle.** By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH. With 22 Plates and 87 Woodcuts in the Text by George Cruikshank.

**Frank Fairleigh.** By F. E. SMEDLEY. With 30 Plates by George Cruikshank.

**Handy Andy.** By SAMUEL LOVER. With 24 Illustrations by the Author.

**The Compleat Angler.** By IZAAK WALTON and CHARLES COTTON. With 14 Plates and 77 Woodcuts in the Text.

This volume is reproduced from the beautiful edition of John Major of 1824.

**The Pickwick Papers.** By CHARLES DICKENS. With the 43 Illustrations by Seymour and Phiz, the two Buss Plates and the 32 Contemporary Onwhyn Plates.

This is a particularly interesting volume, containing, as it does, reproductions of very rare plates.

#### PRESS OPINIONS.

"A really brilliant idea brilliantly carried out."—*Sphere*.

"The charm of these little volumes, admirably printed, neatly bound and cheaply priced, is that they are exact reproductions of old, now unobtainable editions."—*Punch*.

"We shall be surprised if these excellent volumes fail to achieve an instructive success."—*Athenæum*.

"Such a series may be welcomed without reserve. The books are all well known, were all famous in their day, but in their original forms are now hardly procurable by the collector of small means. The little volumes are excellent, and the reproductions have been carefully made."—*Academy*.

"The most dainty and covetable books that have appeared for many years."—*Speaker*.

"A truly delightful series in a delightful form."—*Onlooker*.

"No pleasanter editions to read or handle can be desired."—*Standard*.

LONDON: METHUEN & CO.



